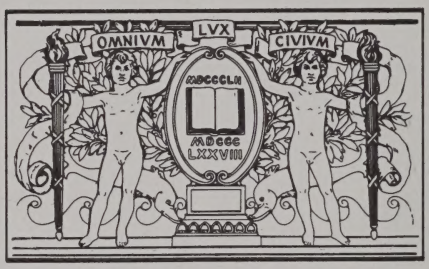

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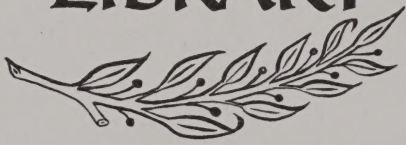

Fraser Tirol
1976

FLORIZEL V. REUTER.

[*Frontispiece*

Psychical Experiences of a Musician

(IN SEARCH OF TRUTH)

BY

FLORIZEL VON REUTER

WITH A FOREWORD

BY

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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TO

MRS. LYMAN J. GAGE

AS WELL AS TO THE

MEMORY OF THE

HON. LYMAN J. GAGE

THOSE TWO FRIENDS TO WHOM I AM INDEBTED

FOR MY FIRST PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES,

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

Music lovers of twenty years ago will doubtless still remember "Florizel," the boy violinist, who made such a sensation in Great Britain at that time. He appeared unsupported twenty times in the largest halls of London, and he gave eighty-five concerts in the provinces. He also appeared three times in Buckingham Palace before Queen Alexandra and King Edward VII. Florizel has now grown to man's estate, and though his career was interrupted by the War, he has already won for himself a name which is second to none among the violin virtuosos of the Continent. In Europe and America he has had a great career, has been decorated five times, has composed three operas as well as many orchestral works, and is referred to in some recent music-lexicons as "the greatest living technician on the violin."

He is often nicknamed "Paganini redivivus," and the course of his psychic explorations, as detailed in this volume, will give a good reason for the appellation. He has also been referred to as "Joachim's legitimate successor" on account of his great understanding of Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms.

I am unfortunately no musician, and von Reuter and his talents might have left me cold, had it not been for a letter which I received from him, written at his woodland home in Germany. I will not, like a garrulous chairman, take the speech away from the

man whom I am introducing, but I will say that as a writer of romance my being was greatly stirred by the dramatic situation of mother and son, both highly gifted, spending the long winter in occult experiment in a mediæval castle amid great forests, and the instrument with which they worked being invented and made by the little isolated old man who dwelt near the village. It was a remarkable setting for a story, but seemed almost too wonderful for real life. Could I accept results which came from so fairy-like and picturesque a source? But soon any doubts which I had were set at rest, for the letters which I received, analysing the psychic results, brought me into contact with an intelligence which I at once perceived to be to the last degree critical and observant.

Our correspondence ended by Mr. von Reuter and his mother coming to England and giving me personal opportunities of observing their methods and their powers. All my opinions were confirmed and strengthened by closer contact. I have seldom met a brain which was more delicately poised between the fatal credulity which ruins some observations and the still more fatal incredulity which sterilises so many others. As the reader follows the development of von Reuter's studies in the following pages, he will appreciate what I say as to the value of the author's equipment as a fair-minded psychical researcher and an unflinching, uncompromising advocate for truth, following the facts without prejudice wherever they might lead him.

It was a long quest, as will be seen. That cold, accurate, critical brain needed much conviction. But he was not one of those hopeless people who can sit in front of a problem indefinitely and think it

no shame and no reproach to their own judgment that they have come to no conclusion. The reader has that remarkable odyssey of psychical adventure before him, and can judge for himself. I can only say that where I have myself been concerned in the experiments, as in the most remarkable Charles Dickens incident, I can answer for the restrained accuracy of the account.

If the uninitiated reader should be troubled by the appearance of so many musicians in the phenomena, he must provisionally accept the view of the spiritualists that those who live on a different vibration from ourselves are aware of us when our thoughts are turned to them, and that for this reason a great composer might very well be attracted towards one who devoted his life to interpreting his music. In the case of Paganini there were special bonds of sympathy which explain the very close relationship which seems to exist between himself and Florizel von Reuter.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

CROWBOROUGH.
April 1928.

I SUPPOSE there are few persons seriously interested in psychic research who have not felt the desire to set down on paper a complete record of their experiences and experiments. This desire is understandable as well as commendable, provided it is inspired by the wish to contribute to the cause of science and truth, and is not merely actuated by a craving for the limelight of publicity.

The more authentic records of psychic experiences which are given to the world, the quicker the general interest for this, the most important and engrossing of all sciences, will spread, and the swifter will be the awakening from the lethargical state of materialism which little by little has threatened to paralyse the spiritual side of human nature during the past half a century.

In setting down a more or less complete record of my experiments in occult science, I wish it to be understood clearly that I do so in a severely critical frame of mind.

While more or less convinced of the supernatural origin of at least a large portion of the extraordinary messages my mother and I have received in the course of our investigations, I nevertheless desire to leave no loophole of doubt open to the fair-minded scientific inquirer.

It is my wish to exclude all doubtful instances, laying stress only upon those cases where, by the

process of elimination, one is able to set aside all normal explanations of the phenomena under discussion.

Not that there is any doubt in my mind concerning the possibility or authenticity of spirit communication. In view of the vast amount of corroborative evidence it would be preposterous for anyone acquainted with the facts to try to deny them. My critical attitude is directed towards my own personal experiences.

That we have to do with phenomena will be denied by no one who may take the trouble to peruse this manuscript.

The supreme riddle here propounded as to whether the phenomenon be mental or metaphysical is one which has often puzzled the brains of those scientists who feel it their duty to deny the supernatural source as long as there is the ghost of a chance (the only kind of ghost such scientists believe in, by the way) of solving the conundrum through the medium of telepathy, subconsciousness, auto-suggestion, hypnotism, or simply through mere fraud.

In submitting this contribution to the already immense literature of psychical research, I do not do so in a spirit of self-esteem, but rather with a feeling of profound gratitude to those "Intelligences," whatever they may be, who have given me some of the most wonderful and absorbing experiences of my life, and have opened my eyes to the paramount importance of the question of eternity, and the effect this problem should have upon our earthly life and the way we live it.

Putting aside the question of my personal attitude to the phenomena I am about to record, I would point out that their value to the cause of psychic research is primarily to be found in the fact that

wilful fraud is, in the cases recorded, out of the question. Whereas the control-conditions practised with various mediums rarely seem utterly to eliminate all suspicion of fraud, my mother and I, being able to preclude the possibility of conscious fraud in our own experiments, are faced with one of two alternatives : either the messages and conversations recorded in this book really emanate from mysterious intelligences speaking to us from the fourth dimension, or they are the result of a far greater phenomenon, that known in scientific circles as subconsciousness.

Let the reader, scientific or unscientific, form his own conclusions.

Those friends of mine who know my extreme exactitude in matters appertaining to truth and veracity will award me an attentive hearing, but I also sincerely trust that all impartial, unprejudiced seekers after truth into whose hands this record may fall—should it eventually find publication—will accept it in the spirit in which it is offered, that of an earnest seeker after truth and light in spiritual problems, the only problems which count in eternity.

I furthermore desire to thank sincerely Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Dr. Walter Prince for their kind interest in the writings which this book contains.

FLORIZEL VON REUTER.

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BOOK I

Psychical Experiences of a Musician *I*

In which are related the Circumstances which prompted the Writer to embark upon the Study of psychical Problems. An Intelligence purporting to be Nicolò Paganini speaks through the Trumpet. A remarkable Case of Clairvoyance and an equally interesting Example of Spirit-photography.

To begin with, I feel that a few biographical notes are necessary, in order that the reader may become slightly acquainted with the chronicler of these pages. I was born in the United States of America some thirty years ago. When a child of seven years I was transplanted to European soil, where I have lived ever since. Having shown musical tendencies when an infant of three years old, my mother—who was a widow—took steps that my musical education should begin shortly afterwards. My progress was so unusually rapid that I played in concerts when eight years of age, and received my diploma for violin-playing at the early age of nine. In the autumn after my ninth birthday I began my artistic career, touring in every country of Europe as well as the Levant, Orient, South America, Mexico, West Indies, etc., as a boy-prodigy. Since attaining full manhood, I have acquired a reputation as one of the foremost of living violinists, having appeared in some 2,500 concerts.

These biographical remarks are unfortunately un-

avoidable, if the reader is to understand the logic of subsequent events.

Up to my thirtieth year all matters pertaining to the psychic were a sealed book to me.

I do not mean to imply that I was what is usually called an atheist, neither was I an outspoken materialist. The atheistical-materialistic point of view, representing man as an automaton, which only performs its little " stunts " so long as the mechanism is wound up, always seemed to me not only highly unsympathetic but also extremely illogical.

However, I admit that I belonged to that great majority of persons who consider that the question of eternity is one which concerns the clergy alone.

Besides that, I—like nine-tenths of humanity—considered myself competent to pass opinions upon occultism without ever having made a study of it.

I shared the popular prejudice against mediumism, being accustomed to voice the opinion of the greenhorn in psychic matters, to the effect that if a spirit wished to communicate with me, it would certainly do so without that " medium-humbug."

Certainly I was the last person who ever dreamed of becoming interested in such " humbugs."

But man never knows when he may be on the verge of a great awakening, and I little thought when I set sail for the land of my birth, after an absence of over fifteen years, that I was embarking upon a new epoch of my existence.

As Goethe remarks, " One is accustomed to hearing people ridicule that which they themselves do not understand," and I regret being forced to acknowledge that I, at the time I set sail for California, belonged to this egoistical class of mortals.

The object of the voyage was purely a pleasure-

cruise. I had had a strenuous winter of over seventy concerts and was much in need of a rest. Added to this was my desire to visit a dear friend of mine living in San Diego, California, none other than the well-known veteran politician the Hon. Lyman J. Gage, former Secretary of the Treasury under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, who was about to celebrate his eighty-ninth birthday.

My mother and I (by the way, we two constitute the entire family) sailed from Hamburg to Los Angeles via the Panama Canal, a long, delightful cruise of nearly six weeks, arriving in Los Angeles about the middle of June 1925.

Upon landing, we were motored to the home of our old friend, a distance of 150 miles along the Pacific Coast, the meeting being a very joyful one.

I was aware that my friend, whom I had not seen for twelve years—not since he and I toured France, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and England together in the summer of 1913—was interested in psychic research, both he and his wife, a charming lady of great musical talent and exceptional intellectual ability, having had a number of remarkable experiences, but I had never taken the matter seriously.

However, during this visit, the conversation turned several times upon scientific and psychological problems, and in the course of a number of interesting discussions my old friend repeatedly alluded to his occult experiences, and finally even succeeded in rousing in me some slight curiosity. Knowing my friend to be the possessor of one of the keenest brains in America, his faculties of observation, his clear judgment, as well as his remarkable memory, being totally unimpaired by his advanced age, and being furthermore convinced of his absolute reliability and

total lack of any tendency to exaggerate, I felt obliged to credit him with complete sincerity and to attach far more importance to his statements than I would have bestowed upon any Tom, Dick, or Harry who might have begun to prattle about the occult.

One story of his especially set me to thinking. He related that more than fifty years previously he had received through a medium a warning, purporting to come from the spirit of his mother, to the effect that his little daughter was suffering from a mortal disease and could not live more than a year. Subsequent examination through specialists proved this to be the case, though at the time the child had seemed quite well and no one had entertained for a moment any thought of such a possibility.

I remember saying upon hearing this anecdote, that if I had ever had an experience of this kind I should be obliged to believe, a remark which merely illustrates the egoistical tendency of humans, only to attach great importance to that which they, themselves, have experienced.

My friend's answer was characteristic of the caution which he always displays in all such psychic questions. He replied that it had required fifty years of investigation to convince him of the reality of spirit-communication and—to make an Irish bull out of it—he was not altogether convinced even yet. I merely mention this comment of his as a proof of his level-headed critical attitude towards psychic phenomena in general.

I asked him if he were in touch with any of the so-called "mediums" of the neighbourhood. He replied that he and his wife occasionally had séances in their home.

Never having experienced anything of this sort, I

asked him if he would be willing to arrange for a sitting some evening. He readily assented to my suggestion, and a few days later I experienced my first spiritualistic séance. My friend explained to me in advance that he himself had several times subjected the medium to rigorous tests, such as filling the palms of her hands with flour, her mouth with purple grape-juice, binding her legs and covering her entire body with a fishnet, the same phenomena having taken place.

I mention this point in view of the fact that upon the evening when I was present no such control was attempted. The medium, Mrs. Stella White, simply sat on a stool in the middle of the room with two aluminium trumpets on the floor before her. There was nothing to prevent her from picking up the trumpet herself and nothing to prove that she did not do so. However, if she produced the various phenomena which occurred in the course of the evening, she must have been—in spite of her very short, corpulent body—a remarkably agile woman, besides being endowed with the rare faculty of seeing perfectly in pitch darkness, and with the ability to move in all parts of the room without making even the least noise. In addition to this, she must have been able to speak not only in a dozen different women's voices, but also many different men's, as well as several children's voices. She must also have been able to sing in a man's basso-profundo, as well as a woman's soprano, and to read the minds of all present.

We were a party of ten, all sitting with our backs against the walls, and my mother and I both prudently extended our feet to their full length in front of us, and kept them constantly in motion, our arms

and hands being equally active. So I do not see how she could reasonably have produced the phenomena which occurred in our neighbourhood unless she had several accomplices. On one side of me sat my old friend, on the other side a young lady member of the household, while my mother was similarly placed between two of the family, whose complicity with the medium does not seem likely.

I will refrain from giving the happenings of the evening in detail. Anyone who has experienced a trumpet-sitting is familiar with the general proceedings, and as I am not writing an explanation of so-called "spirit-phenomena" for the benefit of the unenlightened, I may abridge. Suffice it to say that a number of "spirit-voices" were heard floating in the air and to all intents and purposes speaking through the trumpet. "Spirit-lights" appeared in several different parts of the room, I was repeatedly touched by so-called "spirit-hands." I refrain from commenting upon these phenomena, merely remarking —*en passant*—that I found the proceedings very diverting, being, as they were, new to me. In the course of the evening the medium, who had never seen either of us before, accurately described my grandmother, a voice purporting to be the voice of my grandmother addressed me through the trumpet, and I felt a tender hand stroking my head gently, which was very pleasant. The hand seemed to come from behind me, although my chair almost touched the wall. A number of "spirit-friends" of those present chatted in a perfectly natural manner with their especial friends and relatives. To my mind, the most convincing part of the proceedings seemed to be the marked personality of the various "Intelligences."

Since that first experience I have attended a number of trumpet-sittings, but the first impressions are still clear in my memory.

I will, in conclusion, relate one incident which was, in its way, rather phenomenal. A "spirit voice" was suddenly heard to remark: "There is a great violinist present, who wishes to greet the young gentleman. He says his name is 'Paganini.'" I therefore began to address the invisible "Paganini" in his own language, Italian, and was surprised to receive answers in the same language. The voice was so faint that it was difficult to catch every word, but I was able through several sentences to gleam that the voice was referring to my mother. An instant later the voice had floated over to my mother on the opposite side of the circle, and began to speak in her ear. And now comes the really remarkable part of the incident. The alleged "spirit" began to thank my mother warmly, in fluent Italian, for having influenced *me* before my birth, and in my childhood, to become interested in him and his music. My mother then remarked: "He plays all your twenty-four Caprices." "Yes, I know," came the answer; "I have often been present in concerts where he has performed them." "Were you contented?" asked my mother. "Molto, molto contento" (very, very contented), replied the voice.

I then ventured to inquire if it would be possible for him to play something on my violin, which I had placed on a small table at my elbow for all eventualities.

Another "spirit-voice" now spoke, saying: "He will try, but as this is the first time he has got into touch with the earth-plane, it will probably be difficult."

I took my violin and bow in my hand, and the next moment the bow disappeared from my hand and the strings of my violin were plucked by an unseen hand. A moment later I placed my right hand on the finger-board and distinctly felt something touch the back of my hand above my wrist. Soon after the bow was restored to me, the nut of the bow being placed as accurately in my hand as if put there by someone who understood how to hold a bow, and as if returned to me with a bright light in the room.

That was the end of the " Paganini " incident.

The remarkable point is that, in truth, my mother *did* will me before my birth to become a violinist, taking the personality of Paganini as a model for the fulfilment of her desires, a fact which, needless to say, was unknown to everyone present except herself and me.

In the course of my career as a virtuoso I have acquired a reputation for my interpretations of Paganini's music, have repeatedly given lectures on his life, and have published a number of new editions of his works. If it be true, that the spirits still take interest in earthly matters and do follow the careers of human beings, then there would be nothing illogical in the idea that the spirit of Paganini would be attracted by such an exponent and champion of his music.

However, I merely give this incident for what it is worth without presuming to express a definite opinion upon the matter.

Shortly after " Paganini's " disappearance from the scene, the séance was closed. When the light was turned on, we found the corpulent little woman sitting quiet and cool in her place. It was a very

warm evening, there was no air in the room, and one would have expected, if she had been faking the whole business, to see her in a state of violent perspiration and comparative exhaustion. As a matter of fact, she remarked that the forces had been so strong that evening that she felt not the slightest fatigue.

Here ended my first psychic experience, which I regarded as remarkable enough to justify further inquiry into the subject. It is a well-known fact that anyone who becomes interested in psychical research invariably ends by going into the investigations with heart and soul. This is the only way to get practical results.

My next experience was with a clairvoyant. We were a circle of twelve. I know that the medium was not personally acquainted with any member of the circle, yet she managed to deliver messages from all kinds of friends and relatives, accurately describing them in many instances. I am aware that such cases do not by any means prove the spiritual hypothesis, being often the result of psychometrical power, a form of occultism which has been scientifically proved without testifying to the existence of supernormal forces.

As an interesting example of this power I give the following, which occurred upon the evening of which I am speaking. The medium said to me: "There is a man here with long dark curling hair; he indicates to me that he formerly played the violin. He is not French, but seems to be speaking French. I get his first name as having five letters, ending in *o*. The other letters I cannot quite make out. His surname is preceded by a prefix, having, in all, ten letters. He indicates that he passed on about eighteen years ago. When he died, he had white

hair, but it has now resumed the colour of his youth. Speak to him in French, if you can, and I will see if I can give you the answer."

Recognising the description and time of death as applicable to Pablo de Sarasate, I addressed the alleged "spirit," *not* in French, but in his own language, *Spanish*. I said: "Yesterday, I played a piece of your composition, the Nightingale. I wonder if you heard it." Without a moment's hesitation came the answer through the medium, in English: "He says, Yes; he could not have played it better himself."

The medium was a very simple woman, with no knowledge whatever of music or artists. That she, an American woman of little education, living in a small mid-western city, should be sufficiently acquainted with Spanish to give an intelligent reply to my remark, which was intentionally a little abstruse, I regard as highly improbable, to say the least. As far as the details of his life go, she would also have had to study up on his biography, as Pablo *de* Sarasate is currently called "Sarasate," and I doubt if one person in fifty knows that the name is preceded by the little prefix *de*, while very few persons will be cognisant of the year of his death.

On the same evening the medium accurately described the house where I was born, referring to and locating an ancient well in the garden, which ceased to exist over fifteen years ago, saying that this information was being given to her by a lady, her description of whom exactly applied to my grandmother.

Upon being asked if she could tell where the lady was before she passed on, she replied: "In a foreign country, east of here." She then gave

correctly the nature of the disease which had caused her demise.

It may have been mind-reading (psychometry, as it is called), but at least it was excellent work of its kind.

On our way back to Europe we spent five days in New York City, a city where I had not been for over fifteen years and where I was entirely unknown.

On the second day of our stop there, my mother, while walking along a street, happened to spy a sign in a window of a rather dilapidated house: "Readings."

Thinking it likely that the sign referred to psychic readings, she rang the bell and inquired.

Yes, the "slavey" who answered the door said, a clairvoyant lived there. He proved to be a queer, gnomelike, little old Scotchman, who consented to give her a reading in exchange for the sum of $.50 (two shillings).

He told her a number of *facts*, the nature of which I pass over, as they were things *known* by my mother and could therefore be retraced to mind-reading.

My mother remarked: "These things are all very well, but I should like to put you to a test, if you do not mind." The old man consented, so my mother thought a moment, then said: "I know of the existence of a certain letter, but I do not know where the letter is at present, or what its contents are. If you can tell me the whereabouts of this letter, as well as something about its contents, I shall consider it an excellent proof of psychic power."

The old man answered: "I will send my spirit-guide to get the information you desire."

He closed his eyes, and sat motionless for about

five minutes, then he began to speak: "The letter you refer to lies beneath leather, velvet, and wood, and contains the following sentences," and he proceeded to read as though the letter lay before him.

My mother returned to our hotel and immediately asked me if a certain letter I had received a few days previously happened to be lying under leather, velvet, and wood? I glanced at her in surprise, and answered: "Yes, I put it under my violin, in the violin-case." (The violin-case is covered with leather, the violin is protected by a velvet cloth, and the violin itself is wood.)

"Does the letter contain the following sentences: 'It is late, but I cannot sleep,' etc., etc."?; then: "When you played the Liebestod from *Tristan and Isolde*, I could hardly keep from bursting into tears, etc., etc."? Astounded I exclaimed: "Yes, but how did you know?" "A clairvoyant, to whom I chanced to go, told it me, while I was out," replied my mother. (The letter in question was from a music enthusiast, expressing appreciation for my Wagner interpretations on the piano.)

I think this example of clairvoyance worthy of being classed among the really remarkable cases on record. Some people will say: "Telepathy through the subconsciousness." Possibly, but how did the knowledge of the contents of that letter get into the subconsciousness of my mother, as I am convinced I had never spoken of it.

A certain fanatical advocate of the hypnotic theory, as an explanation for all things unclear to humanity, ventured upon the following complicated solution.

He said, my mother had hypnotised me to transmit into her subconscious mind the whereabouts and

contents of that letter, the clairvoyant having *merely* (!) read it from her subconsciousness—rather a remarkable achievement in any case, I should say.

The learned gentleman in question *merely* (!) omitted to take into consideration the fact that my mother had not the slightest intention of consulting a clairvoyant when she left the hotel, so had no especial reason for performing this wonderful hypnotic feat.

Besides that, if my mother really possessed such remarkable hypnotic power (which has certainly never manifested itself in any other instance), why did she need to resort to the *subconsciousness* as a method of transmission ?

I merely give this solution as an example of the complicated theories sceptics will invariably bring up, rather than admit the possibility of a supernormal force working in connection with humanity.

They infinitely prefer to represent the subconsciousness as a sort of " Jack-of-all-trades," thus accounting for all those marvels which it is beyond their limited intelligence to grasp.

Many persons who have not dreamed of making a study of the possibilities of the so-called " subconscious mind " will say without the slightest hesitation " subconsciousness," when seeking for a solution of some psychic problem.

Subconscious mind is not only the war-cry of the sceptical scientist, but it is still more the straw at which the unenlightened bigot and atheist desperately clutches when threatened by a psychic wave that seems likely to overflow the wall of mocking unbelief which he has built about himself.

Before concluding this chapter of my first American experiences, which may, in a sense, be called the

dawn of psychic knowledge for me, I should refer to a remarkable case of spirit-photography, in which I am indirectly connected, insomuch as the picture in question is a snapshot of myself.

This Kodak picture was taken at 10 a.m. in a garden in a small American city, where my mother and I were visiting.

The sun was shining brightly.

The young lady who took the picture had previously, in my presence, inserted a new film-roll, so that there can be no question of a double exposure. Two snapshots were taken, both of which are good, and both in my possession at present.

This story deals only with the *first* one. As we left the city a few days after the photographs were taken and before they had been developed, we only heard the sequel after we had returned to Germany.

The young lady states that the pictures were developed without anything remarkable having been noticed about either of them.

After glancing at them several times, she put them in a drawer of her writing-desk and forgot all about them for the time being.

A few weeks later she and her sister took an automobile excursion to a town about forty miles distant, where a spiritualist convention was in full swing. The two girls, both of whom knew absolutely nothing about spiritualism and never had shown the least mediumistic tendency (although I understand that the elder sister has since begun to develop automatic writing), went to a trumpet-medium and out of sheer amusement asked for a sitting. This request was accorded, the room was darkened, and the young lady describes her experience as follows in a letter to my mother.

"Presently I heard a voice calling my name, 'Edna.'

"I answered, inquiring who was speaking. The voice then replied: 'It is your Aunt Emma.' Knowing I had had an aunt named Emma, who had died over twenty-five years ago, when I was a baby, I accepted the supposed aunt, and asked her if she had anything to tell me.

"The voice then proceeded, saying: 'You were looking at a picture of me a few days ago.'

"As I had not looked at a family album, the only place where I could have found a picture of Aunt Emma, for *ages*, I took the liberty of contradicting the 'spirit.'

"The answer came: 'I don't mean a book like that, but some pictures were taken of a young man who was visiting your folks a few weeks ago. I am on one of those pictures.'

"I contradicted again, but 'Aunt Emma' insisted that we look again when we got home.

"Just for fun, or to prove that the 'voice' didn't know what it was talking about, we took the snapshots out of the drawer the same night when we got home, and lo and behold! on the first one we actually discovered a second face. The next day we showed the picture to father, and he said in astonishment: 'Why, that looks like my sister Emma did. You know, she died twenty-five years ago.' We had looked at the picture many times before, but had never noticed the second face."

This case either affords a phenomenal example of so-called telepathy through the subconsciousness, or is an irrefutable proof of spirit-communication.

Let the reader pause for a moment and reflect upon the details the medium would have had to acquire

through telepathy in order to give so accurate a message.

1. The first name of the young lady.

2. The existence of an Aunt Emma, of whom the young lady had not thought for many years, the said aunt having passed over when Edna was a baby or a very small child.

3. The existence of a Kodak-picture of a young man, with whom the medium was not personally acquainted, taken in a garden of a house which the medium had never seen, and of the locality of which she could not have been aware; nor could she have known that the young man was a visitor in the house.

4. The existence of a mysterious second face on one of the pictures, a face which both young ladies had failed to notice until the attention of Edna was called to it at a séance forty miles distant, by a medium who was herself only on a visit, having come a few days before from a distance of two hundred miles, she having no idea of the names of the sitters or from whence they came. She did not even know that the two young ladies were sisters, as they do not resemble each other and never dress similarly.

Even if one grants the possibility of such phenomenal telepathy from the subconsciousness of Edna to the consciousness of the medium, thereby making it possible for her deliberately to impersonate Aunt Emma and tell Edna of something Edna herself did not consciously know—namely, the existence of a second face on a Kodak-picture she, the medium, had never seen, even then the picture would not be accounted for, or how *it* got there, the less so as Edna's father, upon seeing it, pronounced the face to be very similar to that of his a-quarter-of-a-century deceased sister Emma.

SPIRIT PICTURE.

(See footnote on page 37.)

Verily, there are more things in heaven and upon earth than our limited earthly philosophy is able to grasp.

In looking at the reproduction of this picture, the reader should notice the joyful expression of the spirit-face.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, referring to the case, wrote me: "I think you, yourself, must be the medium, and you certainly should develop the gift."

I must, however, remark that this is the only example of spirit-photography that I, to my knowledge, have ever been associated with, and I doubt if many persons have been photographed as often as I have.

It should be stated here that the picture in question was not taken by Edna, the young lady who has begun to get automatic writing, but by her younger sister, Norma, who up to the present, as far as I have heard, has shown *no* psychic tendencies whatever. No one else (but she and I) was in the neighbourhood at the time the picture was taken, all other members of the family, my mother included, having been inside the house.

Note.—A careful examination of this picture reveals several details which would seem to point to an attempted second materialisation on my left. Especially noticeable is the peculiar filmy veil-like substance which is visible to the left on a line with my figure. It has been suggested that this might possibly be an ectoplasmic formation recorded upon the sensitive lens of the camera. Note also the handlike shape to the extreme left lower down.

In which the Writer makes the Acquaintance of the "Hesperus-Additor," and begins experimenting. The first Messages. The Phenomenon of the inverted Writing. The "Guardian-Spirit."

Upon returning to Europe, some time passed before I had any opportunity of continuing my psychical experiments, being—as I was—constantly concertising.

Then by merest chance (or what we are accustomed to call chance, though I, myself, should be more inclined to call it fate) I became acquainted with an instrument which was destined to afford me some of the most remarkable experiences of my life, and anyone who knows me would certainly not be inclined to say I had hitherto led a humdrum existence.

I was staying at the time in an old mediæval German castle situated in the heart of a great pine and beech forest, being the guest of its owner, a certain Count F——.

Adjoining the castle is a tiny picturesque village, at one end of which is a little old-fashioned apothecary-shop.

Strolling through the village one day, I entered this shop in search of some medicament, and found the "Herr Apotheker" devouring—not a ham-and-lettuce sandwich—but a book on the occult.

Asking him—as a pretext—for an English preparation which I knew he would not have, I proceeded to question him about his reading.

"It is a new study with me," he responded in a broad North German dialect. "But my wife recently became the possessor of a psychical apparatus that gives such remarkable messages that I feel impelled to study the subject."

The things this quaint little man proceeded to tell me about this apparatus so aroused my curiosity that I asked to be allowed to see it. He called his wife, a charming little woman, and they escorted me into a stuffy little sitting-room adjoining the shop, and produced a board of polished wood about twelve inches long by five wide. Along the upper half of the long side of this board the alphabet was printed, in addition to numerals up to ten, and the German phrase, "Gott zum Gruss" (Greeting in the name of God). With this simple board went a peculiar little round hollow box with a pointer protruding from it.

According to the apothecary, if one put this box, hollow side down, on the lower half of the board, turning the pointer towards the letters, and then placed the tips of one's fingers on the smooth top, the box would soon begin to move automatically and messages of the most complicated character would be forthcoming. "Oh, yes," thought I sceptically, "just another kind of ouija-board or planchette."

But upon taking up the hollow box and reading the explanatory text which was pasted about its body, I soon perceived that it really had a much deeper significance than anything connected with the well-known ouija-board, the box being, in fact, an "Od-collector." Now, as everyone who has made any scientific study of psychic psychology knows, there is said to exist a mysterious force in every human body—with some persons, in small, in others large quantities—a force which scientists have christened

"Od." This "Od" is an electro-magnetic current which exudes from the finger- and toe-tips, persons possessing an abnormal store of it being supposed to be what is called "psychic."

These facts I already knew from reading the works of the scientist Reichenbach. A closer examination of this little Od-collector showed me that it was governed by the same principle as the "cabinet," which psychics claim is indispensable for the purpose of concentrating the Od and Ectoplasm exuding from their bodies, forces which are necessary for their so-called materialisations and physical phenomena. The board was called the Additor (Italian for "Indicating with the finger"), while the mysterious box was christened Hesperus (Evening Star).

The inventor made such a remarkable claim for this mystical pair—the Hesperus and its accompanying board, the Additor—calling it the most authentic bridge between the Earth and the Hereafter, that against my own instincts I began to take an interest in the apparatus.

I have never been interested, even superficially, in the ouija-board. Its little easily moved three-legged table that jumps about over the big board encircling letter after letter has always seemed to me much more likely to be guided unintentionally by the operator than by any spirit-force.

But this Hesperus idea appealed to me. The finger-tips pressing lightly on the top of the receiver; the electro-magnetic force flowing into the vacuum of the hollow box; the *concentrated* force propelling the box: there was something *logical*, scientific, about this consequential result that gripped my common sense.

The *force* collected, there would be needed only an invisible intelligence to guide the box with its little

black pointer, and something definite might be attained.

Returning to the castle, I could not get the idea of this minute "cabinet" out of my thoughts, so eventually decided no harm could come of investigating further. I discovered that the village where the inventor of this "automatic medium" lived was but an hour's automobile drive from the castle. Investigating still further, I found him, a poor old scientist, by name Paul Schwenke, who had invented other things and been awarded several gold medals in different countries for inventions.

From him I purchased an "Additor" with its little Od-collector, the Hesperus, and our investigations commenced.

At first we had only failure; day after day we tried to get the little Hesperus to move, and nothing happened. It seemed as if our bodies were entirely devoid of that mysterious force from which mediumistic phenomena emanate, so that we could not charge the little box. We were almost ready to throw the whole apparatus away when suddenly things began to happen.

It was evening, and I was playing the violin alone with my mother in our private salon in the castle.

As I was walking up and down playing an extremely beautiful double-stop passage from a classical Sonata, the little box suddenly began to move under my mother's finger-tips, we having decided to try it once more before condemning it to oblivion.

Slowly at first, then with increasing rapidity, the Hesperus floated from one end of the board to the other, stopping at different letters *en route*, my mother being conscious of a peculiar impelling force which caused the box to glide and to stop, although her

finger-tips were barely touching it. On it went, from letter to letter, so fast that I—who had thrown the violin on a sofa and was engaged in jotting down the letters—could hardly write fast enough, my mother having closed her eyes to avoid any unconscious influencing of the Hesperus.

But the letters I took down seemed a meaningless conglomeration, a senseless chaos. After faithfully transcribing about a hundred letters, I grew impatient and spoke to the apparatus: "Is that a language I know?" The Hesperus glided to the word "Yes" ("Ja," on the board).

"Is it English?"—Back went the Hesperus to "Nein" (no).

"Is it German?"—"Yes."

"Are the letters taken down correctly?"

"Mostly," replied the board (at last, a properly spelled German word).

After this the mysterious writing continued for some time, the Hesperus indicating the letters so rapidly that I could hardly write them down.

Then, suddenly, it ceased and refused to move again. Evidently the contact with whatever had been writing had been severed.

For students of cryptology I append a copy of the text as I had taken it down.

h c i e z t u h c s h c i e n o h
c s h c i e t h c a b o e b h c i e n r a
w h c i e t a r h c i e h c a w n e b e i
s n e t h c i l f p e b a h h c i—etc., etc.

This was the first part of the message which we set ourselves to decipher.

We tried every second letter, every third letter, and so on, but no result was forthcoming.

FLORIZEL VON REUTER AND HIS MOTHER AT THE ADDITOR.

Finally, when almost discouraged, I happened to remember having read in a book written by Dr. Duprel, the celebrated investigator of occult problems, that spirit-writings had been known to be given inverted. So we decided to try inverting the whole message, beginning at the end and working backwards.

We soon perceived that we were on the right track at last, as words became distinguishable. The beginning of the communication as we finally deciphered it was as follows, translated from the German.

"I guard, I protect, I observe, I warn, I advise,
I watch. Seven duties have I."

The inversion in German as we first made it out reads thus:

"Ich habe pflichten sieben wache ich
rate ich warne ich beobachte ich schone ich
schutze ich."

This sentence must be in its turn read backwards; beginning at the end we get the sense as I first gave it. The translation into English shows the reader that a "guardian-spirit" is trying to establish its identity by presenting its credentials.

The message went on to speak of some matters of a private nature concerning a concert tour in Rumania which I had just terminated, a person being mentioned by name of whose existence my mother—whose fingers were on the box—was ignorant, even the name of the city in which this person lived being given.

The message ended with: "I will come again another time. Do not call me too often. Remember I love you and guard you."

To sum up the results of this experiment, they were characterised by the following points.

1. It would seem that a " guardian-spirit " of some sort had succeeded in getting into touch with us through the medium of the Additor.

2. The Intelligence, whatever it was, had made use of inverted writing (mirror-writing, it is often called, though in a way the term is erroneous, as only the words, not the letters, are inverted), thereby deliberately avoiding any suspicion of the operator voluntarily or involuntarily having influenced the writing, through being able to follow the text, even had my mother been looking at the board, which she was not.

Some people are said to have the gift of spelling words backwards. I have never known my mother to attempt any such " stunt," and as she has never tried to cultivate this capability, I should regard it as extremely unlikely (though perhaps not altogether impossible) that her subconscious mind could accomplish such a feat at such a speed, less so as the language used was German, which, though my mother speaks it fluently, is by no means second nature to her. If the subconsciousness be the involuntary expression of one's thoughts, I cannot imagine my mother's thoughts ever being formulated in German.

3. The Intelligence had alluded to a city and a person living in that city, whose name I had never mentioned to my mother. Of this, I am absolutely positive. My mother consequently had no means of acquiring the name of town and person, save by supernormal influence or telepathy.

In this case it would have had to be purely unconscious telepathy from my mind into the subconsciousness of my mother, from which the names were transmitted through her fingers in inverted writing on to the board, rather a complicated pro-

ceeding to say the least, but one which science, I believe, would not regard as impossible.

However that may be, the success of this experiment not unnaturally spurred us on to further attempts.

But the next attempt was unsuccessful, and I was then obliged to set forth upon a concert-tour in Italy, which effectually precluded further experiments for the time being.

A month later, when I again arrived home and had a few free days, I urged my mother to try again.

This time it was not long before the "mirror-writing spirit" announced its presence.

It began in the same manner as before, with the inverted German words: "I protect and I warn." I then inquired if I might be permitted to ask one or two questions. This permission being accorded, I put a number of questions concerning private matters which would be of little interest to the average reader, and which I therefore omit. Sufficient to say that the answers, which always came immediately without an iota of hesitation, were distinguished by their logic and applicability. Even in matters pertaining to my violin-playing this versatile "spirit" seemed to be at home, being able to give me several excellent hints which I was afterwards able to follow up with success.

The remarkable part of the proceedings was the lightning rapidity with which the answers were transmitted and always in mirror-writing, eliminating once and for all any suspicion which sceptics not acquainted with my mother might entertain concerning her complicity.

I do not believe even the most confirmed sceptic would credit her with the skill to respond consciously

in inverted German without the slightest hesitation, at a lightning speed, to chance questions put by a second person, her eyes tightly closed and her natural language being English.

This is merely a proof, to my mind, of the supernormal power of that which one is accustomed to call the subconsciousness, insomuch as its skill exceeds that of the physical consciousness. My mother said that during the entire writing her mind was either a blank or occupied with thoughts perfectly irrelevant to the inverted text which the Hesperus was indicating, so she did *not* simply transmit her own thoughts, which in itself would have been remarkable, as I can testify she did not once look at the board.

After this conversation with the alleged "guardian-spirit," we had several "chats" with it; then as I was about to sail for America on an extended concert-tour, came the last evening I would have free for some weeks.

On this occasion I asked it if it had been German while in its physical shell.

The answer came promptly (inverted, of course): "Never shouldst thou ask me what I am or was, but thou mayst call me Euphrosyne. On earth, I was Latin and Catholic." The message closed with wishes for a prosperous and pleasant journey.

Upon consulting the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, we succeeded in ascertaining that a saint by the name of Euphrosyne (canonised in both Latin and Greek Churches) had actually existed 470 years after Christ, that she was of Latin origin, but had lived in Alexandria. She fled from home to avoid an undesirable marriage, sought sanctuary in a monastery, where she served over thirty years in monk's garb, her sex not being discovered until after her death. Naturally

we have no means of ascertaining whether the "guardian-spirit Euphrosyne" be identical with the Saint Euphrosyne or not. In view of the Latin and Catholic origin it would seem extremely probable, that is to say, provided we accept the spiritual theory. Needless to remark that neither my mother nor I had ever heard of the saint in question, and were vastly surprised to find the name in the *Encyclopædia.*

We had no opportunity to get into touch with "Euphrosyne" again until after my first New York concert. We were entertaining some friends in our hotel private salon, and our friends, being interested in psychic matters, begged my mother to try the Additor.

Having as yet so little experience with it, I was doubtful whether it would work in the presence of strangers. I sat down at the parlour grand and began to play some Wagner. A few minutes later the Hesperus began to move and the following words were written inverted: "The harvest will come soon. Do not be nervous and do not have headaches."

(I had been suffering from a headache on that particular day, a very unusual thing with me.)

"Is Euphrosyne there?" I inquired.

Answer: "Do not ask too many questions."

I then asked: "Were you satisfied with my playing the other night?" The reply came: "hcil-reutan" (Natürlich—that is, naturally).

I found this laconic admission quite touching. A friend, Mrs. Curtis Freschel, then asked if she might ask a question, and the answer was: "I serve where I can." The question was: "Do you know Brother —— ?" (mentioning the name of an "Intelli-

gence " who had often conversed with her through the medium of the ouija-board.

The answer was : " I know many brothers. I love you all. I guard. That is my duty."

Here the force seemed to be exhausted, or at any rate " Euphrosyne " did not care to write any more.

This experiment, though it brought nothing new, at least showed that the apparatus could work in the presence of outsiders, provided a harmonious atmosphere prevailed.

A Meeting with a New York Clairvoyante. Also relates certain Incidents which would tend to prove conclusively the Fact of Spirit-communication.

SHORTLY after arriving in New York, my mother and I were invited to a lecture in the rooms of the Society for Psychic Research.

Here an incident occurred which, in view of subsequent events, is worthy of chronicling.

Just as the lecturer was being introduced by the presiding chairman, there entered the room a lady who took a seat directly behind us, several rows of empty chairs separating her from us.

Both my mother and I were struck by the brilliancy and penetrating character of her eyes, which were large, black, and piercing. So remarkable was the effect of those eyes, that my mother several times during the lecture turned half-around to glance at their possessor.

After the lecture was concluded, and while I was talking with the speaker, the lady with the eyes approached my mother and asked without a preliminary remark: "Why did you look at me so often?"

Thus called to account for her unintentional impertinence, my mother answered frankly: "Because your eyes fascinated me. It seemed to me as though your eyes saw things invisible to the rest of us."

The lady laughed good-naturedly. "Shall I tell you what my eyes did see by the young man sitting next to you?" she asked.

Naturally my mother replied that it would interest her very much to hear.

"I saw two figures standing beside the young man, one on each side of him. One was the figure of a tall, thin, dark man with long hair, a man of very unusual aspect. He seems to be the young man's control, and passed on owing to a throat disease. Constant association with this spirit has resulted in a slight bronchial affection or a slight tendency in that direction—nothing dangerous, but occasionally noticeable." She then continued: "Can you place the spirit in question? Was he a relative of the young man?"

My mother answered: "No, he was no relative, but I can surmise to whom you might be referring."

I can here state positively that on that evening I had not coughed at all, or even so much as "cleared my throat," to use a colloquialism, so there was no reason for the lady to have jumped at this conclusion. Furthermore, I must say that her description of the alleged "control" closely resembled that of Nicolò Paganini, who died of tuberculosis of the larynx, having been unable to speak above a whisper during the last years of his life. Also I must acknowledge that I *do* have a slight weakness in my bronchial tubes.

We afterwards learned that the lady was one of the most noted clairvoyantes of New York; she is not a professional medium, being as a matter of fact an ardent Catholic. Nevertheless her feats as an impersonating medium are well known to psychic circles.

I merely mention this incident *en passant* without commenting upon the subject therein involved. Of the sincerity of the lady in her statement I am quite convinced, as she can have had no especial reason to associate me, a total stranger, with Nicolò Paganini. This was the second time that this name had been brought up in connection with me.

During the ensuing week I was able to have several experiments with New York mediums. In referring briefly to these experiences, I have purposely eliminated all reference to incidents which were not capable of proof.

At a trumpet-sitting my grandmother again spoke to me, making reference to matters of which the medium could not possibly have been cognisant, unless through telepathy or psychometry.

I am aware, however, that science always refuses to accept as proven all examples where the theory of telepathy through the subconsciousness may be advanced. I will now relate three cases in which telepathy through the subconscious mind is totally out of the question.

I quote from a report of the three incidents I submitted to Dr. Walter Prince, of Boston, for publication in the *Journal of Psychic Research*. These three cases are the most convincing proofs of spirit-communication which I have experienced in the course of my personal psychic experiments.

Cases I and II occurred during a trance-sitting with Arthur Ford, of New York, a sitting which took place in my private salon in a New York hotel, towards the end of February 1926.

Mr. Ford, whom I had met for the first time a few hours before and who knew nothing about my per-

sonal affairs or where I made my home even, went into a trance, and shortly afterwards his alleged "control," "Fletcher," spoke through him, and said there was a spirit present who wished to give a message to his mother. We asked for the name of the lady to whom we were to give the message, and the reply came: "It sounds like 'Gebart.'"

Ques.: "Where does this lady live?"

Ans.: "She used to live in the same place that you live in. The man says he used to be a postman or messenger, and used to bring you letters and telegrams."

We denied ever having any recollection of any man who had once brought us telegrams, and asked the name of the town.

Answer: "It is a place with a name, as I understand, something like 'Vicksburg'—no, that is not right—wait, I'll get it. Wies—Wiesen—yes, that's it, *Wiesenburg*." (He spoke the word correctly as it sounds in German, that is, with the V sound for the W—in other words, as if the word were written *Veesenburg*. This is the name of the town in Germany where I spend most of my spare time.)

"He says he died during the War in a hospital in Coblenz. His mother does not live in Wiesenburg, but some relatives of his used to live in a house which you reach from where you live by going three blocks to the left of the gateway, and then two blocks to the right."

It then occurred to me that the description fitted in with a house where an old woman by the name of *Gebbers* used to live. Needless to say, I did not know anything about her or her family.

I asked: "Could the name be 'Gebbers'?"

"Yes, that's what I was trying to tell you. He

wants you to greet his mother and tell her he is happy. His mother doesn't live there, but some relatives used to. The old lady you knew of is not his mother."

We returned to Wiesenburg Castle in June, and made inquiries of the Princess, also in the village, but *no one* could give us any information, the old woman "Gebbers" having moved away several years previously. Everyone thought, though, that they knew enough about her family to state positively that she had had no relatives killed in the War.

Only a few weeks ago the old Mrs. Gebbers made a visit in Wiesenburg village and called to see the Princess.

The Princess asked her—just to see what she would say—if she had lost any relatives in the War. "Oh, yes," came the answer; "I lost a nephew. That is, he was a nephew of my husband. He died in a hospital of his wound. He used to be one of the postmen here—don't you remember?"

It seems to me no comment is necessary.

The second message that came through was equally astonishing. "Fletcher" said: "There is a Swiss lady here who gives her name as Mrs. Honegger. She wants to give a message."

Knowing I had had a dear friend by that name in Zürich who passed on about five years ago, I instantly spoke *Swiss dialect* to her, whereupon "Fletcher" answered: "She smiles and nods."

I asked: "Can you describe her?"

Ans.: "Yes, she is rather tall, and heavy, stoops slightly, and has some hair on her upper lip." (The

description was applicable, as far as it went, to the lady in question.) "Fletcher" then continued: "She is talking about someone, to whom she refers as 'Girlie' or 'young Girlie,' as far as I can make out." (Frau Honegger's pet-name for one of her two daughters was "Yug-gerli"; "Fletcher" consequently thought he heard the word "Girlie.")

I asked: "What's the matter with her? Isn't she happy in her married life?"

Ans.: "Oh, yes, very happy. But there's been some kind of trouble recently. As I get it, a lot of clothes have been stolen and the lady is very much worried, as her daughters are much annoyed about it. She wants to give a message to them. There is something about a house in the suburbs on the river. I get it that is where the stolen clothes are to be found."

Ques.: "Can she give the address where the daughters live? We have no idea where they live, don't even know their married names, so I don't see how we can give any messages."

"There is a 'Strass' or 'Strauss' with it. Could it be 'Straussberg'? But that is not exactly it; there is some word before the 'Berg,' anyhow. The house number is 10." (*Strasse* is the German word for *Street*. The medium knew *no* German.) Here the communication was broken off.

A few weeks ago, we—my mother and I—were in Switzerland and met a lady who is acquainted with the daughters of "Mrs. Honegger."

We asked her casually if she knew anything about the former "Honegger Girls," and learned that they both live in the same house. Their address is "Zürich*berg*strasse No. 10." You will remember the

medium said there was a word before "Berg" that he couldn't get.

We asked if they had had any trouble recently. The answer was: "No; they are both very happily married. But yes! recently they had a lot of trouble with a servant, who had stolen a great many clothes, underclothes, as well as silver."

As far as the lady friend knew, the things had been stolen from the elder daughter, not from the "Juggerli," which, of course, is a point not cleared up. Still, as the "Juggerli" was the daughter I had known best, it is not illogical that the mother should have mentioned her name to me. Besides, "Fletcher" repeatedly complained about the difficulty of getting the message through correctly, considering it was in a language he did not understand. So *he* may have got the message mixed in trying to repeat it.

The third case occurred during a trumpet-sitting with the trumpet-medium, William Catheuser, also in our hotel salon in New York. We were perfect strangers to him. In the course of the evening, after a number of spirits had spoken, the high piping treble of a little girl's voice was heard close to my ear (apparently independently without the trumpet). "Say, what does *Burg* mean?" I answered: "It is a German word; it means 'castle.'"

"And what does *G-r-a-b-e-n* mean?" "Ditch or moat," I replied. "Why?"

"Because there's a man here who keeps talking about a 'Burg' and a 'Graben,' but I can't make out what he wants. Just wait a bit; I'll get it."

About five minutes passed during which other spirit-voices were heard.

Then the child's voice spoke again :

" I've got it now. The man says his bones were found in a cellar or dungeon, beneath a tower by a moat where you live, far, far away from here. He says his bones were found chained with iron rings to the wall and the poor fellow starved to death." (Here the voice shook, either from excitement or pity.) " And he wants you to tell the people where you live that he is very grateful to them for having buried his bones, because he is at peace now."

Not knowing anything about the question as to whether bones had ever been found under the tower of Wiesenburg castle, where we spend our leisure time, we wrote to the Princess asking for information.

She replied that she had never heard anything about such a discovery. Also her brother, Count ——, the present owner of the castle, knew nothing about it.

It was not until we returned to Germany and began to make inquiries in the village that we had the story confirmed in *every detail* by three *old* women who had lived there all their lives, and who distinctly remembered the discovery, which was made in 1850 odd, during the lifetime of a former owner of the castle. One old lady described the matter as follows : " I remember very well the time when the tower was cleaned and, in the course of excavating, they came across a secret passage leading from the Rittersaal [old banquet-hall] to the subterranean dungeon beneath the tower. In the dungeon they discovered a skeleton chained to the wall by iron rings. Over the bones on the wall, still faintly decipherable, was a citation from the Bible, apparently traced in blood, and the three words : ' I am innocent.' The Count caused the writing to be

painted over, had the cell walled up again, and gave the bones Christian burial."

Consequently his successor, Count F——, had never happened to hear the tale. I must add that this story was told us in answer to a question as to whether any dungeon had existed beneath the tower, so could not have been inspired by the mere desire to confirm a gruesome story. Also we heard the story from three different persons.

These three cases cannot be explained by any complicated theory of telepathy through conscious or subconscious mind, as they concerned matters of which we had *no cognisance.* Frankly I do not see how they can be accounted for by other than supernatural means. It would seem that, in two cases, our prolonged sojourn in the little town of Wiesenburg had resulted in the unconscious sending forth of vibrations which attracted spirits receptive for Wiesenburg vibrations.

In the case of the Swiss lady, it would seem to have been only the vibrations of an old friend which drew her.

I do not presume to offer a scientific solution of these facts. I merely give them, as I consider them to belong to the rare cases where the subconscious theory may be dismissed as totally inadequate to the question.[1]

[1] Some sceptics have taken exception to the puerile character of the messages in question, voicing their opinion that it is illogical for a spirit to show concern for such trivial earthly matters as the theft of clothes or the burying of bones. The first objection is inspired by the erroneous opinion that parents cease to feel interest in the welfare of their children as soon as they have left their physical shell. In reply to the second objection, one may remark that it does not seem particularly illogical for a spirit to experience a feeling of gratitude for the kindly act of giving his bones Christian burial. Be that as it may, it seems far more illogical to dismiss the importance of the evidence these messages furnish on such slender grounds.

Relates how the Experiments with the Additor were continued. A Message for a Gentleman of our Acquaintance. Two French-speaking Intelligences, and an Ancestor greets. Don Miguel relates some of his Travel-experiences. Prof. Heinrich Barth writes. An old Swedish Friend greets. A Latin-speaking Intelligence gives us Riddles to solve.

On the 21st of February a gentleman known for his agnostic convictions called upon us. We had occasionally referred to the Additor in his presence, and upon the above-mentioned evening he expressed a wish to experiment with the apparatus. The result of this experiment was sufficiently significant to be worthy of being chronicled.

Mr. S—— placed his finger-tips on the Hesperus, and, after a brief period of waiting, the box, to his infinite surprise, began to move, although he was quite positive the movement was not caused by his conscious force. The pointer halted at the letter I, which it transpired was the first letter of the gentleman's given name. The box then wandered aimlessly up and down the board without being able to arrive at any definite halting-point.

Realising that the unknown Intelligence or whatever it was, probably experienced some difficulty in making use of a totally inexperienced as well as sceptical writer as medium for esoteric thought expression, I suggested that my mother should also place a couple of fingers on the Hesperus.

The gentleman agreed and this experiment was entirely satisfactory.

The movement of the box became quieter almost immediately and halted at the printed words: "Greeting from God."

Upon our asking, "Who is there?" the following letters were indicated: "etobsettog," which upon being inverted read: "Gottesbote," which means "God's messenger." I must here mention that Mr. S., who is Russian by birth, was well acquainted with the German language.

Mr. S. then asked: "Have you a message for me?"

Ans.: "Ja" (yes); "retsi" (inverted: He is).

Mr. S.: "Please continue."

Ans.: "He is."

Ques.: "Is that the message?"

Ans.: "Yes—a great message."

Now the meaning of the words dawned upon us. The "He *is*" naturally applied to the Divine Power, whose existence Mr. S. denied.

It was indeed "a great message" addressed to the agnostic, none the less significant by reason of the terse expression, in fact all the more impressive because of its concise simplicity.

Mr. S. was clearly nonplussed.

However, he had the presence of mind to ask a question which was of paramount importance to him.

"Where is Isadora?" he inquired with slightly trembling voice (the name of his dearly beloved deceased daughter).

"She lives," came the answer.

"Impossible," he contradicted; "she is dead."

"She lives in Paradise."

Again the same quiet convinced brevity of expression. Truly the speech of one of God's messengers.

Mr. S. left us in a very thoughtful frame of mind, his theory of eschatology somewhat overturned. The message had not been without its effect.

It sometimes requires merely such a little thing to open a new train of thought, especially in a highly intelligent man such as Mr. S. is.

Whether this message was delivered by the faithful control Euphrosyne or by a "guardian-spirit" attached to Mr. S. is not ascertainable.

It was interesting to discover that experiments with combined forces could also be successful. That was our first attempt at working the apparatus with two hands belonging to different persons.

Since then we have conducted a great many experiments in a similar manner, usually in cases where one writer is inexperienced but supplies the necessary magnetic force, a couple of fingers contributed by a practised hand usually furnishing the quieting influence which enables the Intelligence to make use of the force at its disposal.

It often suffices for the practised writer to place the tips of several fingers lightly on the back of the hand of the second person, thereby producing a sort of electric current which flows through the other hand into the box. At least, that is the impression given.

On the evening of the 4th of March, 9 p.m., we were in Chicago and alone in our hotel. Being rather tired from constant travelling and concertising, I had got into bed. But finding I was not sleepy, I requested my mother to bring the Additor to my bedside. It was then that two new Intelligences presented them-

selves, two " friends " who have since become two of our most frequent unseen visitors.

Both of these new acquaintances made use of the French language.

My reason for knowing that there were two is that after the *first* one, who addressed me as " mon cher garçon " or " mon cher ami," had ceremoniously wished me " good night," saying *he* was *tired*, the second one immediately began to write explaining that he was a close friend, in fact a colleague, of Number One.

Number One was evasive in his replies, refusing to give a name, but emphasising the fact that he was very fond of me and often watched over me.

Number Two was of a perfectly different personality, being of a humorous nature.

He would occasionally indicate a wrong letter, then would add : " Excuses moi, je suis stupide, n'est ce pas ? "

I said : " I think you are fond of a joke," to which he replied : " Oui, j'aime rire." (Yes, I like to laugh.) " Can you hear me laughing ? "

I answered : " It is very consoling to learn that you laugh on the other side of the veil," whereupon he answered, cheerfully : " Why not ? " He then went on to describe his personal appearance, writing : " I am very handsome " (bien beau). " I have much hair like thou hast."

Finally, he even gave away that he was a celebrated musician by saying : " I am often with you when you play. I am always very happy when you perform something of mine." He then suggested that I guessed who he was, and gave me a clue by saying that he also spoke other languages ; but when I began guessing, he evaded the issue by writing :

" Not this evening. I must go now, as my *colleague* is tired waiting," by which he identified " Number One " also as a musician. Finally, he wrote : " Thou playest French music beautifully, also Italian." Then he broke off hurriedly with : " I am going now," as if he feared he had " let the cat out of the bag."

In summing up, I may remark that the personalities of these two " Immortals " were so vivid that one received a mental picture of them sauntering off from the " wireless station " arm-in-arm, discussing pleasantly their little chat with their earthly colleague.

The admission of weariness can only astonish those readers who are unacquainted with psychical problems. Every connoisseur knows that " ether-beings " not unnaturally are capable of experiencing a sort of earthly fatigue when brought into contact with or forced to make use of physical power.

Furthermore, the difficulty of employing earthly forces explains the terse style of communication usually adopted by " Intelligences " writing for the first time, it being often their habit to eliminate all unimportant words, thereby giving their remarks the form of telegraphic messages.

Later on, you will find that, as they accustom themselves to this form of automatic writing, they become more and more verbose, being capable of recounting long narratives.

We returned to New York City, after having terminated the western concert tour.

On the 11th of March a new and interesting personality introduced himself to us in the person (if we may employ this word when referring to a " spirit ") of an old Spanish ancestor of ours, one of whose existence we were ignorant, although we were aware

that my mother's father came from the French-Spanish frontier, his name being originally Hadiz.

This ancestor presented himself as "Brother Aloyisius, born Don Miguel de Hadiz, knight of Spain, formerly resident in Saragossa, ancestor of Florizello." He wrote that in a sense he regarded himself as a sort of uncle of mine. He wrote in very aristocratic Spanish, and when I told him I had lately neglected my Spanish, he strongly advised me to "rub up" on it (if one may use such common parlance in speaking of his punctiliously polite phrases), Spanish having been the language of my ancestors. He explained that the first attempt to get into touch with me had tired him so much that he must break off, but that he would come again soon, as he had much to tell. He closed his chat with the words "God bless thee" in Latin.

To anticipate, I may as well relate here that "Don Miguel" came again on the 20th of March. Upon this second occasion the writing was much more fluent. Apparently he had mastered the technique of the apparatus.

I give here the nucleus of his message in the original Spanish, as well as the English translation.

Estuve una vez in Lipsia. Yo he visitado Sebastiano Bach, 1736. Un amigo muy interesante, porque he tocado el violino tambien. Mia hermana, la hermosa Estrellita, tocaba harpsichorde.

I was once in Leipzig, and I visited Sebastian Bach in 1736. An interesting friend, because I also played the violin. My sister, the beautiful Estrellita, played the harpsichord.

Mas tarde, cansado del mundo, monastero fuera de Zaragossa, donde estuve llamado Aloyisius, pariente de ti. Mas un otra vez. Hay mucho á decir. Buenas noches. Deo te benedica.

Later on, tired of the world, I entered a monastery outside of Zaragossa, where I was called Aloyisius, thy ancestor. More another time. There is much to tell. Good night. God bless thee.

On the 25th of March he again wrote :

" I should like to tell about a journey I made in France. I knew Lully and Constantine, 1750.[1] I heard very much beautiful music. Afterwards I travelled to Italy. The road was very rough, terribly difficult. Six horses were necessary to draw the carriage.

" In Italy I also knew Tartini and heard him play the violin. Very beautiful.

" I also speak Italian." (This phrase was written in Italian.) " I am weary now. The next time more. God bless thee."

The first question which the reader will ask is : " Does your mother know Spanish ? " The answer is : " Yes." Both my mother and myself have studied Spanish. I am able to converse fluently in that language, while my mother's knowledge is more theoretical ; still, I unhesitatingly admit the scientific possibility that her subconsciousness is better acquainted with the intricacies of the language than her physical consciousness.

This possibility in no way convinces me that the subconsciousness is the only plausible solution, as there is a vast difference between the subconsciousness producing snatches of some foreign language and it being able to evolve complicated idiomatically, grammatically, orthographically correct parlance, systematical accounts of events, beautiful aphorisms, etc., in languages which the writer has never been known to speak with fluent perfection of diction and grammar. My mother's chief weaknesses in French, Spanish, and Italian, I may even add German, are the articles, declension of nouns, and the plurals,

[1] The two oldest French violinists. The date is accurate.

things which always come with conspicuous correctness on the Additor.

What especially impresses me in all the communications in these languages is the correct use and orthography of the second person singular, which is never employed in the average run of conversation, but which is nearly always made use of in the Additor messages.

I may also remark that my mother's *theoretical* knowledge of French grammar and especially orthography (as it is well known, the French language seldom is *spoken* as it is written) is even less than her corresponding familiarity with Spanish.

At the time of the first message I should not have credited her with the ability to employ consciously so correctly the second person singular, in unhesitating answer to all of my spontaneous questions, or to write correctly the correct terminations for the complicated irregular verbs.

Even now, six months later, I am occasionally astounded at the fluency of the French which is transmitted unknowingly by means of her fingers, her eyes being bound, messages which very often include complicated diction as well as words unknown to both of us.

Upon looking over the records of March 1926, I find three which seem worthy of mention.

Under the 15th of March I find the record of a conversation with an Intelligence calling itself Heinrich Barth, an excellent pedagogue and professor of piano at the Berlin High School of Music. Not having had the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Heinrich Barth during his material existence, I was exceedingly surprised when the name was written, and inquired rather sceptically: "Do you mean to

imply that *you* are Heinrich Barth of the Berlin Hochschule ? "

" Professor," came the gentle reminder.

" Yes, of course, Professor," I replied. " I never had the pleasure of meeting you."

Ans. : " No, but I have often heard you play in Berlin." He then went on to make a very uncomplimentary remark about America. You will remember I was at that time concertising in America.

" You are too good for America. It is easier here for those charlatans who do not understand *Bach*. Pigs always have enough to eat. Bah ! (Pfui !) *We* live on Mount Parnassus without pigs."

I asked : " Do you have much music, Herr Professor ? "

Ans. : " Of course ; no enemies of divine art. No A—— pigs with us."

This remark apparently referred to the pupils of a certain popular violin teacher in America, by name A—— (I suppress the name written in full). A lady who was present, by name Mrs. Ferris, was surprised at this slur against A——, and asked the Intelligence in English to explain the uncomplimentary reference, whereupon the Intelligence obligingly wrote in English : " Because they sacrifice everything for money. Art is not lucre. Divine Art will always conquer divine souls."

I then asked : " Have you confidence in me on your Mount Parnasse ? "

The answer was very encouraging : " Colossal. We know. Many here love you. We help wherever we can. Many of us greet you."

I then said : " Please tell my dear friends how honoured and touched I am by these kind words of sympathy and encouragement."

Ans. : " We all thank you."

It must be remarked here that neither my mother nor I, never having met Professor Barth, could have any idea about the personality of that well-known teacher. Since the conversation here recorded, we have made inquiries in Berlin of several persons who knew him very well, and have been told that the personality revealed in this conversation with his so-called ether-self is exactly in accordance with his individuality in life. It seems he was an exacting pedant, who tolerated no concessions in artistic matters.

The most interesting proof was given us by a former Barth pupil, who declared that the word " Schwein " (pig) was a favourite expression of contempt which it was his custom to indulge in when any pupil failed to satisfy him.

On the 16th of March the Additor transmitted greetings from a dear Swedish friend of mine, by name Magnus Ahlberg, who passed on some years ago.

I had just played the Bach Chaconne.

The Additor then wrote : " Rahintmolg sungam ? " Supposing it to be inverted German, I was surprised to read : " Har ni glomt Magnus ? " (Have you forgotten Magnus ?) The writing then continued : " Gajrahtreohennocahctekcymrekcav."

In order not to lose valuable time, I refrained from inverting this sentence and hastened to greet my old friend, who now proceeded in direct writing : " Ni vilja hafva store konserter. Hvarfor kommer ni inte till Stockholm ? " (You will have very great concerts. Why do you not come again to Stockholm ?)

As it happens, I have not concertised in Stockholm since the War.

I asked if he had heard the Chaconne. The answer came: "Jag har sagt bravo" (I have said bravo), then followed two inverted words: "tekcym arb" ("Mycket bra," which means, very good). And finally the typical Swedish parting-remark: "Adieu, sao lange" (Good-bye for the present).

As the Swedish letter "å" was not to be had, the intelligence wrote "ao."

The inversion of the sentence at the beginning revealed the words: "I heard the Chaconne. Very beautiful."

To be sure, this message did not bring anything unusual as far as the text was concerned, the only remarkable thing about it being the inversion of a language which my mother, though possessing some theoretical knowledge of it, has never spoken fluently.

Those who always expect spirit-intelligences to speak in complicated philosophical phraseology would probably find such simple sentences not only uninteresting, but unconvincing as well.

I will admit that the message would have been more remarkable had it delved deep into the intricacies of the Swedish language.

The question is, however, would it have been as natural in that case? Possibly from a scientific point of view, but it assuredly would not have been indicative of the personality of my friend Magnus Ahlberg, who was an honest, simple, warm-hearted man, a musician without any philosophical tendencies whatsoever.

When one meets a friend after a long separation, how does one greet him?

I fancy it is scarcely customary to overwhelm him

immediately with complicated philosophical or metaphysical remarks.

So from the standpoint of pure logic, it was certainly more natural that my friend, who was an enthusiastic lover of his musical profession, a violinist himself of no mean order, and incidentally a great admirer of mine, should have promptly referred to the music he had just heard. He came to greet me, to speak of music as we usually did when together, not to discourse on ethical and philosophical topics.

If those excellent people, who always expect pearls of wisdom to flow continuously from the lips of spirits, *could only* be brought to realise how illogical such a conception of the spirit-world is!

Why should the physical death immediately transform each spirit into a sort of public-lecturer, whose only duty or desire is to treat those earthly beings with whom it comes into contact to long dissertations on abstruse subjects?

As regards the use of the Swedish speech, I have not tried to disguise the fact that both my mother and I are acquainted with this language.

Thus I am naturally aware that the supposition or suspicion that the subconscious mind was again at work cannot in this case be refuted, although in reading many books dealing with automatic writing, I have seldom, if ever, come across one where the messages were mostly given in languages foreign to the writer, yet they are often credited as authentic.

Positive proof of the guiltlessness (if one may be permitted the expression) of that old sinner or supposed sinner, the subconscious mind, can only be afforded in cases where the writer is positive that no previous knowledge of the language or subject-matter written was possible.

And even in such cases, the war-cry "subconsciousness" with which science tries to carry on the struggle against the supernormal theory will always be cropping up, as anyone who has patience to read this chronicle through to the end will have ample opportunity to observe. Why the subconsciousness in this case should have taken the trouble to perform the feat of inverting Swedish phrases (a process which my mother would clearly be incapable of doing at a moment's notice with her physical consciousness) is something of a mystery to me. For my friend Magnus to invert his own language would be quite another thing, or again it might have been our control, Euphrosyne, who was delivering the message.

On the 27th of March an Intelligence wrote a number of Latin aphorisms. As neither my mother nor I are Latin scholars, we were unable to translate them at the moment except by guesswork, on account of the occasional similarity with languages we do know.

The Intelligence refused to grant our request that it translate, only vouchsafing the information, in German, that the sentences it had written were aphorisms. The writing having broken off in the beginning of a sentence, "nemo," we made a second attempt, whereupon another Intelligence presented itself, and obligingly offered to translate.

"Omnia vincit labor" (Work conquers everything), we had ourselves been able to translate, also "Deo non fortuna" (God, not chance), and "Nisi Dominus frustra" (Without God nothing is possible), but not "Ne quid nimus" (Not too much of a good thing), "Noli irritare leones" (Do not irritate lions), "Magna est veritas et prevalebit" (Great is truth, and it will

prevail), " Si quid dixit creditur " (Nothing is too stupid to be believed). (In this last sentence I had taken down by mistake *f*ixit instead of *d*ixit. This mistake was now corrected.)

Finally, this second Intelligence explained that the interrupted sentence commencing with " nemo," should be " Nemo solus sapit " (No one knows everything).

The language used for the translation was German, but one word was falsely used, from which I deduced that the writer was not a German. This assumption was proved correct, as the message—after the Latin sentences had all been translated—concluded with the words " Estoy cansado " (I am tired) in Spanish, from which we reasonably inferred that the interpreter was none other than our ancestor, Brother Aloyisius, who had obligingly come to the rescue.

This was the first occasion upon which a language was written of which my mother had no personal recollection.

To be sure, she had studied Latin in her girlhood, and, according to subconscious theory, may have memorised these Latin proverbs at that time, which does not bring us much nearer to the solution of the phenomenon, it being, in any case, a phenomenon of no small importance, whether spiritual or only psychological.

Some Experiences with Trance-Mediums. "Nicolò" again.

ASIDE from the two interesting and highly convincing cases, related in Chapter III, we also had several further sittings with trance-mediums while in America, each of which afforded several significant details.

Upon one occasion I was able—through Mr. Arthur Ford—to converse at some length with an Italian "spirit," the description of which was more or less applicable to Nicolò Paganini.

Finally, I began to get quite used to the idea that the wizard of the violin was actually doing me the honour to take an interest in my artistic welfare. I append now an abridged record of the conversation with "Nicolò."

It was five o'clock in the afternoon, the medium fell into a trance, and his control "Fletcher" [1] began to speak.

Fletcher: "There are a lot of spirits here who want a chance to speak."

He then proceeded to try to describe several persons, whom I was not able to identify.

I pass over this portion of the sitting.

Finally, he said: "There is a man here who says: 'Caro mio,' and who asks me to tell you that you did not practise enough to-day."

I: "That is quite true. I had a disagreeable business interview which put me out of sorts."

[1] See Chapter III.

Fletcher: "He wishes to give you some advice about your next New York concert programme. He strongly advises you *not* to play any Bach. He says the American public is not up to Bach. He says America is good for the pocket-book, but death to musical idealism."

(*Note.*—The medium himself was *totally* without any musical knowledge, perfectly incapable of giving advice on programmes, not really being able to distinguish one composer from another.)

I asked: "How about the Tschaikowsky Concerto?"

Fletcher: "He says that would be very good for the principal number. He says he would like to go over the programme with you some day."

(*Note.*—I was not quite able to understand the meaning of this remark.)

A little later I asked if he had been satisfied with the accompanist in the first concert, to which Fletcher replied: "On the whole, yes; but he says he played too loud part of the time in the last movement of the concerto" (Paganini No. 1).

I said: "I suppose he is referring to the long passage in double harmonics."

Fletcher: "Yes, that is what he means."

I remarked: "That is always a ticklish place. What does he think of the unfavourable comments in a certain Boston newspaper concerning the musical worth of the concerto?"

Fletcher: "He says they amused him very much."

I: "I should like to ask him a question. What does he think about the violin method of S. E——"
(I mentioned the name of a violin-teacher in Berlin, who maintains he has discovered the secret of Paganini's way of holding his violin).

I had barely uttered the name when the medium sat up in his arm-chair and exclaimed with great vigour: "He says, Impostor! He says for you to look at a picture of him, which is in Florence, which gives the exact position of the violin."

(*Note.*—This answer was very evidential, as the medium had no way of knowing—unless through thought-reading—that I am not in sympathy with the pretensions of the said violin-teacher. Also, I may here remark that the medium had not attended my first concert in New York, so could have no idea of how the accompanist had played.)

A little later my mother made a remark, whereupon Fletcher said: "He says your mother is right. He says to tell her that she and he were good friends *before you were born.*"

Shortly after this Fletcher remarked that the power was dying, so broke off the sitting.

Upon two other occasions signs of "Nicolò's" presence were given by trance-mediums. In Chicago the medium, who had never seen us before and who did not know my name or profession, said: "There is a spirit here who seems greatly concerned about the young man. He asks me to tell you to change your seat. He is very much excited because you are sitting too near the window.

(*Note.*—The medium was sitting a long way from the window, and could not know that a draught was apparent, although the heavy curtains were drawn.)

I changed my seat, when she announced: "He is satisfied now." Still, I must say that the next day I found I had contracted a severe cold.

I asked: "Can you describe the spirit?"

She answered: "Yes. He is very tall and slender,

almost emaciated. He is dressed in a long coat with an embroidered waistcoat. He has long black curling hair and a very thin face. He plays two musical instruments, one which he plays with a bow, the other which rests on his knee and which he strums with his fingers.

(*Note.*—Paganini was also a very accomplished guitar-player. The medium, who was a very ignorant old Scotchwoman, would have been very unlikely to have known this fact, also certainly nothing about his appearance. She also had no idea that *I* was a violinist.)

At a sitting in New York with Mrs. Sanders (a trance-medium who is exceedingly well spoken of by Prof. Hyslop), nothing worth remembering came through for over half an hour, the medium floundering along in rather an aimless fashion.

Then suddenly she almost shouted: "There is a spirit here who says he passed on in a town called Nice" (she pronounced it "Nees," as it is spoken in France). "He says he was buried there at first, but afterwards removed to his own country."

I ask: "Who caused the body to be removed?"

Mrs. Sanders: "A relative of his."

I: "Can you give the name?"

Ans.: "I know it begins with A., but the name is so peculiar, I can't get it all."

(*Note.*—Paganini died in Nice; the body was afterwards removed to Italy, at the instigation of his son, Achilles. Probably the medium had never heard the name. That may be why she experienced such difficulty in getting it through.)

After this there followed a period during which nothing evidential came through; then suddenly

she sat up, began to clap her hands frantically, and to shout jubilantly: "Genoa, Genoa. I see something. It is a violin exposed in a glass case. It seems to be some public building. He says you will know his identity by that."

(*Note.*—The medium laughed and clapped her hands so ardently in her delight that she woke herself from the trance. The violin formerly used by Paganini is exposed in a glass case in the Hôtel de Ville in Genoa, he having willed it to the city of Genoa. The secretary of the New York Society of Psychic Research, Mrs. George Wilde, who had arranged the sitting, testifies that she did *not* tell the medium the name of the person to whom she was coming, also had not said a word to her about me, so that the medium was totally ignorant of my occupation, etc. This in itself would naturally not preclude the likelihood of her having received the information through psychometrical power, but would exclude the possibility of her having previously studied up facts relating to the biography of Nicolò Paganini.)

I give these incidents for what they are worth, without presuming to offer a definite opinion upon the question of their psychic authenticity.

A few days after the sitting when "Nicolò" had announced his desire of "going through the programme" with me, I experienced a peculiar sensation while practising Paganini's "La Campanella" (Bell-Rondo).

Suddenly, without any premeditation, while playing a difficult passage, my fingers seemed to be impelled (I can find no other adequate expression) to abandon suddenly the fingering I had used for years, the substitution of a perfectly different fingering taking

place as naturally as if it had been a simple passage instead of a very complicated one. Overjoyed at the unconscious discovery of a vastly more satisfactory fingering, I continued playing, on the alert for any more suggestions I might receive.

And sure enough, in the course of the ensuing hour, I received at least a dozen new ideas in nuancing, fingering, and bowing, the effect being as though the suggestions were given me through telepathy, or that my bow and fingers were being controlled by another Intelligence than my own.

The next day, upon playing the composition again, I found the new ideas as firmly fixed in my mind as if I had taken a lesson with some violin master, but I no longer experienced the sensation of being controlled by another personality. I have never forgotten the peculiarly distinct impression I experienced on that day, and cannot keep from feeling that Nicolò Paganini had thus begun to fulfil his intention of "going through the programme" with me.

I will not endeavour to explain scientifically the experience. Scientists will probably say auto-suggestion or hallucination. Let the reader draw his own conclusions.[1]

[1] Since returning to Europe I recently had the opportunity to converse with Nicolò Paganini through a trance-medium, a young German girl, aged twenty, who, if she fulfils her youthful promise, should eventually blossom into a really great medium. Although the young lady knew nothing whatever about my experiences, I having taken care not to let drop the slightest clue, she was able to describe most accurately the great violinist, and even to repeat the name "Nicolò Paganini" which her control gave her as that of the spirit she had just described.

As a test, "Nicolò" then told us through the medium that he had guarded me since my cradle. Upon being asked if he approved of my intention to go to England on a visit, he said: "Yes, but be careful of the mode of transport." (*Note.*—I had not mentioned to anyone our intention to accomplish the transit by aeroplane, so

that the medium could only have got it by telepathy, if she did not receive it spiritually. As it turned out we were much delayed by a heavy storm.)

It is certainly extremely convincing that upon nearly every occasion when I have sat with a trance-medium, "Nicolò" has been reported as present.[1] Incidentally I should remark that the young lady subsequently delivered a lecture upon conditions in the spirit-world, which would have done credit, as far as diction and beauty of thought go, to a university professor or a clergyman.

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[1] Adherents of the telepathic hypothesis may try to account for this without spiritualism, at the same time being unable to explain why a medium should invariably possess the faculty of reading from the subconsciousness.

Contains a Record of some interesting and varied Sittings with the Additor.

On the 31st of March, the clairvoyante lady referred to in Chapter III, whom we had seen at the Society for Psychic Research, called upon us.

She is not a professional medium, being, as a matter of fact, a devout Catholic.

In the course of her visit, Mrs. Simonson—whose wonderfully penetrating eyes I have already referred to—suddenly said: "I see a gentleman in Russian uniform standing behind you. He seems to be greatly interested in you. Could you guess who he might be?"

I answered that I had never been personally acquainted with such a personage. To be frank, this remark of the lady did not make much impression upon me, and I thought no more about it until reminded of the incident in an unexpected manner.

On the 2nd of April a gentleman called upon us in the afternoon, and, being greatly interested in what he had heard about the Additor phenomena, asked if he might have the privilege of seeing the apparatus work. Up to that time our experiments had always been made in the evening, or at least late in the afternoon, so I did not know if daylight attempts would be successful.

My mother's eyes were blindfolded as usual and I played a few minutes on the violin. Soon the box

began to move, and the following sentence was written in German: "I was here the day before yesterday."

Ques.: "Who are you?"

Ans.: "I was Russian."

Ques.: "Will you not let us know your name?"

Ans.: "Think, but do not always say what you think." (Excellent counsel, which should be followed oftener than it is.)

Ques.: "Do you wish to give me some advice about my violin-playing?"

Ans.: "I was not a violinist. But you write well."

Ques.: "Do you mean my literary work?"

Ans.: "Yes, but I meant mainly composing. Write big works like you formerly did. *Olympus.*"

(This word evidently applied to a cycle of orchestral compositions, which I had begun, but never finished.)

Ques.: "Do you mean that you think I should finish the *Olympus* Cycle?"

Ans.: "Yes, yes" (very insistent).

I: "Several are finished."

Ans.: "Three."

(*Note.*—That was more or less correct. "Zeus" and "Ceres" were finished, and "Dionysos" ("Bacchus") was almost ready. The tone-poem "Zeus" was performed for the first time at a symphony concert in the Berlin Charlottenburg Opera-house in the year 1921. Eventually I abandoned work upon the cycle, owing to lack of time, as well as because of the difficulties attached to the performance of such a colossal work as one representing each Grecian deity in a separate orchestral composition, all to be bound together by the inclusive title, "Olympus.")

Half-jestingly I asked: "But, my dear friend, what if no one ever plays the work."

Ans.: "No matter. *We will play it.* Besides, it gives pleasure to write it and quiets the nerves from 'pig-people'" (Schweinemenschen).

I: "Every musician has had to suffer from that sort of people."

Ans.: "I also, but they are not here with us."

I: "That is agreeable to know. Tell me, dear friend, have *I* any prospect of being received among you when my earthly time is over?"

Ans.: "If you are faithful to Art, yes. Laus Deo!"

4th April, 10 p.m. Present, besides my mother and myself, Dr. and Mrs. Gehring.

Additor writes to begin with: "Bon soir."

"Who is there?" I inquired.

Ans.: "Diemer, le maître" (Diemer, the master).

I: "Do you mean Louis Diemer, who was called in Paris le dieu Diemer?" (a celebrated French pianist, with whom I was on friendly terms).

Ans.: "Oui, mon cher, si, c'est moi" (Yes, my dear, yes, it is I). "Je regrette que le monde est si cochon" (I am sorry that the world is so piggish).

(*Note.*—The word *cochon* is naturally much stronger in French.)

I: "But, my dear master, you were much honoured in your lifetime."

Ans.: "Oui, c'est vrai. Mais la blague est toujours populaire" (Yes, true. But humbug is always popular). The writing then continued: "Je suis très triste que tu n'es pas . . ." Then came several undistinguishable words and afterwards: "à Paris." (Probably it should read: "I am very

sorry that you did not remain in Paris." I was at one time on the point of establishing myself in Paris, but eventually changed my mind. During this time I was often with Diemer.)

Here the communication was interrupted. I have given the original French verbatim, in view of it being such excellent French-French (not English-French). The aphorism : " La blague est toujours populaire " is typically French, as well as the " bien triste " and " le monde cochon."

Little points of that sort are occasionally exceedingly evidential.[1]

On the 7th of April, 10 p.m., my mother and I were alone. We took down the following rather novel message in Italian : " I am a simple man " (un uomo semplice). " Will you have the kindness to pardon that I write. I do not wish to be immodest, when the great master is in the room, but I love wonderful music, and I cannot talk to the Signor Barone when the gentlemen wish to talk. Please forgive me. I am not an artist, but I have been here many times listening. The gracious gentleman will pardon."

Ques. : " What nationality are you ? "

Ans. : " I am Neapolitan. A poor man with a heart for music " (uomo povero con cuore per la musica). " Pardon. A thousand thanks. God bless thee."

Who the " great master " was to whom this " spirit " referred I was not to learn until some months later. In fact, recent developments have given me cause to suspect that the " uomo semplice " was not in reality nearly so humble as he pretended, but that

[1] Diemer has since visited us a number of times.

it was merely a case of humorous impersonation. Of this, more anon.

On the 8th of April, 10 p.m., there were present, besides my mother and myself, Mr. Arthur Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Freshel, Mr. James B. Pond (son of the deceased well-known lecture-manager of the same name).

After the movement of the Hesperus had begun, I greeted in German, whereupon was written in French: "I do not speak German well. I am very glad to be here. I was here already once with my friend and wrote." (Apparently it was one of the two French-speaking Intelligences who greeted me in Chicago several weeks previously.)

The writing then continued: "I am very pleased when you play French music" (des choses Françaises), "or rather Belgian. You play Vieuxtemps superbly."

At that moment I asked Mr. Pond to take down the letters. The Intelligence demurred, saying: "I prefer Madame Freshel. He is a good fellow" (bon garçon), "but not serious enough."

Mr. Pond laughed and said: "He bowls me out completely."

The Intelligence continued: "His father heard me play when I made a tour of America. I spoke to him after one concert."

Ques.: "May I ask who you are?"

Ans.: "You know."

I: "Do you speak other languages?"

Ans.: "A little. I am very stupid" (très bête). (*Note.*—Evidently meant jokingly.) "You played a piece yesterday at Madame's" (meaning Mrs. Freshel) "which I am very fond of."

I: "Do you mean the 'Devil's Trill Sonata'?"

Ans.: After that, a piece I used very often to play. Another time I will come. . . .

(Here communication was interrupted.)

It occurred to me afterwards that the Intelligence was referring to Sarasate's "Nightingale."

If we accept the spiritualistic hypothesis, and put two and two together, we must arrive at the conclusion that the "spirit" who wrote was no other than Pablo de Sarasate, the great Spanish violinist, who—it will be remembered—had already greeted me once through a clairvoyante (Chapter I). I wish to remark here that I was slightly acquainted as a little child with Sarasate during his earthly existence.[1]

On the 11th of April we were alone.

First we had a short conversation with Euphrosyne, who eventually wrote, always inverted German, that a friend was here who would like to give some advice concerning the next New York concert.

Then my Italian friend, whom I was now beginning to suspect of being identical with the Intelligence who had conversed with me through the trance-

[1] Many months later, after a lecture upon psychic matters which I delivered in Berlin, a clairvoyante told me that she had distinctly seen Sarasate upon the stage behind me. She added that she had also observed many spirit-forms surrounding me, but had only been able to identify that of Sarasate.

This remark of the clairvoyante (who naturally knew nothing about my personal experiences with automatic writing) was all the more significant in view of the fact that a few days previous to the lecture the Intelligence, whom we suspected of being the great Spanish violinist, had written that he intended to be present, "pour t'encourager," as he expressed it. I may add that other "spirit-friends" have since confirmed his identity, even occasionally referring to him as "Pablo," although he himself, save upon one occasion—Christmas Day, when he wrote in Spanish—still persists in using the French language in his communications.

mediums, took over the writing and dictated a number of Italian aphorisms, applicable on the whole to the musical profession.

Per lo primo colpo, non cade la quercia.	At the first blow, the oak does not fall.
Tutti le vie possono condurre a Roma.	All roads may lead to Rome. (An old trite saying, but one we had never heard in idiomatic Italian.)
Chi serve al commune ha cattivo padrone.	He who serves the public has a bad master.

Later the Intelligence wrote : " Play some caprices in the concert " (referring to the Paganini caprices).

I : " Which ones shall I play as encores ? "

Ans. : " The 24th at first, then the 13th."

Shortly afterwards the French friend took control and wrote that he and his colleague would not come the next evening to the sitting with strangers, as they only desired to converse with me and did not care to tell their secrets in the presence of persons who might not be congenial. Others would come instead.

The sitting on the 12th of April brought messages from two new Intelligences, and is worthy of a detailed account.

The Hesperus spelled at first the following Swedish sentence : " Jag aer mycket glad att vara haer " (I am very glad to be here).

Ques. : " Who are you ? "

Ans. : " Jag aer en vaen " (I am a friend).

Ques. : " Did we know you in life ? "

Ans. : " Jo " (Yes).

Ques.: "In Stockholm?"

Ans.: "Jo. Vill ni vara sao god att gifva min karlek til Oscar. Jag var mycket glad att hoera ni spela."

(*Note.*—The modified letters, such as ä and ö, are represented by ae and oe, while the Swedish letter å is expressed by ao, as in the previous Swedish message.)

The translation reads: "Will you be kind enough to give my love to Oscar. I was very glad to hear you play."

With the mention of the name "Oscar" the identity of the writer was established. It could only be the mother of Oscar, a dear friend of ours, who had passed on some twelve years ago.

I then inquired: "Where is Oscar?" and was much surprised to receive the answer: "In America, New England, Maine." (I was aware that Oscar's father, who had been American Minister to Sweden, was American born, but had not the slightest idea that his son, who had been born and brought up in Stockholm, would ever think of transferring his headquarters to the land of his father's birth, his mother having been Swedish and all his Swedish relations living in Sweden. Nor were we aware from what part of America the father originally came. He had lived in Sweden twenty-five or thirty years.)

I now requested the Intelligence to give the name of the city where Oscar lived. The answer came: "Augusta, I think, is the name." I tried to get the full address, but the force was already exhausted.

Our subsequent investigations through the postal authorities revealed that Mr. Oscar T—— does live

in America, Maine, but is a citizen of *Portland*, not Augusta. The Intelligence itself, it will be noted, was not certain about the town itself, which would seem to indicate that ether-beings, who are called back to the earth by vibrations drawing them to their loved ones, are often ignorant of the exact geographical position of the places they visit. Mrs. T—— had never been in America.

In any case, this message might be regarded as one of the most evidential we had received up to that time, insomuch as it vouchsafed us information of which we had no knowledge, nor had we ever had any opportunity to absorb unwittingly the said information, all communication with the family in question having terminated shortly after the death of the lady some twelve years previously.

The last we had ever heard of the widowed Mr. T—— was a report to the effect that he had married again, also a Swedish lady. If still living, he must be a very old man. Of the son, Oscar, we had heard nothing since his mother's demise. At that time there was not the slightest likelihood of his ever going to America, much less taking up his abode there. Yet here was the verified proof that he had done so.

I must confess my inability to explain this case by any other means than supernormal.

The second message received that evening was one in inverted English. As a curiosity I give the original form, which may interest students of cryptology :

N a d l o n a i c i s u m f o d n a l g n e l l i w
t e e r g u o y n e t f o e r e h n e h w u o y y a l p.

Inversion : " Play you when here often you greet will England of musician old an."

Reading from the end of the sentence backwards, we get: An old musician of England will greet you often here when you play.[1]

(*Note.*—A double inversion is really unnecessary, as one can merely invert the words from the beginning as one recognises them. This process would be, as a matter of fact, more complicated, when one does not know which language is being written, as is occasionally the case.)

Not wishing to take the time to invert the writing, I asked: "What nationality are you?"

Ans.: "h c t o c s" (Scotch).

Ques.: "Who are you?"

Ans.: "d e y a l p s e p i p t a t h c e n n u d n e h w y h t t a e r g e m a d d n a r g s a w n r i a b." (Inversion: Played pipes at Dunnecht when thy great-granddame was bairn.)

(*Note.*—Dunnecht is the name of the castle in Scotland where my great-grandmother, who belonged to a noble Scottish family, was born. Any person conversant with Scotch customs will be aware of the high position occupied by the hereditary pipers.)

Ques.: "What did you play, my dear piper?"

Ans. (also inverted): "'When the Bonnie Blue Bonnets marched over the border' and 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled.'"

Here the force was exhausted.

This sitting had afforded two very interesting points. (1) The information concerning Mr. Oscar T——. (2) The inversion of the English language.

[1] *Note.*—The slightly foreign character of the English raises the question as to whether this message was not being delivered through the intermediation of our chief control at that time, Euphrosyne. This would account for the inverting process, as E. has never been known to write otherwise than inverted.

It may indeed be considered a remarkable phenomenon that the first message of any importance which my mother received in her own language should have been inverted.

Dr. Walter Prince, of Boston, who is considered an authority upon the subject of automatic writing, is inclined to attribute this phenomenon to a freak of the subconscious mind. In a letter upon this subject he says: "Spelling sentences inverted is not beyond the possibility of the subconscious mind." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in a letter to me, says: "In my opinion, the subconscious theory is all moonshine. Why should our subconscious self tell complicated lies to our real self? What object could there be? Besides, such phenomena link themselves up very easily and clearly with psychic photography, materialisation, direct voices, and other objective things outside ourselves. The inversion of the message is done to show you that it is *not* the subconscious mind at work. So too the unknown tongues."

These two divergent opinions are interesting, coming as they do from two experts.

My mother's reply to Dr. Prince seems rather applicable. She wrote: "I am aware that some persons are said to have a peculiar knack of spelling words backwards with lightning rapidity. I, myself, never tried to do it, and even if my subconscious mind were capable of such a feat, I should think spelling backwards in a foreign language would be rather a large order."

Records of Sittings with Additor continued.

13TH APRIL, from 9 p.m. to 12 midnight. Present: Mrs. Freshel, Miss Helen Olmsted, Misses Dagmar and Gerda Selling, Mr. Selling.

I opened the sitting by playing Vieuxtemps' E major Rondo. The Additor then wrote in Italian: "A thousand thanks." There followed: "o g n e v e r i d e h c o d e r c e h c e b b e r a s o i l g e m i d e r e d n e r p t z s i l l a d a m m a r g o r p e t n e m a l o s e h c l a u q e l o r a p a n o u b e t t o n."

The translation showed that it was Italian inverted. "Vengo dire che credo che sarebbe meglio di prendere Liszt dal programma. Solamente qualche parole. Buona notte." In English: "I come to say that I think it would be better to remove Liszt from the programme. Only a few words. Good night."

(*Note.*—This advice applied to my New York programme—advice which, upon due consideration, I found very good and eventually followed.)

The next Intelligence to come was Euphrosyne, who wrote most amiably (inverted German) that she desired to greet my friends. Then: "I love all those who are kind to thee. Another friend wishes to write, so I will say, Ade."

Brother Aloyisius now took control and a delightfully amusing conversation followed between the Spanish cavalier and Mrs. Freshel, the "spirit" in

Spanish, Mrs. Freshel in English. She expressed herself as charmed to meet Don Miguel. The cavalier replied ceremoniously with the most polite Spanish form of greeting: "Pongo mi á sus pies de Usted" (literally: I place myself at the feet of your honoured self).

Mrs. Freshel then inquired what colour of raiment he had preferred while on earth. The answer was that he had preferred purple. To her question as to whether he had had black eyes, he gave the reply that his eyes were blue.

Mrs. Freshel then said: "You were a great cavalier in your time, I suppose, Don Miguel."

Don Miguel (grandly): "I am always a Spanish cavalier, Señora."

Mrs. F.: "I should be so delighted if you would tell us something about your travels."

Don Miguel (modestly): "Perhaps that would not be interesting for everyone."

Mrs. F.: "Oh, I am sure all of us are greatly interested."

Don Miguel. "I was once in London, and had great social functions at court. I was a very young man then, only nineteen."

Mrs. F.: "When was that?"

Ans.: "After the Stuarts, in the time of William and Mary. Afterwards I went to France."

I now asked: "When did you go to Germany?"

Ans.: "Much later. In 1736." (The same date he gave once before.)

I asked: "Was your sister with you?"

Ans.: "No. It was very difficult for young ladies to travel then."

I asked: "Your sister played harpsichord, didn't she?"

Ans.: "She plays well."

Ques.: "Do you mean that she still plays?"

Ans.: "Why not?"

(*Note.*—I refrain from commenting upon this extraordinary significant statement, which would seem to speak for itself.)

Mrs. F.: "Do you not find these two young ladies very beautiful?" (Mrs. F. referred to the Misses Selling.)

Ans. (politely): "All the ladies are beautiful. I place myself at the feet of all the ladies."

(Bravo, Don Miguel! The proper answer for a cavalier.)

Don Miguel now wished us all "Good night" and took his departure.

After a short pause, Miss Dagmar Selling asked for permission to make a trial. My mother gladly assented, as she had been already two hours at the apparatus, a considerable strain in view of the position of the hands, the necessity of quiet, as well as blindfolded eyes.

Miss Selling evidently has some psychic power, as the Hesperus began to move almost immediately under the tips of her fingers. But very soon the motion became too fast, and Miss Selling requested my mother to add two fingers. Under these conditions the following prose poem was transmitted in English:

Music is the soul of the world.
Music is joy.
Jazz is the voice of the Devil on earth.
Music is the speech of God,
The voice of nature,
Pure as mountain snow,
Put to uses demoniacal, purity polluted,
Making of the childlike—perversity,
Of the godlike—earthly.
Of the angelic—demons.

Saints abhor that which is beloved of polluted blood.
I come to all from spheres
Where no sounds of degradation penetrate.
I love all who breathe the pure nature perfumes
Of great music.
I float on the waves of divine melody,
Which rests the nerves of earth's pure souls.

A pause now ensued, and the question was asked: "Who are you who write so beautifully of music?"

The answer came in *Italian*: "Alessandro Stradella[1] has been here. The anthems of divine music called me here to salute my relative in the realms of sound."

In summing up, I should remark that there is naturally nothing to prove that this prose poem was indeed dictated by Stradella. It may have been evolved, for all I know to the contrary, from the subconsciousness of one of the ladies, or even dictated by an impersonator.

The language employed being the mother-tongue of both of the ladies manipulating the apparatus, it is not so unlikely as in the case of foreign inverted languages. The fact that the language used was English, does not in itself prove that Stradella, an Italian, may not have communicated the thoughts.

These thoughts may have found expression in English, through the simple process of mental translation by the medium; or again, if we accept the spiritualistic theory, it is not unlikely that Stradella, as a highly developed intellectual soul, would be capable of himself communicating the text in English.

He might, in this case, have employed the English language in his desire to have his thoughts understood by all present, which certainly would not have

[1] Alessandro Stradella, famous Italian composer, born about 1645. Noted for his Masses.

been the case had he made use of his native tongue, Italian. Or he might have feared to experience difficulty in getting such complicated Italian through, the more so as the larger part of the force was supplied by Miss Selling, who had no psychic experience and was writing for the first time.

I mention these various hypothetical theories as I feel it is the duty of every conscientious inquirer to sift through all possibilities when searching for a correct solution.

On the 14th of April, at the house of a friend, we had a short conversation with an Intelligence who —though it made use of inverted German—did not seem identical with Euphrosyne.

It opened its conversation with the remark: "I greet you all."

Upon being requested to give those present a message, it wrote: "They are rich, whom God loveth."

Labouring up to the present under the impression that Euphrosyne was writing, I ventured to ask a question concerning something which had recently occurred, and was surprised to receive the answer: "I cannot reply. I was not there."

Here I permitted myself the joking comment: "I suppose you had a vacation that evening," whereupon the Hesperus slid with great vehemence over to "no," and then wrote: "You were at home. I protect you when you are abroad."

Ques.: "Do you think some other guardian-spirit was there?"

Ans.: "Surely."

Ques.: "Shall I ask him?"

Ans.: "A good thought. Curiosity in this case is right."

The Intelligence then gave us the advice to go home immediately, as it was very late, advice which we promptly acted upon.

The only interesting point about this conversation was the intimation that watching Intelligences come in relays, as it were, each having special hours on duty. We have since had many signs of the correctness of this exceedingly logical theory, a proof of the excellent system of organisation and government which exists in the spirit-world, *if* spirit-world it actually *is*.

A few days later a gentleman brought us an American writing-apparatus called Itongu, which consisted of a flat heart-shaped piece of wood, which one placed on a board similar to the Additor, but much larger.

In order to simplify the task of writing, the inventor of this apparatus had obligingly prepared a series of printed words and answers to questions. One table contained all the words appertaining to family relations, such as mother, father, brother, sister, aunt, uncle, wife, husband, friend, even "sweetheart" was not forgotten. Another list of questions could be inserted at will, such phrases as: "You did right," "You did wrong," "You will make a journey," "You will receive a letter," "I advise you to keep on as you are doing," etc.

Thus the entire contrivance did not rise above the level of a child's plaything. If one's finger-tips got the little wooden slab (that moved on a narrow wooden axis, being kindly provided with a groove to assist its motion) to move at all, one was sure to receive a message from one's mother (even if living), one's wife (even if one never had had one), or one's sweetheart even, or anyone else under whose name the little slab happened to stop. Thus *I* received

a message from my *wife* (?), never having had one, while my mother received one from *her* wife as well!

Such contrivances, where a scientific principle such as the Hesperus-Od Collector is entirely lacking, debase the spiritualistic idea into a farce.

My friend was anxious to have us test the Itongu in comparison to the Additor, so my mother placed the fingers of her left hand on the Additor, and those of her right hand on the Itongu, closed her eyes, and awaited results. The slab on the Itongu did not move, but almost immediately Euphrosyne wrote on the Additor in inverted German, ordering us quite dictatorially to remove the "swindle-board" from the table, as she absolutely refused to have anything to do with it.

Upon being asked to state her reasons for preferring the Additor, she replied: "Herr Schwenke" (the inventor's name) "is an honest man"; and later: "Bad luck goes with the swindle-board" (which statement we *afterwards* discovered was true).

My Italian friend also promptly made known his disapproval with the word: "Rascals." Afterwards he wrote: "I birbanti hanno sempre denaro" (Rogues always have money). "Denare fa birbanti" (Money makes rogues).

(*Note.*—The word "birbanti" was new to us both, though it is not without the bonds of possibility, that we may have heard it or seen it written sometime in the past.)

"Then I am not a rascal," I jokingly replied.

"No, thank God," came the fervent answer.

Upon another occasion someone suggested that a curtain be placed between the Additor and the operator. This we also tried, but Euphrosyne immediately

showed displeasure by writing: "It is difficult enough as it is. One should try to make it as easy as possible for us, otherwise I will not come any more."

I explained that the trial was made in order to convince sceptics. She answered: "Do not invite such people. We do not need them. It is an insult."

We asked her if the curtain made communication much more difficult. Her answer was decidedly in the affirmative, whereas our question whether the bandage over the eyes was a hindrance was as decidedly negatived.

This in itself would seem, more or less, to knock the subconscious theory on the head.

Dr. Prince has tried to account for the working of the board blindfolded through the medium of what he calls "muscular memory."

But if undisturbed by a thick bandage over the eyes, with wads of cotton-wool stuffed under the bandage, why would not the "muscular memory" be equally unimpaired by the interposition of a curtain between Additor and operator?

I may here remark that in cases where inverted writing is being transmitted, I have found it better for the person taking down the letters to say the letter aloud in order to avoid mistakes, the letters on the Additor being so near together that errors in transcribing are sometimes possible.

If the letter written down is false, the Intelligence generally indicates its disapproval by means of an energetic trembling of the Hesperus, or by a lightning dash over to the word "no," even in cases where the letters are not called aloud.

Occasionally, in order to indicate the desired letter more exactly, the Hesperus tips in front of it, which considerably facilitates the task of the transcriber.

On the 23rd of April, two days before my last New York concert, my Italian friend wished me success with the words, which on account of their flattering character I reluctantly repeat: "Thou hast nothing to fear. Thou playest the superb programme as a great artist. May the day after to-morrow be a festival day" (giorno di fiesta) "for thee. This is the prayer of all thy good friends. All my bravoes, my dear boy."

He then went on to deliver a number of excellent and appropriate aphorisms:

Falla che non fa.	He who attempts nothing, fails.
Chi cera truova.	He who searches, finds.
Chi non ha pazienza non ha niente.	He who has not patience, has nothing.
Domandando l'impossibile, si ottiene il meglio.	By asking the impossible, one obtains the best to be had.

(*Note.*—This last aphorism seems quite new, at least I cannot remember ever having heard its English equivalent.)

My friend then went on to criticise the playing of the accompanist, saying he played too loudly and advising me to speak to him about it in the final rehearsal. He concluded his little chat with the words: "Chi ha il corragio di ridere è il padrone del mundo" (He who has the courage to laugh is master of the world).

There followed a short conversation with Brother Aloyisius (Don Miguel), who this time wrote about a journey he had taken to Rome, where he had taken communion and received absolution from the Pope.

On the evening of the 23rd of April we were alone. I thought I might possibly get more advice about

the concert, but none of our regular friends seemed to be inclined to write.

Instead, a Latin-writing Intelligence wrote: "Leve fit quod bene fertur onus" (Easier is the burden which is carried patiently).

There followed the words: "Dominus nobiscus Laus."

I inquired in Italian who was writing and received the answer: "Pater Stanislovna."

Ques.: "Are you a Russian priest?"

Ans.: "Da" ("Yes" in Russian).

Ques.: "From which place—Moscow, Petrograd . . .?"

Ans.: "Novgorodna." (Note the termination *na* on Stanislov and Novgorod. I am told that this is the ancient Russian orthography.)

Ques: "When did you die?"

Ans.: "1842."

My mother then asked: "Were you in a mosque in Novgorod?"

Ans.: "Da, gospodina."

Here the force was exhausted.

I made the comment: "I wish he had written some words we do not know. That would have been so much more convincing." I little guessed how soon this wish would be gratified.

The evening after the concert (which was a matinée) I was anxious to get a report from my spirit friends concerning their impressions of the concert, but upon this occasion also none of them seemed to be present.

My mother said, half in earnest, half in jest: "I suppose they have other duties to-night, having devoted themselves to you this afternoon. We can't expect them to be here all the time."

Hardly had she spoken when the Hesperus began to move, but very slowly, as though an unaccustomed Intelligence were directing the motion.

The name " Roger " was written. Then followed : " Lady Lilith. I want to reach Lilith."

I inquired if the Intelligence could give the full address, and the Hesperus wrote what I made out with some uncertainty to be : " Quincy, Medway Towers, Hants."

It then continued : " Tell her I was shot before I could write the letter to tell her I loved her. She is not to blame the good fellow who shot me. We are chums over here. I talk his gibberish and he talks mine, and we laugh lots over politicians. His name is Ulrich."

Here the contact was broken off.

There is something singularly attractive and poetical in the idea that those who, at the command of their respective Governments, must perforce shoot men with whom they have no personal quarrel, fraternise with these so-called " enemies " as soon as they have passed on into the great Hereafter. It would seem to bear up the doctrines of Christianity in a peculiarly conclusive manner.

I must here remark that all efforts to trace a person by the name of Lilith Quincy were fruitless. There exists a village called " Medway," but it is not in Hampshire, and, as far as we have been able to discover, no person of the name I took down resides there.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who very kindly offered his services in the attempt, afterwards wrote me : " I was unable to trace the address given, but I know the extreme difficulty of getting names and addresses through correctly."

This remark raises the question as to *why* such difficulties should be presented.

Is it because of the danger of one's own subconsciousness intervening and unknowingly corrupting the information the Intelligence is trying to give ?

Each subconscious mind is naturally well supplied with *names* of all kinds, and it may be that it unwittingly supplies erroneous information in cases where the Intelligence has difficulty in transmitting its own message.

Dr. Prince states that he is not in favour of the habit of asking the Intelligence questions. As he puts it : " It is a direct challenge to the subconsciousness to invent answers when the ' spirits ' do not care to or are unable to reply."

This suspicion, at the bottom of which is the theory concerning the fraudulent and prankish tendencies of the subconsciousness, may in some cases be applicable, but can be easily dismissed in those cases where it has been possible subsequently to verify the information vouchsafed, as in the case of the message from Mr. Oscar T——.

There we have an especially fortunate example of information which came through correctly, whereas in the instance of " Roger " and his " Lady Lilith " something went wrong. Perhaps the thought-waves got crossed ; perhaps I took the letters down wrongly, as I sometimes do, if they are not very accurately indicated ; or possibly *my* or my mother's subconsciousness got mixed up in the message, and influenced the terminations of words or names. At any rate, it is an interesting case of perversion, and fully illustrates the necessity for extreme caution in accepting unknown names received in spirit-messages.

My French-speaking Friend gives me Information concerning the Attendance from the Spirit-World at the last New York Concert. A second Prose Poem is transmitted inverted. An "Evil Spirit" tries to write and causes some Confusion. A remarkable Sitting where Hungarian is written.

On the 25th of April, in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Freshel, my French-speaking friend again wrote. He began, after the day's greeting, by dictating several clever aphorisms:

Popularité, c'est la gloire en gros sous.	Popularity, it is glory in big pennies.
On ne pardon rien aux grands.	One never pardons great persons anything.

There followed several very caustic remarks concerning critics.

Les critiques sont des argots, des Apaches, canailles, cochons.	Criticisms are the argot of Apaches, canailles, pigs. (*Note.—Argot* signifies "low speech," or jargon of professional criminals!)
Rire des grands esprits c'est le privilège des sots.	To laugh at great souls is the privilege of fools.
Il ne faut jamais s'occuper des critiques, que pour rire.	One should never bother oneself with critics, except to laugh at them.

I asked if many "friends" had been present at the concert? The answer came: "Yes."

"Could one see you?" asked Mrs. Freshel.

"If one had the right kind of eyes," was the immediate reply.

I asked: "Would you be willing to tell me who was present?"

Ans.: "My colleague, two German spirits, also a great Russian composer,[1] and a lady, at least."

Ques.: "Who was the lady?"

Ans.: "You know."

Ques.: "Do you mean a saint?"

Ans.: "All ladies are saints" (!)

The Intelligence concluded with another aphorism:

La patience est amère, mais son fruit est doux.
(Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.)

On the 26th of April, p.m., at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Freshel, a page and a half of inverted writing were transmitted, at such a lightning rate that one person had to call out the letters while the other wrote them down.

Upon being deciphered—a task occupying myself and Mrs. Freshel a full half-hour—it was found to be a prose poem in English, very much in the style of the poem already quoted, the subject being again "music." In spite of the rapidity of the inverted dictation, the writing was nevertheless extraordinarily accurate, there being hardly a false letter.

Heart's greatest sign of love that God has given the world.
His voice on earth, the vibration of the Infinite.
Music—the soul of the spheres.
Beauty incarnate in sound.
Purity—breathing from the leaves,
From the flowers, the perfume of the rose.
Excarnate melody, God's breath, driving sorrow hence.

[1] I had played as one number the Tschaikowski Concerto.

The heart of all things holy,
Ah that it is so polluted by carnate beings !
I come from regions holy, where death never penetrates.
Only joy, peace. No war, no hate, no injustice.
Fear not ! After life's work is done,
Music, perfume, communion with sweet nature,
Love divine guarding always.
Greetings I give from the Immortals.
I go, but I come again.
Blessings follow ye all. Adieu.

If one takes into consideration the rapidity with which these thoughts were transmitted inverted, it must be admitted that it constitutes a phenomenon of the first rank, even if we doubt the supernormal origin of the message.

Several days later the Additor vouchsafed the information (in Italian) that " the monologue " had been written by Andrea del Sarto.

As a cautious inquirer, I feel it my duty to put a question mark after this statement, even though it was vouchsafed without a question having been asked, or (as Dr. Prince would put it) " a challenge to the subconsciousness " having been thrown out.

One feels less sceptical about musicians, as, after all, they are my professional colleagues, but I see no reason why a famous painter should come to me, unless perhaps brought by some musician-friend.

Several days later we had a curious and somewhat uncanny experience at the house of a lady where we were being entertained at supper.

The lady was said to be psychically inclined, having a tendency to fall into trances, although her delicate health had made it inadvisable to develop the gift. She was anxious to try the Additor, so we had brought the board with us.

Mrs. de J—— closed her eyes, placed her fingers on the Hesperus, and very soon it began to move. Now

a strange thing happened. The following words were written: "Me Djinn. Me kill Rolling Water."

Then the word "kill" was spelt about half a dozen times, as if the writer were experiencing a hideous pleasure in writing the word over and over again.

Feeling that things were taking an undesirable turn, I asked Mrs. de J. to remove her fingers from the Hesperus. (She, having had her eyes closed, did not know what she had written.) I was much surprised to observe that she was quite unconscious.

We removed her fingers from the box, and she then began to laugh wildly and exclaimed in a fierce, hysterical voice: "How funny it is to be writing those words!" Suddenly a much quieter voice issued from her lips, saying: "Help this poor woman to get out of this state. She is in danger."

Her two frightened daughters rushed at her, sprinkled her face with water, poured coffee down her throat, while one of them rubbed her hands and forehead.

Presently she recovered consciousness, but remembered nothing from the moment the Hesperus had begun to move. We thought the worst was over, but unfortunately this was not the case.

Her right arm began to tremble and shake, and she exclaimed: "Someone wants to write with my hand. Give me paper and pencil. Quick."

Her request was fulfilled, but the hand was so agitated that, although she scribbled about two pages, nothing was distinguishable except the one word "death."

After the wish to write had passed, the unfortunate lady was seized with the desire to make menacing gestures with her right arm, its movements being similar to the movements made by a person brandish-

ing a hatchet. Her eyes sparkled with murderous frenzy, the expression of her otherwise kind, benevolent face became demoniacal. She seemed like one possessed, rushed at the mantelpiece and swept it clean of its ornaments.

Attempts of her husband and two daughters to quiet her were unsuccessful.

My mother and I, who had never seen anything like it before, felt that the moment had come for energetic measures. As the members of her family were at their wits' end and in danger of getting hysterical themselves, my mother and I seized her wildly gesticulating arms and forced them down to her sides. We then repeated in a loud voice: "We summon the evil spirit which has taken possession of this innocent woman to leave her body, or no one will pray for his salvation, and he may remain earthbound."

My mother suggested that a hymn be sung, so we all joined in, as we soon saw that our efforts were having a quieting effect upon the tortured woman. My mother, as a last resort, asked if a crucifix could be brought. Fortunately, one was at hand, which we placed in Mrs. de J——'s right hand, and forced her to close her fingers upon it.

It was a strange scene, one which I shall never forget, and which reminded me of some mediæval exhortation against *Satan*—the exhausted, trembling victim convulsively clasping the crucifix, surrounded by her frightened daughters and husband.

Little by little the wild fire died out of her eyes, the trembling of her limbs abated, her expression became more natural, and a smile of gratitude spread over her mouth.

Shortly after we took our departure. The next morning the daughter telephoned that her mother had

passed a peaceful night, the crucifix being still tightly clasped in her hand when she awakened on the morn.

Thus closed this strange episode, the only one of its kind I have ever witnessed, an experience which seemed to give us a peep into the dark side of occultism.

What was at the bottom of the case ?

Who was the Intelligence who wrote " Me Djinn " (an Arabian word signifying one of the Eastern " genii " an Arabian spirit, as often evil as good), a word that Mrs. de J—— was positive she had never heard. Was it an evil spirit glorying in the crime he had committed during his earthly life, a crime which he seemed endeavouring to describe ? Or was it a spirit tortured by remorse, wishing to confess to someone ? Were the wild actions of Mrs. de J—— the result of an auto-suggestion, or was she in truth temporarily possessed of an evil spirit whom she was obliged to impersonate ?

A friend of mine, a spiritualistic healer and trance-medium, was naturally inclined to favour the last-propounded theory. He maintained that the lady, in her endeavour to eliminate her own personality when writing with the Additor, had unwittingly opened the door for the entrance of a lower Intelligence, she (an out-spoken sensitive) not being strong enough to resist possession of this undesirable sort.

My friend claimed that the incident emphasised the necessity for a watchful, highly-progressed " control " spirit, whose duty is to prevent such elements from gaining possession of the medium.

I now come to one of the most interesting, as well as convincing, sittings we had experienced up to this period of our experiments. It took place on the 27th of April in our hotel sitting-room, in the presence of

Mrs. Freshel, Mr. and Mrs. Cannon (Mr. Cannon is a well-known New York attorney), and Mr. George Valientine, the celebrated trumpet-medium, of whom Mr. Dennis Bradley has written so enthusiastically. All of these witnesses would willingly testify to the correctness of the following account.

The first to come was Euphrosyne, acting as a sort of "control," who wrote, in inverted German as usual: "I come only to greet your friends and to say that I was proud of my child." (She probably referred to the last concert.) "But I will not stay, as others are here. A Hungarian wishes to greet. Good night. Praise be to God."

The next to be written was: "Hier ist Ernst."

Very much surprised, I asked: "Do you mean Heinrich Wilhelm *Ernst*?"[1]

Ans.: "Yes."

Then something which I regard as quite phenomenal happened. Although not a person present knew a word of Hungarian, a number of words were written which, according to the style of orthography, as well as the one word "Magyar," certainly belonged to that speech.

I asked: "Are you writing Hungarian?"

Ans.: "Yes, as an amusement." This last was written in German, which, of course, Ernst understood, he having passed nearly all his life in Germany.

I said: "I suppose you want to give us a test."

Ans.: "Yes. You were splendid in the concert. I was present. I will not remain longer now, as another friend wishes to greet. Bravo."

[1] Celebrated violinist, born 1814, died 1865. Ernst was born in Bohemia, in Brünn, but may have had Hungarian ancestry. He was a great admirer of Paganini, making the great Italian his model in both his violin-playing and composition.

The Hungarian words written were: "Erti amit mondok Magyarul. Nem tesz semmit szeretek itt lenni orvendek." (The translation that we afterwards received is: "I see you do not understand Hungarian. It does not matter. I am very glad to be here.")

My Italian friend now wrote: "My dear friend, I come to tell you that you played like an angel, a veritable genius. I am so happy about it. A thing well done is a thing twice done" (cosa ben fatto e cosa fatto due volte). "Enough for to-day. Good night. God bless thee."

(*Note.*—I regret to be forced to repeat so many eulogisms of my own playing, but—in order to present the case correctly—I see no other way.)

After this Don Miguel made an attempt to write, but I was obliged to tell him that my mother was rather exhausted, whereupon he wrote very politely: "What a pity!" (que lastima!).

Here ended this remarkable sitting, which seemed to have delivered a convincing proof of the supernormal character of the messages we were receiving. As long as the messages were written in languages we were acquainted with, the theory of the subconscious mind could not be quite refuted, even when the expressions used were much more idiomatically complicated than my mother consciously would be able to use. To be sure, the appearance of Latin upon the scene had produced a breach in the wall of scepticism; but as my mother in her girlhood had gone through the usual tutelage in Latin, there was always the possibility that these Latin phrases might have remained hidden in that mysterious store-house of the brain, the subconsciousness, which science credits with such amazing possibilities.

With the sudden appearance of the Hungarian language, the subconscious-hypothesis received a blow which it was next to impossible to parry. Neither my mother nor I had been ever in the remotest past wittingly acquainted with Hungarian, except those words "hot" and "cold" to be found on the heating apparatus in Austro-Hungarian trains.

Neither of us had ever to our recollection possessed a Hungarian phrase-book. It is true we know one Hungarian family, Count and Countess Erno Zichy, whom we have often visited in Vienna, another family in Budapest, and one in New York, but these friends always speak either German or English in our presence.

Dr. Prince has suggested the possibility of what he calls "remarkable visual memory," but the words written were certainly not those one would be likely to see on billboards or signs in Budapest, quite apart from the fact that seeing a word written does not mean understanding the significance of said word, any more than hearing such phrases spoken by Hungarian friends would make it possible for the subconscious mind to absorb the meaning of such sentences and furthermore to write them orthographically correct. Certainly it would be attributing a great deal to chance were one to assume that the subconsciousness had, upon some remote occasion, *happened* to store away a number of Hungarian sentences which many years later it was able to call to the surface, having announced beforehand that it intended to write some sentences in Hungarian, and that these sentences should *happen* to be applicable to the case in question. Such an hypothesis in itself would savour of an almost superhuman-supernormal element of chance. Further, I do not think the

telepathic theory is tenable in the present case. According to that theory, my mother's subconsciousness by chance might have intercepted a thought-wave, which enabled her to write unknowingly the Hungarian words, having in advance announced that she was going to write them. This intricate process would seem to me too complicated to be taken seriously, insomuch as it would evolve an instantaneous invention on the part of the subconsciousness of a personality to account for the Hungarian (in this case, the violinist Ernst). I think we have now run through the gamut of reasonable normal possibilities, the only other possible assumption being that of "conscious fraud," which, in my mother's case, in view of such remarkable tests of genuineness as the bandaged eyes, the inverted writing in four languages, the message to Mr. Oscar T——, may be reasonably dismissed—even at this comparatively early stage of our investigations—likewise by those sceptics not personally acquainted with my mother.

I may add that the thought of Heinrich Wilhelm *Ernst* being drawn to my vibrations is not an antinomy, as it might appear to some. In fact, I have modernised and republished several of his antedated compositions, have often performed pieces of his which are otherwise very seldom heard in present-day concerts, have written favourably about him in my book on violin-music. Hence, I must say, I do not find it unnatural that his spirit should pay me a visit, in case such a possibility exists. In addition, he was a friend and great admirer of Nicolò Paganini's, and if it be true that the latter does me the honour to interest himself in my welfare, it would not be at all unnatural that *Ernst* might accompany him.

Euphrosyne fulfils the Duties of a "Control" in exemplary Manner. My Italian Friend expresses his Disapproval of Materialisation-phenomena. The Russian Priest comes again and writes Russian.

On the 2nd of May we experienced another sitting remarkable for the supernormal proof it afforded. Mrs. Freshel had unexpectedly called, bringing a friend of hers, a Mrs. Abbott, a lady we had never seen and knew nothing whatever about except the name.

She asked us to try the Additor, as she was very anxious to get into touch with a friend of hers on the other side. Up to the present we had never tried to get contact with any especial person, always taking that which came without expressing any particular wish.

Consequently I was very doubtful of the result, while my mother felt certain nothing would happen.

However, the faithful Euphrosyne almost instantly took control. At first there seemed to be an unexplainable lack of concentration, as I found it difficult to take down the right letters. I apparently had made some mistakes, because Euphrosyne became slightly irritated and wrote: "Why do you not take down better? I wrote well. Shall I go?"

At this point Mrs. Abbott repeated her wish to speak with her friend (without mentioning the name or sex of the friend).

MRS. GRACE VON REUTER.
(Through whom the Messages were received.)

Euphrosyne answered politely: "Unfortunately I do not know the friends of the lady. I am only here for my child."

I then asked several questions of another nature, which questions I pass over here, as they were irrelevant.

Suddenly Euphrosyne, seemingly agitated, wrote: "We are losing too much time. Ella is here."

(*Note.*—The writing was inverted German, as is always the case with E.)

Whereupon Mrs. Abbott exclaimed excitedly: "Ella! That is *my* friend, Ella Wheeler Wilcox."

"Have you any question to ask?" someone inquired.

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I am asking the question mentally. If it is really my friend, she will be able to read my thoughts."

"Wait and see," thought I sceptically, and was very much surprised when the words "It will be a great success" were written in German.

Upon deciphering the inverted message and translating it, Mrs. Abbott was delighted and testified that the mental question she had asked was accurately answered, her question having applied to a drama she was writing, a fact which no one present but herself—not even Mrs. Freshel—was aware of.

"Will Ella help?" asked Mrs. Abbott.

"She says she will, *is* always helping."

"Has she any more to say?"

"Much, but there is not time now, as she is not strong enough to write herself or to remain longer. She says, though, that she remembers Florizel. She says he was inspired before birth."

(*Note I.*—As a child I had been superficially acquainted with Ella Wheeler Wilcox, she having

visited my mother and me several times during my "prodigy" days. As an ardent supporter of parental influence, she had been greatly interested in my mother's tale of the events prior to my birth. She, at the time, wrote an article on the subject which was published. She was, as my readers probably know, an American poetess of great popularity in home circles.)

(*Note II.*—Even if there was nothing supernatural about this case, it was at least an interesting example of subconscious telepathy. I, myself, do not believe that the telepathical hypothesis could wholly account for the writing of the name "Ella" backwards or the answering of the mental question put by Mrs. Abbott. While thought-reading might easily be possible for a highly developed spirit—especially if the thought emanated from a dear friend—it seems rather unlikely that Mrs. A. would have been able to transmit her thought into my mother's subconsciousness. I have lived all my life with my mother and I have never known her to exhibit the slightest evidence of thought-reading in her conscious mind.)

After the pause, my Italian friend signified his presence by writing: "I birbanti sono rari poveri" (Rascals are seldom poor). After the usual exchange of greetings, I asked if he would come with us to Mr. V. M.'s materialisation séance.

He replied: "I don't know. I think not. I should not care to speak."

I then remarked that I hoped he would come, in order to tell me afterwards if the materialisations had been genuine. He answered: "Tu sei molto curioso." (Thou art very curious.) "Mi non piace i titiseti dei fratelli di tutto il mondo."

The word "titiseti" was absolutely new to us, and

the Intelligence was obliged to write it several times, as I thought that I was taking down wrong letters.

It was with considerable difficulty that we discovered later that such a word actually existed. But we finally " ran it to earth " in a footnote of a dictionary so unabridged as even to give peasant colloquialisms. There it was noted as an idiomatic slang expression of street-children of a certain North Italian province, signifying " mud-dolls which street-gamins make."

The comparison of ectoplasm-phantoms with " mud-dolls " I consider highly original and distinctive. My friend concluded with the remark : " Go and see for yourself. It is a sickening spectacle." (Spectacolo feo.) " Music is better."

About this time we had two trumpet-sittings with the medium George Valientine, one of them in daylight at 10 a.m., the other at night.

On each occasion an Italian-speaking Intelligence, giving its name as Giuseppe Aguardo of Palermo, presented itself. Upon the second occasion it vouchsafed the information that it had passed on over fifty years ago and had been a singer in the Neapolitan Opera. This information came in reply to questions put by me in Italian, so it is not likely that they could have been especially prepared by the medium. At least, the medium would have had to be very conversant with Italian to understand my questions and answer them immediately in very good Italian, a language which all his friends declare he is ignorant of.

This mysterious person, whom I in no wise was able to identify, mystified me considerably, especially when I asked, how he happened to come to me, and he

answered : " I am nearly always with you. I was on the ship with you."

Why should such a person be greatly interested in me ? and why should he be the only spirit that spoke to me that evening ? were questions which puzzled me.

Since becoming better acquainted with my own especial Italian friend, and having had many examples of his love of a joke, I am inclined to suspect him of having played one of his impersonating pranks that evening.

On the evening of the 8th of May we were alone again, and when we endeavoured to have a little conversation with our " friends," it appeared that none of the usual ones were present.

Nevertheless a number of letters were indicated which by their combination seemed to belong to some language with which we were unfamiliar.

" Ya rooskee braht mne maht angleechee."

The word " rooskee " caused me to ask if Father Stanislow were present.

The answer came : " Da, Pater " (Yes, father).

Then followed a Latin citation : " Crede quod habes es habes " (Believe that thou hast is to have).

Then a number of letters were indicated, as follows : S h t o d a l e t n e d a l e k o s h t o s p r a h t s e e l e e .

Here I remarked that I would like to know what " Thank you " was in Russian.

Immediately the board wrote : " Blagahdarst."

Ques. : " Is that ' I thank you ' ? "

Ans. : " Net blagahdarst vooyoo."

I here made some remark which I do not remember, whereupon the letters " Kahzherekah " were indicated, at least that is what I understood, though when one does not understand the language being

written, mistakes in jotting down the letters are sometimes easily made. The letters "shtodalet" were repeated, then "ancora salut," and finally "nochee" and "Pater noster."

It now occurred to me that possibly the Intelligence desired a prayer to be said, so my mother and I repeated the Lord's Prayer together, whereupon the word "nochee" was written again.

I now asked in Italian if Pater Stanislow wished us to say the prayer every evening. The Hesperus then moved very energetically and wrote: "Da, da, bene. Laus deo" (Yes, yes, very good. Praise God). Afterwards came the letters "Spahkohiny nochee," with which remark the conversation came to an end.

Several days later I had an opportunity to have the Russian words translated. I append the translation:

"Ja rooskee braht, mne maht angleechee" meant "I (am a) Russian brother. My mother English." (*Note.*—The omission of "am a" is international and in accordance with Russian grammatical custom.) "Shto dalet" = "What is to be done" (probably referring to the difficulty of making himself understood).

"Ne da leko" means "Not far." (I have been unable to ascertain the reason for these words, as several of my own comments have escaped my memory. Possibly the words may have meant to signify: "We are not getting far with our conversation."

"Shto sprahivytee" is not quite correct; the letters should be: "Shto sprashivayeti?" (What are you asking?).

"Blagahdarst"=thanks. "Net" is "no." "Bla-

gahdarst vooyoo" is "I thank you." "Kazherekah" seems not to be quite correct. The letters should be "kazhetka" = "I believe so." "Spahkohiny nochee" = "good night."

In commenting upon the text, three points deserve to be called attention to and emphasised.

1. The fact that a number of Russian words unknown to my mother and myself had been written, errors in the phonetical spelling having only twice occurred.

2. The logical character of the words, which would seem to preclude the subconscious theory. Note especially the painstaking thoroughness with which the Intelligence first gives the word "thanks" in answer to my remark, but when asked if the word given meant "I thank you," immediately answers "no," and then proceeds to give the correct expression for "I thank you" as "blagahdarst vooyoo."

3. The phonetical character of the words written is especially interesting, as this is in accordance with the English system of phonetising Russian. This would seem to indicate that the Intelligence had some knowledge of English through his English mother, or that my mother's subconsciousness *heard the words* and wrote them as they sounded subconsciously.

The Latin phonology of such words as "vooyoo," "rooski," "nochee," etc., would more likely be "vuiu," "ruschi," "noci," etc., corresponding to the Latin pronunciation. I may here remark that upon every occasion when Russian has since been written, the English phonetic system has been employed.

Dr. Prince, in his careful analysation of the subconscious possibilities in connection with this message,

himself admits that " visual memory " is out of the question in the case of an alphabetically different language, such as Russian.

He is only able to account for the phenomenon through " oral memory," but also admits that this explanation cannot be made wholly to fit the case, as the bare possibility that my mother once heard such Russian words " jabbered by foreigners " would not in itself endow her with the ability simultaneously to grasp the meaning of the said words, and to produce them at a certain moment in logical sequence from her subconscious mind.

There is another theory advanced by certain persons, to the effect that one may inherit subconscious knowledge of a language otherwise unknown from some ancestor who spoke it, and thus be capable of producing it unconsciously, when required, from the subconscious mind. This theory, however, seems too far-fetched to be taken seriously, quite apart from the fact that no relation of my mother's, to her knowledge, was ever proficient in the Russian language.

Equally improbable is the hypothesis of certain adherents of reincarnation, according to which my mother in a prior existence might have spoken Russian.

I feel it my duty to allude to these complicated hypotheses, although such theories, while interesting enough in themselves, are all so infinitely more complex, unlikely, and phenomenal than the spiritualistic explanation that they furnish a greater tribute to the fantastic imagination of their originators than to their common sense.

Taking the whole case into consideration, we are impartially forced to admit that such an example

presents an exceedingly strong induction for the spiritual side of the case.

Immediately after the conversation with the Russian priest, Brother Aloyisius announced himself and proceeded to enrich our collection of aphorisms by dictating three Spanish proverbs unknown to us up to that time.

Buen principio y la mitad es hecha.	A good beginning and the half is done.
El corazon manda las carnes.	The heart controls the flesh.
El sabio muda conseja, el necio no.	The wise man accepts counsel, the fool none.

Carl Ludwig Schleich pays us a visit. Debussy and Massenet greet. My Spirit-Friends wish me a pleasant Home Journey. Concluding Notes.

On the 9th of May we had a great surprise vouchsafed us by the Additor.

The writing began that evening with the words "Do you remember me, Carl Ludwig?" in German.

I thought a moment, then answered: "Do you mean that you are my old friend Carl Ludwig Schleich?" To Mrs. Freshel, who was present, I explained that Geheimrat Schleich was the great German surgeon, philosopher, poet, author, musician, and God knows what else, an universal genius.

(*Note.*—Carl Ludwig Schleich, who passed on about five years ago, was the originator of the system of localising the use of anæsthetics during operations.)

The board now wrote: "Thank you, Florizel. I also played the 'cello. But I have come to speak about science. The world is still investigating the causes of cancer. Now I know. It is meat-eating, for one thing. Meat!"

I asked: "Do you mean that meat-eating is responsible for cancer?"

Ans.: "Yes, yes. It is putting dead matter into the body."

Schleich now proceeded: "You know, I was a metaphysician in life. I say to you that you are on

the right road to universal success. Always entertain *constructive* thoughts." (I had recently become interested in the principles of psychology. Schleich's remark seems to have referred to this subject.)

I have since realised that I committed a grave blunder in interrupting the train of thought the distinguished savant had embarked upon. But my pleasure at getting into touch with my old friend was so keen that my desire to converse with him as formerly got the better of me. In spite of the conversational tone which the writing took, in consequence of my interference, it contained nevertheless a number of interesting points, which are worthy of being transcribed, as they are very characteristic of the personality of the Geheimrat.

I asked: "Do you approve of my intention to publish these records?"

Ans.: "Yes; but your artistic work is of primary importance. You can do this writing as a recreation."

I remarked: "I do not intend by any means to neglect my art. In fact, I intend to play 50 per cent. better next season."

Ans.: "I laugh."

I: "You always had a keen appreciation of humour. I remember your aphorism. 'Two watchmen stand at the gate of heaven. One is called Pity, the other Humour.'"

Ans.: "I am quite touched. H. treated you badly" (referring to a mutual acquaintance, a colleague, with whom I had had a difference of opinion). "His wife. Fie!" (Pfui!)

I: "They are separated now, and I have heard he is in great difficulties."

Ans.: "He does not deserve any better."

I: "Do you know, dear friend, since learning this great truth I have often desired to talk with you about it?"

A.: "That is nice of you."

I: "It is only such a pity that there are so many cheats amongst mediums."

A.: "But also in medicine. I was right."

I: "Do you mean in your definition of the faculty of the sympathicus-nerve?"

A.: "Yes. You have a good memory."

At this point Mrs. Freshel asked a question: "What is your opinion on the serum question?"

A.: "You should ask Pasteur. I, myself, feel that man, without serums, has poison enough in his body. He is better without more. Man is healthier when he does not swallow all the poisons that quacks prescribe."

At this juncture there were several mistakes in the writing, whereupon Schleich wrote: "I know I write too quickly, but it is too tiresome to write slowly."

Indeed, the writing was proceeding with phenomenal quickness to-night. The apparatus was working almost with the celerity of a typewriter. Mrs. Freshel was obliged to call out the letters, as it was impossible for me to write otherwise.

At this moment Mr. Freshel, who had been prevented from coming sooner, entered the room. I immediately introduced him, saying: "Mr. Freshel is a warm friend of Germany."

A.: "I greet him. Poor Germany! But it was not always in the right."

Mrs. Freshel: "What is your occupation now, Herr Geheimrat?"

Ans.: "I am very busy. I have many meetings

and lectures to hold. I am occupied in teaching other doctors and sending them out to influence earthly doctors. But it is difficult to accomplish much. You know there are still lots of fools." (This last was written in French.)

I: "Will you do us the honour to pay us another visit?"

Ans.: "No honour. It is a pleasure for me to speak with sensible persons."

Mrs. F.: "You write fabulously, Herr Geheimrat."

Ans.: "I think quickly and must write quickly. I should like to dictate a whole book upon the stupidity of certain so-called doctors."

Mrs. F.: "We had a splendid anti-vivisection meeting recently."

Ans.: "I know. I was there. I helped."

I: "Do you think my mother could get automatic writing without the Additor?"

Ans.: "How can one know until one tries?"

Mrs. F.: "I have often tried, but without success."

Ans.: "Madame smokes too much. The air is always spoiled for the vibrations. There is always smoke in the house."

I: "Is it dangerous for my mother to work the Additor so often?"

Ans.: "At present she is doing it too much, in order to give you pleasure."

Q.: "How often may she do it?"

Ans.: "That depends upon her condition. Work does not hurt, is good for people, but one must not use too much of this secret-fluid, or the nerves will suffer and one might lose strength. I know what I am talking about, as 'metaphysiker.' I know also that thoughts are responsible for the majority of

diseases, those that do not originate from too much meat-eating or inoculation. But I must soon say 'good night.'"

I: "Will you speak to us again in Germany?"

Ans.: "Perhaps. Here also once more."

I said to Mrs. Freshel: "Schleich was Professor, Sanitätsrat, Geheimrat, and I don't know how many other titles he had."

The board wrote: "Empty honours."

I asked if this were the first time that he had communicated with the earth. He answered: "I do not care to write for the average kind of person one finds in the neighbourhood of mediums."

Mrs. Freshel asked: "Can you tell us if ectoplasm really exists?"

Ans.: "Yes, of course."

I asked: "Will I see some of it to-morrow, at Mr. M——'s materialisation séance?"

Ans.: "Possibly, if the man is not a swindler. I do not know him. Be careful, and watch well if you are in front."

Mrs. F.: "Do you know 'Margery' of Boston?"

Ans.: "I have had her vibrations, but my scientific work prevents me from examining the case. End of this week, I will come again. Till then good-bye, my dear."

The most phenomenal part about this sitting was the remarkable rapidity of the writing, which has seldom, if ever, been equalled upon any other occasion. When we take into consideration that my mother was blindfolded, this alone seems to be a proof of the genuineness of the message. A tremendously impetuous personality seemed to be directing the writing, an individuality perfectly in keeping with that of the living Carl Ludwig Schleich.

I now come to an interesting example of the power of thought in influencing spirit-communication, if it be indeed spirit-communication.

We were spending the evening with our friends Mr. and Mrs. Freshel. Present were also Mrs. Fisk (a celebrated American actress) and Mrs. Abbott (a writer). In the course of the evening my mother was asked to make an experiment with Mrs. Freshel's Additor. I went to the piano and played as an introduction Debussy's "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un Faune." As I finished, the Additor began to write in French.

"It is true that you called me from afar. I am here. Are you satisfied?"

I asked: "Who are you?"

Ans.: "Also a friend of yours. You called me. Is it not so? I was very far away, but I heard the music. I never had the pleasure of meeting you in my earthly life, but my friend Jules told me much" —here the writing became unclear, then: "and I am delighted. You know who I am now, I think. Good-bye for to-day."

At this point another Intelligence seemed to take control, as the following words were written: "And I, also, I have always faith." There followed an enigmatical idiomatical expression, "Petitbleu," of which I alone could grasp the significance.

Then: "We were often together. I am the second. Debussy is still strong, that is to say, he is still here. I am going now. Another time. I have faith."

The expression "I have faith" was characteristic of the hoary-headed old French composer Jules Massenet, the creator of forty operas, a man beloved by all who knew him for his lovable personality.

The expression " Petitbleu " seemed to be intended as a reminder of his habit to dash off a few words on a " carte pneumatique." I am the possessor of several of these historical documents. If we are to believe the text of the message just quoted, we must accept the possibility that Debussy (the master of French impressionism in music) felt himself drawn to us by the vibrations sent forth through the playing of his own composition.

Theoretically and scientifically, there seems no reason to discredit this possibility.

Since the radio-wonder has been universally accepted as a fact, and it has been proved conclusively that a single tone of music travels eight or ten times around the earth's circumference in the space of a single second, humanity is able to have at least an inkling of the extraordinary power of electrical vibrations.

Whereas the physical ear is not receptive for the transmission of tones from great distances without the medium of a radio apparatus, it is tolerably clear that the ether-organism of the ether-body, being in perfect tune with the ether-waves, experiences no difficulty in receiving such long-distance musical messages without the intermediation of the radio. I do not pretend to be able to offer a scientific explanation of this hypothesis, which may probably call forth adverse criticism from scientists, but if we are to deal seriously with the possibility of spirit-communication, we are obliged to consider the vital importance of the vibration question and must admit that in this problem is to be found the secret which governs all psychic law.

While propounding the theory that the vibration sent forth by his music upon the ether-waves reached

Debussy and drew him in reciprocation to us, I naturally do not, on the other hand, dismiss the possibility that my playing evoked an impersonation-fantasy in my mother's subconsciousness, or perhaps an impersonating spirit was the cause of it.

To be perfectly frank, I did not find this message as convincing as many others we had received, in view of certain deviations in the spelling which raised doubts in my mind as to whether a Frenchman was really directing the apparatus. To be sure, I must not forget to add that the writing had steadily grown better as it proceeded, as if the writer were gaining strength.

Wishing to get more information about the message, I asked my mother to try again, whereupon, to my surprise, Euphrosyne wrote in inverted German: "You are hard to please. I wrote for the master. He was too weak at first to write himself. Later he was stronger and could have written. It is always hard, even for me. One has to write so slowly, and occasionally one forgets what has already been written. Also one occasionally writes phonetically."

Here was already the answer to my doubts, and I felt secretly slightly ashamed of my suspicions. Verily we humans *are* exacting to the point of arrogance in our demands upon the spirit-world. If a physical being attempts to manipulate a typewriter or to play the piano without proper preparation, we do not expect a perfect performance, on the contrary we make every allowance; yet we unhesitatingly demand that a spirit, upon the first occasion (after his transformation into ether) when he endeavours to manipulate a physical instrument, instantly be able to prove himself infinitely superior to us mortals, in spite of the fact that he is obliged to work through a

human instrument—that is to say, a medium—so that he is, so to speak, fully dependent upon the intelligence or capability of the said medium for power of expression. The truth and logic of this statement are far too rarely taken into consideration, and sceptics and doubters constantly commit the blunder of assuming a coldly critical attitude toward the manifesting spirit, which attitude has about the same effect upon his capabilities that a severely critical and sceptical audience may have upon some artists' performances. This parallel may seem misplaced to some persons, yet the principle—in both cases—is the same. Let the audience send forth thought-waves of confidence, and the artist is sure to respond and to do his very best. Thought suggestion is a very powerful agent. Nothing reacts more fatally upon an artist's performance than cold scepticism, and nothing makes it harder for a spirit to do his best than an atmosphere of doubt and distrust. So the two cases are, after all, parallel to a certain extent.

The sitting was closed by Euphrosyne with the following message: "The Geheimrat" (meaning Schleich) "could not come to-night, as he has a lecture in Berlin. He will come again, though."

(*Note.*—E. meant undoubtedly that the Geheimrat was attending a lecture in Berlin.)

On the 13th of May, the day prior to our embarkation for Europe, some of our most intimate spirit-friends wished us a good voyage. Present on this occasion were Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Lyman J. Gage, Miss Richards, and several other ladies and gentlemen, whose names I do not remember. I opened the proceedings by playing the "Nightingale" of Sarasate upon the violin, whereupon the faithful inverted-

writing Euphrosyne wrote : " You played beautifully. I come only to wish you a pleasant voyage and to say that other friends are here."

Then my Italian friend wrote : " You played like an angel. Many thanks. Superb. Oil and truth always find the surface." (L'oglio e la verita tornan alla sommita.) " Happy is he who has not much money." (Felice e egli che non ha molto denaro.) " Money creates arrogance." (Il denaro crea l'arroganza.) " Good voyage." (Buon viaggio.)

The French-speaking friend also wrote, saying : " Thank you for the ' Nightingale ' " (his favourite piece), and contributing further an aphorism : " La vie d'artiste—aujourd'hui rien—demain roi." (An artist's life—to-day nothing—to-morrow a king.)

He then informed us that a friend of one of the other ladies desired to write. Mrs. L. J. Gage thereupon received greetings from her father, as well as from a dear friend who had passed on a year or so previously. I may here remark that this was the second occasion upon which Euphrosyne had permitted greetings to be delivered to someone other than ourselves (see the case of Ella W. Wilcox). There was, however, this time nothing evidential about the messages, as my mother was well acquainted with Mrs. Gage.

Here ends the first period of our experiments.

My original intention to publish these early records separately was soon abandoned, in consideration of the vastly more interesting nature of the results which will be detailed in Book II, and which cause the initial experiments to seem comparatively primitive. But as everything must have a beginning, it is impossible to glaze over the early records without running the risk of omitting some link in the evidence which

might seem of importance to the scientific examiner of the case.

Up to the present, the literary value of the messages received had been comparatively meagre. If we except the two monologues on music (to one of which may be attributed additional scientific importance through the phenomenon of the inverted writing by which it was transmitted), we can only find real literary value in the various aphorisms in Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish.

I must here emphasise the fact that I do not claim absolute novelty for some of the said aphorisms. Dr. Prince says he was able to place about a dozen of them. There are also a few which are prevalent in all countries in one form or another. However, a large number of the Italian aphorisms (the most important of which are appended to this chapter) have been examined by Italians and subsequently declared to be original and not previously existent in Italian literature.

What I regard as especially remarkable is the skill and rapidity with which these mysterious Intelligences, whatever they may be, are able to concoct or produce sayings and proverbs applicable to the topic under discussion.

The majority of the messages received are in the conversational vein, to which the Additor is best suited. I need scarcely point out that really extensive literary compositions can be far more easily transmitted through automatic writing with the hand. The time required to write a four-page essay by means of the Additor would be, even at best, four times that of direct handwriting. To those persons to whom the idea of survival of personality after physical death is unsympathetic and who constantly

desire moral lectures and high-flown expressions from spirits, many of the conversations recorded in Book I may seem trivial and unworthy of highly developed spirits, though I, myself, fail to see why even an intelligent spirit should not occasionally be permitted the luxury of indulging in small-talk with his earthly friends.

The importance of these early messages lies, however, not primarily in their wording, but in the chain of evidence which they afford, insomuch that they contain points which make it possible to eliminate the theoretical possibility of fraud. Before embarking upon the second stage of our experiments, I think it advisable to sum up briefly the results attained in Book I.

1. It has been conclusively proved that the writing takes place under conditions which effectually prevent the writer from consciously directing the machine. Anyone who has seen and experimented with the Additor will instantly dismiss as non-existent the hypothesis that even weeks of practice could render the writer capable of wilfully directing the apparatus blindfolded and with pads of cotton-wool carefully placed upon the eyes beneath the bandage, which is, as I have already remarked, one of the tests to which my mother has repeatedly submitted. The letters of the alphabet are so near together that any calculation as to the exact distance between letters is out of the question.

Dr. Walter Kröner, one of the most prominent members of the Berlin Society for Scientific Occultism, has given the following testimonial concerning my mother's writing, which he experienced at a sitting especially arranged for his benefit: "It is conclusively proved that the Additor can be directed

without the help of the eyes. Even more convincing than the blindfolding of the medium was the test with unblindfolded but closed eyes. It seems untenable to me that the controlling of the writing is possible through sensibility of the fingers, the letters being only separated by a distance of $\frac{1}{8}$ inch at the most. A further complication is offered by the inversion of the script." (*Note.*—Upon the evening in question we had inverted writing.) "One is consequently obliged to infer that the writing is either governed by a species of clairvoyance, or that a separate Intelligence is directing the process. The supposition that the subconscious sensibility can control the writing does not seem worthy of consideration."

2. In the course of this first period of our experiences about twenty different Intelligences introduced themselves to us, four of which became intimate acquaintances, these four being Euphrosyne, the French and the Italian writing "spirits," and "Don Miguel." Upon only three occasions did intimate friends present themselves (singularly enough in two cases a Swedish friend, the third being Geheimrat Schleich), although *acquaintances* appeared several times (Diemer, Massenet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox).

3. Nine languages were employed, namely, English, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Swedish, Latin, Hungarian, and Russian. Of these nine languages, my mother, besides her own language, English, is fluently acquainted with German, has considerable knowledge of French, some superficial knowledge of Swedish, is theoretically well acquainted with Italian and Spanish. She went through the usual Latin tutelage in her girlhood, but has now, after thirty years, no conscious knowledge of that language.

Hungarian and Russian are absolutely unknown to her, as already stated.

4. The form of inverted writing commonly known as mirror-writing has been repeatedly used, not only by the spirit called Euphrosyne, but also once in Italian, once in Swedish, and twice in English. Spontaneous questions have been correctly and lucidly answered in inverted writing, without an instant's pause for reflection, which theoretically eliminates the possibility of the writing having been previously prepared.

5. On one occasion the whereabouts of a person was indicated from whom we had had no news for fourteen years. The information vouchsafed was afterwards ascertained to be correct. (See the case of Oscar T.)

Upon another occasion greetings were delivered from a person without my mother being aware of the friendship between the said person and a strange lady who was present, a mental question being also replied to. (See the case of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Mrs. Abbott.)

I am convinced that any impartial examination of the points just related will convince the inquirer that the evidence in favour of the supernormal (or, better, spiritual) origin of the phenomena is exceedingly strong. Nevertheless, I thoroughly concur with Dr. Prince's admonition to err rather on the side of over-caution than to jump at conclusions too readily. In his letter of the 21st of October 1926, Dr. Prince writes : " I have already said that the phenomena as you state them look very impressive. I perceive that you both are persons of such intelligence that you will understand that the microscope and acid test must be applied. That which *is* genuinely

supernormal is in no danger of annihilation from either the microscope or the acid."

Having now cited the evidence in favour of the spiritual hypothesis, let us proceed to examine the other alternatives. As we are able to eliminate the fraud-theory, we have only two other possibilities to draw our conclusions from, namely, the subconscious mind or telepathy from living people. While debating these alternatives, I feel that the following questions should always be propounded.

1. Is it possible for the subconscious mind to photograph upon its lens the position of each letter on the board, thereby making it possible for the operator correctly to manipulate unconsciously the Hesperus while blindfolded or with closed eyes? (*Note.*—I have already been able to dismiss Dr. Prince's suggestion regarding the possibility of "muscular memory," as I have known several cases where the Hesperus has, in my presence, written clearly and correctly for persons having their fingers on it for the first time and also with their eyes closed.)

2. Is it possible for the subconscious mind to dictate correctly whole pages of inverted words in different languages—and to frame with lightning rapidity correct and lucid answers to voluntary questions asked by anyone present, the said answers also being transmitted inverted?

3. Is it possible for the subconscious mind to invent personages, endowing each separate creation with individuality recognisable by its manner of conversing?

(*Note.*—The theory of dual-personality brought forward by certain persons to account for mediumistic phenomena would not cover the ground here. It might, at a pinch, explain the appearance of a single

spirit-personality, but a twenty-fold personality would have to be mobilised to account for such a variety of personages as have been associated with us in our investigations.)

4. Is it possible for the subconscious mind to write fluently in languages which the operator knows only superficially, or in languages totally unknown to the writer, there being also no one in the room conversant with said strange languages (as in the case of Hungarian and Russian) ?

5. Is it possible for the subconscious mind to produce with logical consistency a series of invented personalities capable of replying consistently to any voluntary question, inventing or quoting wise aphorisms to suit the topic of conversation, and adding little by little to this list of personalities, yet from time to time conjuring up the original romantic characters and inventing new adventures for them ?

While science may not feel able to negative these questions and may even be inclined to answer questions 1, 2, 3, and 5 in the affirmative, I imagine science would be hard put to it if required to reply affirmatively to question 4.

Indeed the variety of languages in which the messages are couched would seem to endow these automatic writings with a peculiarly distinctive feature of their own, which feature entitles them to a more or less unique position in the large literature of automatic communications, the majority of which are transmitted in the mother-tongue of the writer, thus affording little conclusive evidence to the sceptic or the scientist in search of proof positive.

Up to the present I have not seriously considered the telepathic solution, as I regard it as out of the question in at least 90 per cent. of these experiments.

We can therefore only admit the telepathic possibility in connection with the two poems to music, which could, on the other hand, be as easily accounted for as fantasies of the subconsciousness by those desirous of avoiding the spiritual explanation. That with such fantasies it is next to impossible to convince a sceptic is hardly necessary to point out.

It is impossible to admit the possibility of conversations being carried on telepathically between living persons at great distances from each other, apart from the fact that in many of the present cases the unknown person at the other end of the telepathical radio-station would have had to be fraudulently claiming the identity of some person already departed from this world (see the case of Geheimrat Schleich, as well as many others).

The manifest impossibility of telepathy in connection with the Hungarian and Russian message I have already alluded to in my analysation of these two cases, consequently there is no need for repetition.

The theory of auto-suggestion is too intimately connected with that of the subconsciousness to be discussed separately. If these mysterious personages with their distinct individualities and their often witty conversations are the result of auto-suggestion, it is the work of the subconsciousness to create the personalities, consequently auto-suggestion alone cannot be responsible for the phenomena.

Of course, there is another theory that may be considered, that theory advanced by confirmed spiritualists, namely, the impersonation of a higher spirit by a lower Intelligence, desirous of wearing the giant's robe.

Swedenborg, an ardent spiritualist, energetically

warns all believers against this danger, a warning which tallies, by the way, with that of 1 John iv. 1: "Believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God," etc.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in a letter to me, writes: "Personation by some mischievous entity who knows many tongues and plays first one part and then another is possible. When some foolish pompous men or women get Julius Cæsar or Cleopatra, I am sure it is thus. But you do not impress me as such a person, and I should think it very natural that you, a great artist, should attract artistic spirits; your own guide it is who brings them."

Why try to account for everything beyond our limited cosmic understanding by the theory of a fraudulent subconscious mind, thereby transforming that mysterious force into a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, a veritable "Tillowlglass," always at our beck and call, always ready to fool us by playing pranks and tricks? Why not attribute to the subconsciousness a higher mission than that of a mere storehouse for forgotten knowledge or a theatrical stage for producing fantastic personages? Would not the expression "over- or super-consciousness" be sometimes more applicable? I raise this question here without desiring to debate at present upon the pros and cons to which it may give rise. I will return to this topic of discussion at a later stage of this book.

ITALIAN APHORISMS GIVEN UPON VARIOUS OCCASIONS

Miscredenza, nasce dell' ignoranza, e la sorella d'arroganza.	Disbelief, born of ignorance, is the sister of arrogance.
Virtu e castita sono figlie della sapiezza.	Virtue and chastity are children of wisdom.

Che mangia d'una sola sorte di vivande non ha bisogna di medici.	He who eats of but one course of food never needs a physician.
La spada ammazza di molti, ma molti piu il vino.	The sword has slain many, but wine many more.
A mal uso rompe si le gambe.	Evil usage breaks the legs.
Bisogna saper navigare ad ogni vento.	One must know how to navigate in every wind.
Tutto puo essere eccetto una fossa senza riva.	Everything is possible except a pit without a brink.
Dei mali il sommo non far fede al vero.	The worst of evils is not to believe in the truth.
E meglio di scrivere gli ingiurie sulla polvere ed intagliare i beneficii sul marmo.	It is better to write the *injuries* in the dust than to engrave the *benefits* upon marble.
Chi vuol essere ben servito sappia mutar la servitu.	He who desires to be well served shoul d know how to change the service.
Chi vuol guadagnar spender conviene, altronde al piu triste porco viene la meglia pera.	He who wishes to win must spend, otherwise the best pear falls to the most miserable pig.
Nessuno conosce peggio i servitori suoi che il padrone.	No one knows his own servants less than their master.
Quando il povero dona al ricco il diavolo se ne ride.	When the poor man gives to the rich, the devil laughs.
E segno di gran perfettione di supportar l'altrui imperfettoni.	It is a sign of great perfection to support the imperfections of others.
I morti aprono gli occhi a quelli che vivono.	The dead open the eyes of those who still live.
A nessun confortator dolse mai testa.	No one who comforts others feels his own pain.
Il troppo ben stare fa altri impazzare.	Being too well off drives some people mad.

Non i titoli illustrano gli uomini ma gli uomini i titoli.	Not the titles ennoble men, but men the titles.
Saggio e il giovane che mostra di prendere moglia e mai non la prende.	Wise is the youth who always intends to take a wife, but never takes one.
Il danaro e la chiave d'aprire tutti le porte terrestre, ma la virtu e la purita sono le chiave alle porte del cielo.	Money is the key to open all earthly doors, but virtue and purity are the keys to the gates of heaven.
Un carico voluntario non e un carico.	A voluntary burden is not a burden.
La credenza e una cosa della conscienza.	Belief is an affair of the conscience.
La fede e lo specchio per l'anima.	Faith is the mirror of the soul.
Mille volte una ganza, cento volte una conoscenza, dieci volte un amico, una volta una nadre.	A thousand times a mistress, one hundred times an acquaintance, ten times a friend, once a mother.
Un nemico del mio figlio e nemico mio.	An enemy of my son is my enemy.
I molti e gia nosciuto la favellare.	To many speech is harmful.
Il tacere mai non nocque ad alcuno.	Being quiet never harmed anyone.

Comments

This collection of Italian epigrams constitutes, to my mind, one of the most remarkable cases recorded in this book. To have absorbed these epigrams subconsciously it would have been necessary to have an exhaustive acquaintance with Italian literature of the most complicated variety, as the Italian employed

is of so intricate a character that there would be no other way to come into contact with it.

When the aphorisms first began to come, usually in logical connection with the topic of conversation, it occurred to me that my mother might have unconsciously remembered them out of Italian grammars or methods for learning Italian, a number of which were in our possession. I accordingly proceeded to submit these books to a careful inspection, but was unable to discover any sayings similar to those transmitted. Later, I realised that this supposition could no longer be made to fit the case in the remotest manner, as the number of aphorisms began to augment in a manner which made the theory of subconscious knowledge absolutely untenable, my mother's reading in Italian having been confined to phrase-books, grammars, and an occasional newspaper. I should add that we took our initial study of Italian simultaneously, my mother having little or no knowledge of Italian—if we except musical terms —until I was about sixteen years of age.

Here again we are faced with a problem which admits of only two solutions, the telepathical or the spiritual.

END OF BOOK I

BOOK II

Psychical Experiences of a Musician *I*

In which I again try to work the Additor myself, this Time with Success. The first Messages from my Aunt.

THE reader, during the perusal of the first portion of this narrative, occasionally may have wondered why I, the narrator, never got any message with my hand on the apparatus. The answer is very simple. Up to the present I had only made a few attempts, not having time during the concert season to sit tranquil for development of the psychic force required to set the Hesperus in motion. The half-dozen times I had tried had been absolutely negative in result, and I had practically ceased to hope for success.

Upon returning to Europe, we were naturally desirous to continue our intercourse with the unseen Intelligences, but we met with a check. To be sure Euphrosyne, as well as the Italian and French writing friends, immediately announced their presence, and greeted us warmly, but my Italian friend, who seemed to be a person of authority on his side of the veil, wrote that it was imperatively necessary for my mother to take a rest, the long exhausting sittings in New York having used too much force (as Geheimrat Schleich had predicted). Consequently for a time he would permit my mother to manipulate the Additor only once a week.

As the concert season was now at an end, the prospect of having our experiments so condensed filled me with dismay. It was in this state of mind that I said to my mother one afternoon: "I've half a mind to try again." My mother said: "Do; perhaps you will have better luck this time."

I replied that I was not at all hopeful, nevertheless would make an attempt. "If at the end of an hour nothing happens, I will give up," I added. I had upon several previous occasions sat for over an hour without the slightest movement of the Hesperus. My state of mind was therefore anything but receptive for auto-suggestion of any but a negative kind. I must emphasise this point, as it is significant in view of the fact that, to my intense surprise, after scarcely a quarter of an hour's waiting, the Hesperus began to glide up and down, and I, for the first time, experienced the queer sensation of the movement beneath my fingers without any voluntary effort of my hand. And now comes the really remarkable part. My consciousness was fully prepared for a message from one of our various spirit-acquaintances. Consequently all the conditions for auto-suggestion of that line were present. I called my mother and asked her to take down the letters. I saw a look of astonishment and of pleasure in her eyes as she jotted down the letters to which the needle pointed; then she said in English: "You have written a name. Is that who you are? In that case, please give some other proof of your identity." Again something was written. My mother said: "This is the greatest pleasure I have had for a long time. Why didn't you write before?"

Again an answer to the question was transmitted without my having the slightest inkling of the identity

of the person purporting to be writing, or an idea of what had been written. I asked my mother to tell me what had been dictated. She answered: "First the name Flora B. Haddix" (my mother's sister) "was written quite clearly. As an answer to my request for another proof of identity the word 'Wowo' was written" (the pet-name which I had conferred upon my aunt when I was a child of three or four and which I had adhered to until my dear aunt's demise fifteen years ago). The reply to the question as to why my aunt had never written before had been: "It was impossible. Grace" (my mother's name) "was always occupied with others. *Paganini* was always there." Overjoyed at this result, I asked my aunt if she would be able to write through me. She replied that this was her intention. Later, upon another occasion, she explained that it was difficult, if not altogether impossible, for her to write with my mother, as a combination of positive and negative vibrations was necessary. She said her vibrations were too similar to those of my mother (her sister) to get good writing. This is a problem which is beyond my comprehension. I merely quote my aunt's explanation.

The remarkable thing about this incident was that, without any idea of what I had written, I had conjured up a personality purporting to be that of my aunt, which "personality" had given logical and correct answers to questions without my having any knowledge of who was supposed to be writing. After this first successful experiment, there followed a number of attempts where the writing was so unclear and inaccurate that the results were almost negative. I soon found that my hand was so overcharged with electromagnetic force that the Hesperus could often

scarcely be controlled. This rendered it exceedingly difficult to get lucid messages through.

After realising the extreme difficulty of getting accurate writing with my hand alone, I, one day, asked my mother to put several fingers lightly on the Hesperus as a quieting influence. This experiment was successful. The writing immediately became clearer and logical. My mother and I would alternate in taking down the letters. Since those first attempts of mine, seven months have elapsed. During this period I have acquired the ability to write automatically without the Additor, but my writing with the apparatus without my mother's co-operation is nearly always unreliable, though there have been a few instances when remarkably evidential and unexpected messages have come through lucidly with my hand on the Additor alone. Probably my own mental condition has something to do with the case. But I will not anticipate farther.

It is clear that messages which come through when one person whose hand is upon the Hesperus is following the writing, regarded from the point of view taken by scientific investigators, are much less evidential than when the writer has no idea of the text. In such cases it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that one may involuntarily influence the writing.

However, if the matter transmitted be evidential it may be considered an argument against unconscious influencing of the text through one's own brain and eyes. While simultaneously directing the Hesperus, my mother and I have, upon various occasions, received information concerning certain matters of which we could not possibly have been aware. We

have also had prophetic messages which have been fulfilled shortly after. The writing also often takes quite an unexpected turn, words being written which the reader of the letters had not thought of.

These points would seem to overbalance the assumption that the writing may be distorted or influenced by the writer, though this may, of course, occasionally be the case and may account for discrepancies and contradictions which occur from time to time.

In which "Nicolò" at last reveals himself and we learn to know him better.

I NOW come to what I consider a milestone upon the road of investigation we were pursuing, insomuch as it established the identity of one of our "spirit-friends," whether excarnate intelligence or sub-conscious fantasy. It will be remembered that up to the present we had only our own conjectures, backed up during the last few weeks by the remarks of my supposed aunt, upon which to base our suppositions that the Italian-writing Intelligence with whom we had been in communication for the past four months was none other than the discarnate Paganini. To be sure, this suspicion had seemed well founded, in view of the various messages received through American trance-mediums, to say nothing of the trumpet-séance, when Paganini was supposed to have spoken directly; nevertheless, even a spirit should be expected to identify himself, ere one is justified in accepting him as bona fide. On the other hand, I am bound to admit that had some Intelligence bombastically announced itself post-haste at the first writing as being Nicolò Paganini, I would have felt justified in putting a question-mark after this statement (as I did and still do in certain cases), on the ground that the really great do not flaunt their banners promiscuously. The extreme reticence of my Italian friend in identifying himself seems to me to be

a point in favour of his genuineness. The event which led to the dispelling of the mist in which he still chose to envelop himself (at least officially) was a seemingly trivial one, and yet interesting in view of the psychological result it brought about.

A lady once said to me : " Do you know, I have been told by my spirit-friends that *you* are the reincarnation of the dissolute ' Nicolò.' "

Needless to add that the lady in question, a lady of whom I am sincerely fond and whose intelligence and intellectuality I greatly respect and admire, is a firm believer in the doctrines of reincarnation, hence her theory that Nicolò Paganini was working out another earthly existence in me in order to conquer the effects of his own supposedly dissolute earthly life. This lady, I must emphasise in justice to her, has had remarkable results through ouija-board writings, and I am as convinced of her sincerity and good faith as of my own. I have also no reason for doubting the sincerity of the various Intelligences with whom she professes to be in communication. I presume even a well-meaning spirit may occasionally be misinformed, when attempting to give information about other persons whose life-development he has not followed regularly. There is a good deal too much credence placed in the infallibility of the knowledge possessed by the spirits. My opinion is that spirits are not one whit more infallible than they were as humans, except possibly on their judgment upon ethical problems. Be this as it may, I must here record impartially the outcome of my friend Mrs. ——'s remark.

A few weeks later, when my mother's hand was responsible for a conversation with the Italian-writing Intelligence, it occurred to me to ask his

opinion about the lady's statement: "Is it true that I am the reincarnation of Nicolò Paganini?" was my question. Imagine my surprise when the following answer was transmitted in Italian: "It is a vile insult to call me dissolute" (the strong expression "corotto insulto," literally "corrupt insult," was employed). "I was not dissolute, my dear friend." The writing here became so agitated and unclear that nothing legible could be taken down except a reference to "the next time." Upon the following evening we again sat down at the board, my mother operating, as I was still wary of my own attempts.

First Euphrosyne came and gave me a well-meant lecture, which, upon being deciphered and translated into direct writing, proved to be an admonition not to devote too much time to "*us*" (as she expressed herself) or to read too many books about "*us.*" This jobation, which was accompanied by the kind words "I love you, but my duty is to give advice. You will understand," was suddenly cut short by the words "your friend is here" (also inverted). There followed in direct writing the words: "Do not read now." Then the control was changed, and a message was delivered in Italian, which was one of the most touching as well as the most convincing we had received up to that moment. I give the text in the original Italian (which contained a number of words unknown to my mother and me and is of high literary quality, quite beyond our powers of expression in Italian). A translation is appended.

Original Italian

Note.—The words unknown to my mother and myself are in italics.

Spero di non aver fatto aspettare troppo. Ne sono giusto arrivato. Con permesso di te e la tua madre amabile raccontero degli segreti del vivo mio terrestre. Fui *rimoto*. Sempre ho cercato continualmente l'affezione fedele. L' ho non trovato giammai. Hanno detto *menzogne* di me. Non fui uno *spilorcio*. Sempre ho dato molto denaro agli poveri e fanciulli maltratati, ma sempre segretamente. Fu un capriccio di me di *follegiare* il pubblico. Veramente non sono stato dissoluto. Fui un ragazzo infelice, sempre maltratato, un padre brutale, una madre non cattiva ma senza corraggio di combattere per me. Giammai l'affezione. Non ho fumato, bevuto, mangiato il carne. Ogni giorno ho assistito alla messa santa. Malgrado sono stato chiamato un diavolo sempre. Molto m'e stato perdonato, perche fui un fauciullo miserabile. Adesso sono felice e contento con amici. Abbastanza per oggi, caro mio. Dio te benedica.

TRANSLATION

I hope I have not kept thee waiting too long. I have just arrived here. With thy permission and that of thine amiable mother I will recount some secrets of my earthly life.

I was lonely. Always I searched continually for true affection. I never found it. Lies have been told about me. I was not a miser. I always gave much money to the poor and to the badly treated children,[1] but always secretly. It was a caprice of

[1] In a recently purchased old Italian biography of Paganini, I discovered a statement to be met with in no other biography of him which I have ever come across, a statement to the effect that amongst his possessions were found numerous letters of thanks and receipts for money received, the beneficiaries being, in many cases, *orphan-homes* and *poor-houses* (a remarkable and unexpected verification of the present message).

mine to hoodwink the public. In reality, I was not dissolute. I was an unhappy boy, always badly treated, a brutal father, a mother not bad, but without courage to fight for me. Never affection. I did not smoke, drink, or eat better meat. Every day I assisted at holy mass. In spite of this, I was always called a devil. Much has been forgiven me, because I was miserable as a child. Now I am happy and contented with friends. Enough for to-day, my dear. God bless thee.

I now asked if he would have any objection to my making public this autobiographical remark, in order to refute various statements concerning his character in certain biographies. He replied: "It does not matter," but eventually gave his permission.

Putting aside the convincing point that this message contained a number of Italian words unknown to my mother and myself, and looking at the message only from the point of view afforded by its contents, I consider that its genuine nature speaks convincingly from every word. We have here an interesting case of the desire for self-justification of a highly progressed spirit, whose warm and generous nature was cut to the quick by the aspersion cast upon his character, and in his desire to refute the unwitting slander was startled out of his reserve and incidentally his incognito, a highly probable psychological result. To be sure, Dr. Prince, in his comment upon this message, remarks: "The fact that the script contradicts statements in the biographies, while it might be what the real Paganini would do, by no means raises the assumption that the contradictions are correct." On the other hand, as I pointed out in my reply, it would surely have been vastly less evidential

had the message merely contained statements exactly tallying with those to be found in Paganini biographies.

Would not Dr. Prince, in that case, and with much logic, have attributed the origin of the message to our subconsciousness? Indeed, in that case, it need scarcely have been traced back to subconscious influence, as both my mother and I are intimately and consciously acquainted with the material contained in several of the Paganini biographies. But if there are erroneous statements in the existing biographies which the great wizard of the violin was desirous of contradicting, his only way of reaching the ear of humanity is now through a trance-medium, a trumpet-medium, or through the medium of automatic writing. If we were to eliminate the possibility of such writing being genuine on the ground that it contradicts other biographical statements, we would surely act illogically.

No other great musician of the past has ever been made so completely the butt of sensational unscrupulous newspaper stories as was Nicolò Paganini.

He was stigmatised as a wizard, a miser, a seducer of women, a graceless dissolute, even a murderer (accused of having slain his mistress in a fit of jealous passion). The more sensational and shameless the tales circulated, the greater were the crowds who flocked to hear him. We certainly cannot err in the supposition that if certain of these tales were 50 per cent. exaggerated, at least 80 per cent. of them were merely the crude fabrications of yellow journalism.

At any rate, the cat was now out of the bag. Our Italian-speaking Intelligence finally had admitted to being the discarnate Nicolò Paganini. Either he was a subconscious creation of ours, an impersonating spirit, or he was genuine.

I, myself, should be inclined to strike out the impersonation hypothesis as highly improbable in the present case, none of the usual impersonation symptoms being discernible. An impersonating Intelligence usually betrays itself by some clumsy break, besides being always inclined to flourish its bogus credentials promiscuously. I should be glad if we could eliminate the subconscious impersonation question as easily; however, that is, of course, a more complicated problem.

From then on, the alleged "Paganini" made no further attempt to conceal his identity.

He invariably preluded his messages with the words "Nicolò e qui" or "Ne sono qui" ("Nicolò is here" or "I am here"). Once when I was manipulating the Additor, he announced himself in the following ingenious manner: "N P i a c g o a l n o i n i e qui,' thereby making a cipher of his name.

A remarkably evidential experiment was made one day when I asked "Nicolò" to give me some advice about the interpretation of one of his compositions "I Palpiti," which I had just taken up afresh after not having played it for several winters.

My mother kept her hand on the Hesperus while I played and from time to time a word was written, for example: con fuoco (with fire); piu capriccioso (more capriciously); prestissimo (as quickly as possible); con piu sentimento (with more sentiment); "staccato," etc. Once, to indicate a strong vibrato, the Hesperus began to tremble violently. Another time it raced madly up and down the board, in order to signify a greater acceleration of speed. Still again, the box turned on the side and jerked up and down the board as fast as possible to indicate "staccato." I must lay stress upon the fact that none of the words

written were printed upon the music, yet they were in every sense applicable to the passage which they referred to. Now, while it is true that my mother has considerable knowledge of music, also of interpretation, having closely followed my studies and been present at the majority of my lessons when I was a small boy, yet I would certainly not credit her with the ability to give me subconsciously advice on the subject of interpretation which would be of value to me, by calling my attention to finesses which my own conscious powers of observation had overlooked.

That would be attributing to my mother's subconsciousness greater discrimination than I, an intellectual, fully developed artist, would be consciously capable of.

Yet the fact remains that upon this occasion, as well as upon several other occasions which lack of space does not permit me to refer to in detail, I have received advice upon interpretation and nuancing (expression) finesses which had not occurred to me, and certainly seemed to point to the guidance of a higher authority upon such finesses in violin interpretation.

I make this statement objectively, and without any tendency to exaggerate the importance of the advice received, because it purported to come from a higher source.

The very fact that the advice always referred to more or less trivial details renders it peculiarly convincing in my eyes, as such minor issues would only occur to an authority upon pedagogical shading.

Had the advice touched more important points, I would unhesitatingly credit my mother with the

ability to ferret them out, but not such minute details as *were* mentioned. No one could do that save a past-master of the highest order.

On another occasion a French-speaking Intelligence, not "Nicolò," gave me some transcendental suggestions upon the severely technical question of chord-playing, the said advice, it transpired, being of considerable value to me in my technical studies, making the chords at least 50 per cent. more effective, although I have never heard them so interpreted by any other violinist.

Another time "Nicolò," upon being asked to give a suggestion about what I should work at next, replied, in Italian: "A very poor piece, but good for the technique, 'God save the Queen'" (Paganini's own Variations on the National Anthem being meant). This piece, as it happened, was the only piece of his that I had never taken the trouble to learn.

Fired by enthusiasm, I set to work at these hair-raisingly difficult variations, and had inside of a fortnight mastered them sufficiently to perform them publicly.

Once "Nicolò" wrote apologetically: "My compositions are not Beethoven, but at least they are good for the technique. In order to remain stationary on the highest peak of art in violin-playing, one should practise every day all branches of technique, from the cantilena to the transcendental." Such remarks clearly show that for Paganini technique was not the only aim, but simply the means through which to attain the aim he set himself.

Upon another occasion "Nicolò" insisted upon writing English.

Upon our commenting upon his ability to write English so well, he replied: "Don't you remember that I played often in Londres?" (making use, however, of the French word for London).

I pass over certain interesting opinions he has given us upon the playing of various violinists, as well as modern violin-compositions, as such opinions have only value to the professional musician.

Nicolò's humorous tendency occasionally prompts him to disguise his identity. Once he wrote in French: "Tête noir est ici." "Who is tête noir?" I asked. The answer came: "Ton ami, long, laid, et maigre." (Black Head is here. Your long, ugly, thin friend.)

Another time he played us a trick by announcing himself in English as an old friend. Upon my inquiring if he were English, he replied: "No. Italian." Asked why he did not write Italian, he answered, with great assumption of innocence, that he feared I would not be able to understand. I promptly fell into the trap and explained that I was familiar with Italian, being accustomed to talk with my friend Nicolò. He then inquired: "Who is this Nicolò?" Upon being told: "Nicolò was the great violinist," he writes with every indication of horror: "What! You do not mean the dissolute Nicolò, do you? The Nicolò with the devil's head? Why do you have such a friend? On account of him, you are so dissolute, yourself. Terrible for a young man! Give this wicked Nicolò a box on the ears and send him away. It is not necessary to be too humane with such a fellow."

Having finally seen through the sly rogue's little game, I answered him in like tone, asking him if he were perhaps Giuseppe Aguardi. (Note.—It will be

remembered that, with the medium Valientine in New York, a mysterious Italian-speaking Intelligence once addressed me through the trumpet, whom I was unable to identify.)

" Of Palermo " (!), came the answer. Then : " I sang, ' Funicoli, funicola[1] and similar first-class songs (!). I was poorly educated and am unable to write correctly, Signor Barone." This last is peculiarly significant, as it would seem to indicate that it had also been " Nicolò " who once wrote disguised as a very humble Italian spirit. (See Chapter VI, Book I).

Once upon my remarking that it was a great pity that the MSS. of his three last concertos were lost, he replied : " I will write another concerto sometime with your hand." Whether this applies to automatic or to inspirational composition, I do not know. Some time in the summer I shall make the experiment.

Before concluding this chapter I must allude to an interesting and, from a scientific standpoint, convincing experiment which we carried out upon two different occasions.

One time, when *I* was working the Additor, Nicolò took it into his head to perform tricks with the Hesperus. He gave an exceedingly diverting display of what he called virtuoso technical problems, imitating the " spiccato " bowing by a rapid quivering jumping movement, the staccato stroke by tilting the Hesperus and drawing it across the board with a quick jerking movement, thereby producing a really excellent imitation of staccato bowing. He even succeeded in giving a fairly accurate imitation of pizzicato, by means of a sideways flopping move-

[1] Probably intended as a pun on the name Nicolò.

ment. It now occurred to us to put his genuineness to the test in the following manner.

My mother wrote ten questions on different slips of paper. Under each question she wrote: "If the answer is 'yes,' please perform the following movements with the Hesperus. If the answer is 'no,' do 'so and so,' and another series of movements was requested. These ten slips of paper face down were then carefully mixed, so that neither my mother nor I could be aware of which question was coming, I naturally having *no* idea of either question or indicated method of reply. On the back of each slip my mother wrote a number. Then she held up the slips one by one, each time asking the question: "Can you see what I have written?" In each case the answer was in the affirmative, and the Hesperus proceeded, to my astonishment, to carry out a series of movements which were all the stranger to me, insomuch as I had no idea of what my mother had stipulated.

For example, once it made two little bows before the "greeting in the name of God" place, then slid over and tapped thrice the "yes" end of the board. Another time it made two bows forward (that is, by lifting the rear part of the box) and one backwards (lifting the front part), then went to the "no" side and gave two sharp raps.

My mother wrote on the back of each slip which movements had been executed. Upon examining the slips at the end, it was found that in eight out of the ten instances the affirmative or negative answers had been not only consequential, but all the corresponding movements of the box had been carried out conscientiously, whereas in only two cases the instructions were not absolutely fulfilled, possibly owing to

the fact that the directing Intelligence failed to understand perfectly what was required.

This experiment I regard as of great value, in view of the fact that we were able to reduce the possibility of subconscious telepathical communication between mother and son to a minimum, as my mother did not know which question she was holding up and I had not the remotest idea as to the system employed by my mother, each answer being cleverly arranged to be perfectly different from each of the others. We had repeatedly got answers to questions which had been delivered in writing, the operator having no knowledge of the question. But so long as one of us knew what the question was, the telepathical hypothesis could not be totally dismissed. But when neither of us was aware of the question put, and we nevertheless got correct answers of so complicated a nature, the likelihood that a third Intelligence was at work must necessarily assume great probability, as even Dr. Prince—who certainly never errs on the side of *too little* caution—himself admits.

I regret to state that we were obliged to discontinue these experiments after a few times, because as soon as *I* had grasped the nature of the movements the Hesperus was able to perform, my own subconsciousness unwittingly interfered and kept adding little tricks of its own, so that it became difficult to get absolutely accurate answers through the medium of the Hesperus movements.

For example, when asked to tap twice, very often after tapping twice, a bow or two forward or backward would be inserted, or an extra tap or two thrown in for good measure, as it were, which clearly indicated that some other force was interfering with the directing Intelligence.

Naturally, this does not lessen one whit the importance of the initial experiments, but only illustrates how difficult it is to shut out outside influences in some cases.

Recently " Nicolò " vouchsafed us an explanation of the reasons which drew him into my orbit. This explanation is not only interesting on account of the psychological nature of its contents, but also by reason of its literary value, to be found in the flowing and harmonious Italian, which is far beyond anything my mother or I would be consciously capable of evolving on the spur of the moment. As upon previous occasions, I give the words unknown to my mother and myself in italics.

ORIGINAL ITALIAN

Ne sono assai lieto d'essere qui cogli amici carissimi. Ne sono venuto di raccontare della tutela mia di te.

Ne voglio scrivere, se tu avrai la pazienza di trascrivere per me, come viene ch'io mi truovo piu o meno sempre nella *vicinanza* di te. La *giustapposizione* mia a te e il risultamento dell'influenza ante la nascita tua. Nelle parole altre, *flutti* di *desideriosio* enviati sopra il *soglio* che separa il tuo monde dolla sfera della *postuma attivita* mia *urtararono* stessi sulle vibrazione mie e mi dettero *l'eccitante* di m'occupare coll 'inspirazione del bambin *avvenimento*. La credenza movente della madre giovanile nella durata dell'essistanza mia e la fedelta sua nella potenza mia d'influire la vita terrestre del fanciullo m'appellarono. Un bambino d'una tal madre meriterebbe senza dubbio il lavoro d'affetto che sentivo la voglia di dare. Questa fu l'opinione mia ed io

non sono stato *ingannato*, ni sbagliato. Gli anni che ho passati nella vicinanza del mio caro *guardia* sono stati di valore *consumato* per me, *m'insegnando*, come hanno, la bellezza d'un affetto e d'un' unita fra madre e figlio, un' unita che io stesso non ho giammai avuto durante la vita temporale mia. Alla traversa la signora carissima, della quale vibrazione presso a poco accordano si colle mie, ho potuto soventemente parlare con Florizello senza *sensibilita* della signora.

Ho usato la voce sua d'imprimere i pensamenti miei. Il *sviluppamento* dell'anima artistica del Florizello e stato il *obbietto* mio, il *mestiere* mio. Sono stato assistito da molte anime trascendentale, piu avanzate di me. Siamo stati sempre *importunati* che il nostro Florizello, malgrado la sua facolta grande, il genio incontestabile, ha giammai avuto abbastanza ricompenza lucrosa. Questo e cio che m'annoia, perche non e possibile di montare tutto ad un tratto fino alle stelle nel vostro atmosfero materiale senza la propaganda essenziale. Sempre ho sperato una giornata di trovare un uomo *munito* col cuore abbastanza grande da far il suo successo profitabile nei paesi piu avanzati nello studio sferico, in altre parole nella patria sua e nei paesi inglesi. Naturalmente la propaganda exige molto denaro attuale, il quale e sempre difficile per l'artista stesso di provvedere. In causa di questo e necessario di trovare un ammiratore con affetto consumato per la musica e pel genio, un uomo assai generoso, disposto ad aprire i *filetti* della borsa sua e di fare il successo artistica di Florizello attualmente *vantaggioso*. Ce una cosa che posso dire colla sicurta assoluta ; questo e che un tal fatto profitterebbe il *donatore* molto piu nella vita sferica che profiterebbe Florizello durante la vita terrestre, perche per Florizello sarebbe un frutto materiale e

per l'uomo una grazia celeste. Un dono generoso sulla terra e *moltiplicato centuplo* nelle sfere spirituale.

Con piacere darei parrechie sfere di progresso mio se io potessi influenzare un tal uomo di regolare una somma sufficiente da fare il futuro terrestre di Florizello sicuro ; ma miseramente non l'ho trovato fino oggi. Abbastanza per oggi. Dio te benedica.

Note.—The reader in glancing through the original Italian should remark that it contains no fewer than 27 words which were either totally unknown to my mother and myself or which we had, to our knowledge, never seen written. The Italian student will notice the correct employment of the complicated forms of the definite past and the conditional tenses, which are beyond the powers of expression of anyone but an excellent Italian scholar.

Translation

I am very happy to be here with my dear friends. I have come to tell about my tutelage of thee.

I wish to write, if thou wilt have the patience to transcribe for me, how I came to be more or less always in thy vicinity. My juxtaposition to thee is the result of prenatal influence. In other words, waves of desire sent across the threshold, which separates thy world from the sphere of my posthumous activity, impinged themselves upon my vibrations and gave me the incentive to occupy myself with the inspiration of the coming child. The touching faith of the young mother in the duration of my existence, and her confidence in my power to influence the earthly life of the child, called me. The child of such a mother would undoubtedly merit the labour of

affection which I felt the desire to give. This was my opinion, and I have neither been deceived nor mistaken. The years which I have passed in the vicinity of my dear ward have been of consummate value for me, showing me, as they did, the beauty of an affection and unity between mother and son, a unity which I never knew during my earthly existence. Through the beloved signora, whose vibrations more or less are in accordance with mine, I have often been able to speak with thee. Without the knowledge of the signora I have made use of her voice to imprint my thoughts.

(From now on Nicolò seems to be addressing his discourse either to my mother or to anyone who might be interested in my career.)

The unfolding of Florizel's artistic soul has been my object and duty. I have been assisted by many transcendental souls more advanced than I. We have always been troubled that our Florizel, in spite of his great power, his incontestable genius, has never had sufficient lucrative reward. It is this which annoys me, because it is not possible to mount all at once to the stars in your material atmosphere without the essential propaganda. I have always hoped one day to find a man provided with a heart sufficiently big to make Florizel's success profitable in those countries more advanced in the study of the spheres, that is to say, in his own country and in English lands. Naturally advertisement requires a great deal of *ready* money, which it is always difficult for the artist to provide. On account of this it is necessary to find an admirer with a supreme love for music and genius, a very generous man disposed to

open the strings of his purse and to make the artistic success of Florizel actually advantageous.

One thing I can say with absolute certainty, this is that such a deed would profit the giver much more in the spherical life than it would profit Florizel during his earthly life, because for Florizel it would be a material fruit, whereas for the man a celestial blessing. A generous gift upon earth is multiplied a hundredfold in the spiritual spheres.

With pleasure I would give many spheres of my progress could I but influence some man to endow a sum sufficient to make Florizel's terrestrial future assured, but unfortunately I have not found one up to the present. Enough for to-day. God bless thee.

In conclusion I must say that I have seriously hesitated before deciding to print matters of so intimate a nature as those discussed in the above message. The inherent reserve of an artist causes him to think twice before permitting the general public a peep behind the scenes. It was the keynote of love and ambition for the progress of the guardian-child, the touching self-sacrificial spirit revealed by the words just quoted, which eventually broke down the wall of my reserve and caused me to include this message among the published records, as a grateful tribute to the guarding and guiding power from which it came.[1]

[1] I would here hazard the opinion that the genuineness of all these so-called spirit-messages stands and falls with the genuineness of the Intelligence purporting to be Nicolò Paganini. If Paganini is a sub-conscious fantasy, we may dismiss all the other messages upon the same ground; if Paganini is genuine, there is no reason to doubt the authenticity of any of the numerous celebrated spirit-personalities with whom we have come into touch.

Gives an Account of Conversations with Intelligences who were unable to account for their present State.

In compiling this narrative, it is necessary to omit much that, while of personal value to the writer, would not be of sufficient importance to the average reader to warrant a detailed account. Looking through the vast amount of material which has accumulated in the astonishingly brief period of a year, I find, in addition to those *already* mentioned, records of conversations with such renowned violinists as Giuseppe Tartini (born 1692, creator of the famous Devil's Trill sonata), Pietro Locatelli (1693), Karl Lipinski (born 1790, distinguished Polish violinist), François Baillot (1771, French violinist and celebrated pedagogue), Charles de Beriot (1802, founder of the great Belgian violin school), and Henri Vieuxtemps (1820, his most celebrated pupil). These six violinists stated that they had been brought into my vibrations by their friend Nicolò, my indefatigable guide, whom they still reverence as the King of Violinists. This, by the way, would probably account for the completely Latin character of our musician spirit-friends.

Had my guide been a German violinist, German-speaking Intelligences would probably have predominated.

To be sure, I have several times been honoured by a visit from that great master of classic German violin-playing, Joseph Joachim. He wrote as follows,

in German: "I never knew you personally in life, but I heard much about you and you were once near to becoming my pupil. We corresponded about it, but unfortunately I 'died,' as one usually calls it." (*Note.*—It is true that, through the intermediation of the Duchess Thyra of Cumberland, the question of my becoming Joachim's pupil, when a boy, was raised.) "Your Nicolò, our Nicolò, whom I greatly admired in life, brought me to you, and I have often had great pleasure over your honest desire to do justice to all music. That is more unique than one thinks, in spite of the many who occupy themselves with our heavenly Art."

Upon being asked to give me some advice upon interpretation, he wrote: "You play Bach and Brahms splendidly. Concerning Beethoven, I would say to you the following: I hope I am not an egoist, but I understood Beethoven as few others have. At the beginning of my career I said to myself: 'You shall play Beethoven as no other.' And it came little by little as I intended, but only through faith. So it will be with you, I prophesy, before a year has passed. You must never say 'I cannot,' but always 'I can.' That is the secret of success. It gives me pleasure when you play my composition" (referring to the Hungarian Concerto). "My thoughts were not so beautiful as Beethoven's, but they were not bad, all the same."

On another occasion he wrote: "Never be pessimistic. A day when one does not laugh is a lost day, a day when one loses faith is also a lost day. Keep these words alive in your heart, and remember also that Art is neither material nor worldly. In vain the highest art-principles if the artist be too dependent upon materialism. Greater than all

material pleasures is love of the service of God. Believe, laugh, and be joyful. Nothing good ever comes of lamentation. Faith brings its own reward." (Beautiful words of encouragement, typical of the great heart and noble soul of Joseph Joachim as he was in earthly life.)

Composers are represented by Herold (composer of "Zampa"), Edouard Lalo (composer of the famous "Symphonie Espagnole" for violin and orchestra); Rimsky-Korsakoff (who stated that he and his Russian friend, who wrote once on the Additor in New York (see Chapter VI[1]), were much interested in my compositions, and that he had heard me when I was a wonder-child in a velvet suit in Moscow); and, last but not least, finally a great German composer, *Max Reger*, the survival of whose humorous personality was characteristically illustrated by the remark with which he introduced himself: "I was a German composer, who lived in Leipzig. My name cannot be spelt backwards," and by a conundrum which he propounded: "What is worse than a dilettante?" The answer is: "Eine Dilettantin!" (a female amateur!).

(*Note.*—Reger was much pestered by amateurs in life and spoke from experience.) Upon being asked if he were not worrying about his wife, who was said to be in financial straits since his death, he answered whimsically: "Many kind people help her, and occasionally some simple youth buys one of my pieces and she gets a royalty."

I allude to these little details because they are so remarkably typical of the bluff, jocose, but modest living Reger, with whom I was personally acquainted. If my mother's subconsciousness constructed this

[1] Later identified as Tschaikowski.

phantom Reger, then I can only say that it was a very skilful impersonation.

In passing over such conversations, which are of vast interest to a professional artist, I do so because such intimate messages seldom contain psychologically and spiritually interesting details, which have ethical bearing upon the vitality and fundamentally important problem of life after death which is the subject of this book. The three instances I will now proceed to relate may be said to be of especial interest, both psychologically and spiritually, as they illustrate the confused state of mind in which a disembodied spirit first finds itself.

An acquaintance of ours, a young man, asked to try the Additor. He kept his eyes closed during the entire experiment, nevertheless at once got clear and lucid writing. The name written was the given name of his uncle, Baron von ——, who had passed on about five years previously. Also the names of the deceased's children were mentioned. The movement of the Hesperus was peculiar, the smooth glide being replaced by a nervous twitching movement.

A few days later our friend made another trial. Immediately the uncle presented himself again, and the subsequent writing revealed that his plight was highly unsatisfactory. He referred to himself as surrounded by thick mist in a dark place. Time seemed endless. In order to avoid these mists and the darkness, he spent most of his time in the neighbourhood of his ancestral castle and family. He besought his nephew to go to the rector of his parish and to speak with him earnestly concerning the question as to what he should do to extricate himself from his present predicament. As the said nephew was unconscious of the subject-matter of the writing

I asked the unfortunate Intelligence if he were aware of the cause of his plight. He replied that he was quite unclear about the matter. I then promised him to speak to some of our especial friends about his case, with a view to helping him to advance. Later, when talking with my "aunt" about the matter, she said it was difficult for higher spirits to see the lower undeveloped ones, unless they were especially equipped for the task.

This seems to have been a case of an earthbound spirit, who was experiencing great difficulty in getting beyond the first process of cleansing. I was obliged to tell him that very little could be gained by consulting the village rector, as the case would be beyond an exponent of mere earthly religious dogma. As my friend has had no further occasion to write, I have had no chance to learn whether the unhappy man has advanced during the past months.

Still more dramatic was a message we took down on the 21st of July 1926, 10.30 p.m. I give the record verbatim.

Additor writes first: "Hugh," then: "rescue ten men." This sentence is repeated, then follows: "My good people, be kind and save us."

Ques.: "Where are you?"
Ans.: "Buried alive under the earth."
Ques.: "Where?"
Ans.: "Can't tell."
Ques.: "Don't you know where?"
Ans.: "Lost—an accident."
Ques.: "What country?"
Ans.: "England."
Ques.: "What are you doing here?"
Ans.: "To call help."

Ques.: "Can't you get someone else?"

Ans.: "All in bed."

Ques.: "Can't you hold out till morning?"

Ans.: "Don't know."

Ques.: "What brought you to us?"

Ans.: "Hunting rescue. We thought you could send help."

Ques.: "Don't you know we are hundreds of miles away from England, in Germany?"

Ans.: "Didn't know that. No luck."

Ques.: "Can't you pray for help?"

Ans.: "We have."

Ques.: "Perhaps you'll get help."

Ans.: "Too late. We'll die before morning. My body will soon die."

Ques.: "What do you want us to do?"

Ans.: "Dig a hole."

Ques.: "What caused the accident?"

Ans.: "A landslide. Kegs of powder might hit us."

Ques.: "What's your name?"

Ans.: "Hugh Winthrop."

Ques.: "Can you give the names of your comrades?"

There followed with lightning rapidity, quicker than one could consciously invent appropriate names: "Pat Foley, Dennis Hume, Billy Cartright, Charley White, Nick Loomis, Sam Ruck, Jack Hartley, Pete Foley, Hi. Nichols."

I: "If you led decent lives, you need not fear death."

Ans.: "Not overly religious, but not bad men."

I: "It doesn't matter so much whether you went to church or not, but simply how you lived your life and whether you believe. Did you drink much?"

Ans.: "Rum, some."

I: "Well, I suppose that will be overlooked in consideration of your environment. Don't worry."

Ans.: "But the old woman?"

I: "Someone will look after her. You'll probably meet your departed relatives as soon as you pass on. Just be brave."

Ans.: "I used to be afraid of death."

I: "Nothing to be afraid of. You'll pass into a better land."

Here I gave a few remarks upon life on the other side as taught by Spiritualism, whereupon the Additor wrote:

"Are you a preacher?"

I answered: "I am everything else more likely than a preacher; but it is possible that I know more about the next life than the average preacher, because we are in constant communication with spirits."

Hugh: "Do you believe in ghosts?"

I: "Not in the ordinary sense of the word, but I am convinced that spirits can communicate with the world they have left."

Hugh: "Perhaps I'm dead already, then."

I: "I've thought so from the first, only you had not realised your new state yet. Your physical body lies buried with those of your comrades, but the rest of you is still alive. Don't you see that proves there is no death?"

Ans.: "Fancy you're right. Then it's all right. Should like to see my mother again."

I: "You will, Hugh. Just keep looking forward, and don't try to hang about the earth too much. Everything will come out all right. I'll ask some of our friends to help you. *I* can help you better, now that you are over."

Ans.: "Funny. Will the other fellows have the same luck?"

I: "If they believe and try to get on. We often have spirits visit us who have been over for hundreds of years, and they are as jolly and contented as anything."

Ans.: "Lots of fun."

Ques.: "Are you feeling better now?"

Ans.: "Much better."

I: "All right, then. Come again, if you want to, and tell us how you are getting on."

Needless to say, "Hugh" did not come again, but it is such conversations as this which make the teachings of Spiritualism seem peculiarly convincing and real.

We have here the case of a disembodied spirit, who has probably just awakened from the lethargy of perhaps some months or even years succeeding the abrupt severing of the ether from the physical body, and whose mind instantly reverts to the moment of the catastrophe preceding his earthly demise.

He is as yet incapable of tackling the new problems with which he is faced, but drifts aimlessly on the ether-waves until, through some superscientific law that we are not as yet acquainted with, he comes into the magnetic current radiating, wireless-telegraphy like, from the Additor.

His bewildered mind seems to grasp the fact that here is a method of communication, and, without knowing how he does it, he succeeds in transmitting his call for help, and is astounded to learn that he is hundreds of miles away from the place where he thinks he is.

Imagine the poor fellow's perplexity! The vast-

ness of the new problem he has to master must have almost overwhelmed him. It is at a moment such as this that a few kindly, encouraging words can be of infinite value to one who suddenly stands face to face with eternity, without any moral preparation for the encounter.

I am glad to be able to feel that I did my best to put him on the right track and to propel him forward in the right direction. I must here note that this message was taken by both of us—that is to say, my mother and I each having a hand on the Hesperus.

Readers may ask if we took no steps to verify the statements of "Hugh" concerning the destructive landslide in some place in the British Empire. My answer is, that we did not, because that would have been a very complicated process, involving, as it would, a close and exhaustive examination of all the accidents which have taken place in the British Isles during the last year or so. Some spirits who pass over suddenly are said only to recover consciousness after a period of several months or more. The only person whom I could have requested to examine into the matter would have been Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and I did not feel justified in imposing upon that busy worker's good nature and kindness. In spite of my failure to have the message probed into, it bears—for me—the stamp of genuineness from beginning to end. It is not the sort of fantasy which our subconsciousness would be likely to fabricate. Such thoroughly human details as the questions: "Are you a preacher?" and "Do you believe in ghosts?" are, in my opinion, beyond the subconscious powers of construction. Naturally an impersonating spirit is possible.

Should anyone, in case this book ever appears in

print, be able to contribute any information about "Hugh" and his comrades, I should be deeply obliged.

Hugh Winthrop seems to have been a kindly, simple soul, at the same time not altogether lacking in the ability to grasp the new situation in which he found himself. At least my words of cheer seemed to have fallen upon fruitful soil. A much less satisfactory case was experienced by us a month later, on the 12th of August, in Switzerland, where we were spending a month in a mountain-hotel in the Berner Oberland. It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon. A good deal of undecipherable matter was written at first, as though the writer could not quite grasp the secret of manipulation. Finally, the words "be good" and "danger" came through. The question: "Where are you?" was answered with: "On big mountain." The attempt to get the name of the mountain was unsuccessful, although a number of letters to be found in "Finsteraarhorn" were given. The request for the writer's name elicited, at first, a meaningless conglomeration of letters, eventually the name "Willy Crompton" was written, but I should be inclined to place an interrogation point after this name, in view of the exceeding difficulty in getting names correctly transmitted.

I asked: "How did you get here?"

Answer: "Don't know."

Ques.: "Are you dead?"

Ans.: "Don't believe in heaven."

I: "If you are dead, you'll have to believe sooner or later, or else stay in the dark spheres."

Ans.: "It's not dark where I am."

I: "Because you are still hanging about the earth. You are a disembodied spirit."

Ans.: "Rot! Want help."

I: "My poor fellow! The best help I can give you is to tell you that you are dead, and had better get used to the idea."

Ans. (argumentatively): "But I can see you. If I were dead, I could not see."

I: "Have you never heard about Spiritualism?"

Ans. (scornfully): "Rot! Who are you? Angel Gabriel?" (One can picture the sarcastic tone of the writer's query.)

I: "It's all very well, my dear fellow, for you to sneer, but perhaps you will try to explain how you can be on a mountain-top and here at the same time. How do you account for that?"

Clearly this was the first blow home. The sense of logic was touched, there was a slight pause, as if the writer were considering this question, then came the frank statement:

"Bowled over!"

Immediately afterwards the writer becomes pathetically querulous, and says: "But I don't want to be dead. I want some tea."

We were drinking tea at the time, and I felt genuinely sorry for the poor fellow, while assuring him that as soon as he got used to the new state, these material desires would little by little vanish. Upon being asked whether he were American, he replied: "Australian," then added in clearly a chastened frame of mind: "I'll go back and see if I'm still there in the crevice. Good-bye."

Undoubtedly he left us in a much more humble state, completely absorbed in consideration of the amazing possibility that his conception of life ending with the physical body may after all have been wrong. It was only by appealing to his sense of logic

that I was able to stem the channel of his sceptic scorn.

One can imagine him as a cocksure tourist, insisting upon attempting some perilous mountain-climb without a guide, perhaps not even registering at an hotel before setting forth, so that all efforts to trace his whereabouts may be useless.

We can further picture the poor fellow perishing miserably in some crevice, or wandering despairingly in search of the lost route, possibly overtaken by one of those disastrous suddenly descending snowstorms or an avalanche, such as the Alps so often experienced last summer.

Perhaps his last acute desire before he lost consciousness was the longing for a cup of hot tea. To me this little touch of pathetically human desire is the key to the genuineness of the entire message. It is too human to be the concoction of even a fertile subconsciousness. The entire conversation affords many points of psychological interest, illustrating—as it does—the attitude of the cynical sceptic when suddenly faced with a truth he has always denied. The few terse words tell more clearly than any flow of language the struggle between incredulity and the hopeless inability to account for his present situation, while still covering his perplexity with a bold front.

Do not such cases as these exemplify better than words can the necessity for spiritual preparation, preparation of a sort which dogmatical belief can only give to those who do not care, or who are unable to reason for themselves ?

Ethical Conversations with two highly developed Spirits.

On the 15th of August a new Spirit-Intelligence took up communication. Time: 4.30 p.m.

Our question: "Who is there?" elicits the reply: "Just one of the guides."

Ques.: "What is your name?"

Ans.: "Quintus."

Ques.: "What nationality were you upon earth?"

Ans.: "Italian."

Ques.: "Do you happen to know anything about that Australian chap?"

Ans.: "No; not my hours."

Ques.: "My aunt has not been here for some time."

Ans.: "Oh yes, she has been here."

Ques.: "How long are you here?"

Ans.: "Until six."

Ques.: "Who will come then?"

Ans.: "*She* may, or Nicolò."

Ques.: "Who will be here this evening?"

Ans.: "Another guide, one of Nicolò's friends."

Here there seems to be an attempt made by another Intelligence to gain control, at least another name is written: "Rana Quoth." Afterwards "Quintus" is again spelled. I ask: "What did that 'Rana Quoth' mean?"

Ans.: "An Egyptian."

Ques.: "Do you mean an Egyptian tried to write?"

Ans.: "Yes. Not possible on board. Writes only hieroglyphics."

Ques.: "What were you on earth?"

Ans.: "A teacher of science."

Ques.: "What is your occupation now?"

Ans.: "I am dutifully occupied teaching undeveloped souls."

Ques.: "In the first and second spheres?"

Ans.: "No."

Ques.: "Third sphere?"

Ans.: "Yes. I teach innocents, who have done nothing wicked but have much to learn. Those who were unfortunately situated in life on earth."

I asked: "Would you kindly tell us if an understanding of the doctrines of Spiritualism on earth helps souls to progress in the spirit-world?"

Ans.: "Yes, if they live chaste and good lives, fearing and loving God, because they then know how to prepare for the ether-life."

Ques.: "What is the best way to overcome one's weakness?"

Ans.: "Pray to God. He will always help those who come to Him in love and humility."

Ques.: "What are some of the greatest material sins?"

Ans.: "Intemperance and all sins of the flesh. All indecencies of modern so-called high life."

Ques.: "What is your opinion of dancing?"

Ans.: "A carnal sin of first water in present age."

Ques.: "Do you consider smoking a sin?"

Ans.: "Not actually a sin, but injurious to the brain development and to be shunned as contagion.

Also very obnoxious to our vibrations. Useless materialism."

I: "Just my opinion."

Quintus: "These thoughts have been given you by your personal guide, who detested smoke all his life."

Ques.: "What is your opinion of the possibilities of the subconscious mind?"

Ans.: "Conscience is the voice of God speaking through the subconsciousness, leading us often against our wishes."

Ques.: "Doesn't one in looking at the board sometimes influence the writing?"

Ans.: "If the thoughts come before the word is written, it assists the Intelligence behind your chair."

Ques.: "You do not think that one's own subconscious mind influences the writing?"

Ans.: "Not necessarily. Sometimes, if the writer is incapable, the brain may substitute words foreign to the thought of the writer."

Ques.: "Your meaning comes through all right, doesn't it?"

Ans.: "I am accustomed to express my thoughts, so feel no hesitation in forming sentences."

Ques.: "Is atheism the greatest sin?"

Ans.: "That depends upon environment."

I: "I suppose if one has had no chance to learn the truth, one cannot be blamed. I thought that would be your answer."

Ans.: "You had the answer given you telepathically."

Ques.: "Doesn't telepathy sometimes play a part in my automatic writing?"

Ans.: "On occasions the whole sentence penetrates into your consciousness before a word is

written. That is because Paganini has always been a composite part of your consciousness."

I: "When trying to write automatically without the Additor, I constantly find words coming into my head and have to resist a compelling force to keep from writing them. Is that correct?"

Ans.: "No. Let your hand be free to write all the thoughts that are communicated to your brain, and you will have more conclusive results."

(*Note.*—At the time of this conversation we had made no study whatever of the science of automatic writing, so had absolutely no preconceived opinions. Later we were to learn that the remarks upon this subject and the process involved exactly tallied with the theories transmitted through other automatists.)

Ques.: "Will you come again soon?"

Ans.: "It is difficult to say with absolute certainty, as my duties are sometimes irregular, depending upon the needs of my poor charges."

Ques.: "I am often asked who assigns each soul the duties it must fulfil?"

Ans.: "According to our capabilities, we are assigned our duties. Higher souls control us and are themselves controlled by still more transcendent souls, until one reaches the Most High."

I: "In other words, the spirit-world has an Utopian form of government?"

Ans.: "What one is accustomed to term Arcadia. My time is expiring, and I must break off this interesting discourse, and say 'Good night.' I will come as often as I can."

The 16th of August, 4.30 p.m.

Quintus again announced himself. Anxious to glean as much important information as possible in

a short time, I immediately broached the subject of reincarnation, asking if all souls had to reincarnate.

Ans.: "No. Very few. Only very primitive souls are sent back to try to better their condition before being judged."

Ques.: "Then there is a judgment day?"

Ans.: "Not as you have been taught. Each one is judged according to his deeds before being assigned his sphere. Those who have been weakminded on earth cannot be said to have committed voluntary deeds, good or bad, so are sent again as souls to earth to try a new carnate existence, then to return and be recorded as improved or otherwise, according to their voluntary acts of good or evil in the second life."

Ques.: "Isn't that rather disadvantageous for the body into which this undeveloped soul enters?"

Ans.: "No; the soul is unspotted, as no voluntary act of sinful character has marred it. Those whose environment has been regrettable are not returned to earth, but corrected in spheres reserved for their depravity, vicious or otherwise."

Ques.: "Are not murderers returned to earth to try again?"

Ans.: "No; not unless the person was not responsible for his wicked deeds."

At this period I thought I would again try the experiment of writing a question or two to guard against the possibility that my mother, who was calling out the letters while I with my free hand jotted them down (each of us having some fingers on the Hesperus), should be unconsciously influencing the writing. I accordingly wrote a question and held it up, whereupon "Quintus" immediately

wrote: "Write more clearly. I cannot read your writing." In truth I had scribbled off the words without any thought of clearness. I now proceeded to write the question again in large legible characters: "Is there a hell of eternal flames and torments, such as the Scriptures tell of?"

I then placed my hand on the Hesperus again without looking, and my mother, whose one hand was also operating, proceeded to call off the letters.

The answer was accurate and applicable to the question: "Partly. Hell yawns in the figurative sense only, that is, not the hell of the old prophets."

(Attention should be called here to the fact that while I, as propounder of the question, retained my hand upon the Hesperus, my mother, who *read out* the letters, did not know the question, consequently any influencing of the answer could not have emanated from her and must have proceeded from my subconsciousness alone.)

The answer to the second written question was less direct, and might by some have been considered evasive.

I had asked: "How do you explain the so-called Satan? Is he a real personage or merely a symbolical figure personifying the Spirit of Evil in the world?"

Quintus replied enigmatically: "I have no answer by which I am able to explain understandingly. More worlds flourish than you dream of."

Discontinuing the written question, I inquired: "Does that imply that there *is* a kingdom of Evil Spirits ruled over by a Prince of Darkness?"

Ans.: "We are told that such worlds existed, but we rescue even depraved souls, no matter how low, and segregate them that they do no more evil. If they were allowed to fall into the hands of a Satanic

Majesty, they would continue to do evil, urged on by their master."

These slightly ambiguous statements certainly do not express any preconceived opinion of mine or my mother's upon the Satanic question. In fact, they were a great surprise to me, as I fully expected an answer coinciding with my question whether Satan were not a symbolical figure.

The logicalness of the remark concerning the necessity for rescuing souls from Satanic clutches to prevent them from committing more wickedness on behalf of their evil master should be apparent to anyone. Were Satan, or his equivalent, in the spirit-world, to be the official chastiser of depraved souls, he would be acting as an instrument in the service of the Divine Power, in other words as an ally of God, instead of the Arch-enemy of God and Man.

My next question was: "Are there evil spirits rampant on earth?"

Ans.: "There are evil forces, also demoniac creatures, endeavouring to penetrate into the consciousness of persons who have no control over their passions, so-called demons. These have never had earthly souls. You may be sure these evil demons do not have the forms of God and of mankind made in His image."

I now again had recourse to the pencil, and wrote the following question: "What form of religion do you consider best expresses the teachings of the next world?"

Ans.: "That is a difficult question to answer. You are demanding all the secret science of etheric existence. I do not know how far I am justified in proceeding to fulfil your desire to be initiated. I must seek counsel from those higher in authority than I.

Such problems have not been explicated to me and as yet have not come under my observation. I deal with souls who are already here more than with those who have not worked out their salvation."

Ques. (verbal): "You mean that you do not consider yourself competent to lecture upon religious forms?"

Ans.: "Yes, you get my meaning."

Here the time-limit of "Quintus" apparently expired.

While we had made no especial attempt to establish test conditions, being, in this case, concerned with the ethical benefits to be derived from such intellectual and highly spiritual information, we had nevertheless established the fact that my mother was not unconsciously influencing the writing by following the letters, as the replies were equally logical and correct in cases where she was ignorant of the questions put. As Quintus's power to communicate seemed to lie in the combination of psychic power furnished by the dual force contributed by my mother and by me when manipulating the Additor simultaneously, I did not feel justified in pushing the test further by removing my own hand and leaving my mother in full control.

A few days after these conversations with Quintus, to be exact on the 20th of August, the name "Rana Quoth" was again written. There followed: "Rana Quoth, the Child of the Sun, greets ye. Rana, by the Grace of the Sun Master, cometh into thy realm of thought, but a little time. Æons of time have passed since Rana, child of the sun, thy servant, served in the temple of Ra in the ancient city of ——." Here the spelling was unclear. I took down

"Ramoseh (?)" and inquired: "Is that name right?" The answer came: "Rana knoweth but the picture drawn of the temple which greets the rising sun."

I asked: "Was not Ra a heathen god?" and received the extremely logical answer: "All gods emblemise the One and only great Ruler of our destinies."

Remembering Quintus's remark about Rana only being able to write hieroglyphics, I asked curiously: "How comes it that you write so well to-day?"

Ans.: "Rana hath partaken of the learning of a priest of thy God."

I remarked: "You learned remarkably quickly."

Ans.: "Time is given to learn that little which thy servant knoweth."

I inquired: "Did you mean that you served in the time of Rameses?"

Ans.: "The master was not so called."

I: "I spoke to my aunt about you the other day, and she said you were a guide of my mother's. Is that correct?"

Ans.: "Since æons hath Rana the task to guard and endow with wisdom souls bound to life on earth, but not always thy mother, O child of melody, O Horus[1] in thy mother's arms. All thy servant Rana's knowledge of thy tongue is——"

At this moment the writing ceased and "Wowo" added: "He can't write more. I think he came from Thebes, but am not absolutely certain."

I asked: "Who taught him his English?"

She replied: "Also a very old soul."

[1] Horus, child of Isis and Osiris, Egyptian parallel to the Christ-child, afterwards incorporated into the Catholic virginal worship as symbol of worship.

We heard nothing more of Rana until the 1st of December, 1926. Then he again announced himself with the words: "Rana greets. Rana, thy servant, cometh once again into thy presence."

I said: "Where have you been all this time?"

He answered: "Rana hath but done that which hath been given him to do."

I now asked: "Do you still frequent the place where you formerly held communion with Ra?"

Ans.: "It existeth no more as it was in the days of the ancient grandeur of Egypt."

Anxious to locate, if possible, the whereabouts of this sun-temple, I inquired: "Can you not tell us where the temple was situated?"

There followed the highly interesting answer:

"Since the days when Rana did greet the rising sun from the temple of Ra in the presence of our ancient symbol of light and godhood, the chaste infant, Horus, whose innocent face was turned to greet his master, Rana hath been instructed that the temple stood facing the rising sun-god in the city known to modern historians as Heliopolis."

Ques.: "That is a Grecian name, is it not?"

Ans.: "Rana, thy servant, knoweth only that which hath been taught him."

Ques. (asked by me): "What is the attitude of the Infinite Deity to those who worshipped as gods deities with cats' and bulls' heads?"

Ans.: "Ignorance led those of my ancient brotherhood who placed the Deity in the bodies of dumb animals and worshipped their God through His works. Yet who can say that this worship was not as acceptable to the Great Father of the Universe as any other mode of worship? All that His servants possess to draw their mode of worship from is sym-

bolism. Thy servant seeth not much difference between their worship and thine. A symbol of perfection personified through the creations of the master-mind, whether animals in their purity, or the animal-man, which is more—or shall we say less—sinful ? "

At this juncture we were unfortunately interrupted and obliged to break off this interesting discourse upon the philosophy of religion, which affords plenty of food for thought.

Interesting was the fact that we were afterwards able to verify, by consulting the encyclopædia, Rana's remarks concerning the site of the temple, Heliopolis (situated only a few miles from Cairo) having been in truth the site of the Sun-temple and centre of the Sun-worshippers.

Of course these facts may have been subconsciously known to my mother and myself, but at least had escaped our conscious memory, as we were unable to recall ever having been acquainted with the history of Heliopolis or its Egyptian site.

Another remarkable point about Rana's writings is the thoroughly archæological character of his English. This raises the question as to why Rana, who to all intents and purposes had just begun to master the English language, should in the twentieth century have been taught mediæval English.

I am not able to offer any explanation of this point, unless we may look for it in the bare possibility that we ourselves *subconsciously* clothed his speech in parlance fitted to his personality. Or, again, the priest from whom he professed to have acquired his knowledge, and who, " Wowo " wrote, was " a very old soul," may have been a priest from the Middle Ages, who in teaching unconsciously

reverted to the style of language prevalent at the time of his earthly sojourn. The fact that Rana had apparently acquired the art of writing English in the—to us—astonishingly brief period of five earthly days does not necessarily imply that he had previously no knowledge of spoken English; but even if that were the case, the ideal conditions of the spirit-world would make it possible to gain knowledge in half, if not a quarter, of the time humanity requires to achieve similar tasks.

In which a great French Writer greets us for the first Time.

THE 21st of August, 1926, may be classed as a red-letter day in the history of our psychic experiences, as it marked the inauguration of a new acquaintance-ship from which we were destined to derive much valuable ethical and literary material. We had contracted the habit of chatting with the Additor when alone during the tea-hour. Upon the present occasion my mother had just poured out the tea—we were in an hotel and always took " tea " in our rooms—we then placed our fingers upon the apparatus, and I was astounded when my mother reported that the name " Zola " had been spelled. Thinking it was mere chance, I made a remark to this effect, whereupon the board wrote clearly: " Zola désire parler avec toi " (Zola desires to speak with you).

Always on guard against subconscious fantasies or impersonating-spirits, I asked very sceptically : ' Do you mean that you are actually the great French novelist, Emile Zola ? " (I must here remark that, although I have read a great amount of French literature, I am by no means a connoisseur of Zola, the only book of his which I am really fond of being, *La faute de l'Abbé Mouret.*

At first a few distorted sentences came through, which it was difficult to decipher. I asked the

Intelligence to try again, and the next effort was successful. The following sentences were transmitted, which I reproduce in the English translation:

"You asked the question: 'Who is here?' I reply, 'Zola.' You say, no. Why not? I am a man dead, but living; no better, no worse; not more distinguished or more ordinary; not more beautiful or more ugly; not more divine or more diabolical than others. Why do you not believe that I am myself? Because during my earthly life I wrote several novels, good or bad, superb or disgusting, according to one's way of thinking, why believe that I am too proud to speak with you, my colleague in the fine arts? I always loved music almost more than life, disgusting man or not."

Much impressed by the distinctive style of the writing, which seemed to have a personality of its own, I thought it fitting to tender an apology for continuing to drink tea, though I have noticed that spirits like to be treated as if they were merely friends dropping in for a friendly chat. "Zola" replied: "Let us eat and drink as long as it is possible. There is plenty of time afterwards to ponder upon the bad things we did during the beautiful or miserable years of our earthly existence, all of which depends upon the pocket-book or upon a simple and pure heart."

"Zola" then continued: "Sometimes you take down wrong letters, but it does not matter, so long as you understand my meaning. If I give you my thoughts, you can clothe them in beautiful diction afterwards. It is very difficult to write when the medium is not perfectly aware of the diction. I think it best to omit some of the finesses of the

language, in order to save time. To write the articles each time is not necessary. You know them. We will make rules to suit ourselves. Now it will be possible to make progress. The next time it will be easier. Enough for to-day. If you have time, I will come again to-morrow with great pleasure."

I said: "We will see to being at home for tea."

Zola wrote: "It will be kind of you to remain at home for a disagreeable man like I am. You know I had a perverse, evil character, but now I am improved. If I come to visit with you, take care not to imbibe any of my disgusting characteristics; though in reality I was not half so bad as the Press and the public thought. You are kind. Au revoir."

That was the first of innumerable messages we have received from the Intelligence purporting to be Emile Zola, a full record of which I hope, at some future time, to publish. The chief value of the literary work he has transmitted, either through the medium of the Additor or with my hand alone, lies in the large number of pithy, partly poetical, partly sarcastic, partly caustic epigrams and aphorisms. According to his own reports, his way, since passing into the spirit-world, has not been an easy one. Once, upon being asked which sphere he had attained, he wrote, with my hand: "That is a painful question for me. I am, at present, in the third sphere, but in the most beautiful part. My advancement has been retarded because my works, despite their great literary and artistic value, did not have an uplifting influence upon humanity. I was obliged to learn, upon arriving here, that the first duty of an artist or a writer is to ennoble humanity."

Upon another occasion he wrote: "I am beginning

to advance now. At first I was neither quiet, contented, nor happy. I was too ignorant, too mondaine. It took some years to tranquillise me. Now it goes better. I have my work to do too, and I greatly enjoy my little visits with you."

In reply to my question as to how he came to find his way into my spirit-circle, he answered: "It was after the hardest days of my purification were passed, when I was permitted to advance into a higher sphere, that I happened to meet a good friend of yours, who, in a very touching manner, was striving to ascertain my whereabouts. It was with him that I first had occasion to come into your vibrations, when you were still a little boy."

Once he gave an exceedingly convincing demonstration in the form of an autobiographical account, transmitted through my hand in automatic writing, of certain incidents connected with his youth. In this account was related how his father, who died shortly after his birth, left the widow in such reduced circumstances that she had the greatest difficulty in making both ends meet, being obliged to take a position which necessitated her absence from home for extended periods. Zola then proceeded to describe the loneliness of his youth, saying: "It was evident that such a life could not fail to leave its imprint upon the character of the adolescent; thus, when I arrived at the age of eighteen, I already had those signs of pessimism engraved upon my soul, black spots which were like dark clouds upon the azure sky of youth. I was by nature a dreamy, melancholy boy, I lacked the environment necessary to combat successfully those pessimistical tendencies which later found expression in the morbid mocking fantasies of my novels." He then tells of his first love-

affair, describing with the master-hand and exquisite delicacy of a poet the object of his adoration. "She was a young girl of our quarter, aged seventeen years. She was not very beautiful, her face was pale and her body thin. But she was excessively graceful and her expression so thoughtful that she represented for me the ideal femininity. We knew each other very little, we seldom spoke, yet every time she passed across my way she seemed to me like a delicate chaste flower, exhaling a sweet, fresh, exotic perfume, a veritable lily in her thoughtful, tranquil whiteness. (Is not white the most beautiful expression of quiet thought?)"

Later they became friends, but she did not return his adoration save in a friendly spirit. He says ruefully: "It is true that I was not the kind of heroical figure which is liable to inspire romantic passion in a young girl, but it was such a great joy to be her friend that I asked for nothing more."

Then came the sad awakening. She had a real lover, and her unfortunate admirer began to suffer the agonies of jealousy, "that awful sentiment which transforms a quiet peaceful stream into a brutal rushing torrent."

In his jealousy he became rude and insolent to his adored one, and, little by little, their relations grew strained. Then he describes the climax, when, meeting her one day on the street with her beloved, a young and handsome schoolmaster, he loses his head and throws himself upon the hated rival like "an infuriated wild animal." His little friend interposes, and, interceding, succeeds in quieting the angry teacher, pointing out the exceeding youth of his opponent. Zola then says: "I fled, and returning

to my dwelling, I cast myself sobbing upon my bed, knowing that I had behaved like an idiot. I no longer dared to encounter my little friend of former days, but always avoided her in shame. Soon her engagement was announced and the tragedy was complete. My grandmother now began to take an active interest in my studies and, as I was now eighteen, arranged to have me sent elsewhere to continue my education. Thus terminated the first period of my life."

The convincing part about this account was the subsequent verification of a number of the statements it contained. Although I am positive that I had never read a word about Zola's youth, the following points were subsequently found to tally with historical accounts.

1. Zola's father died when he was but a child.
2. He left widow and child in great poverty, and they were hard put to it to keep the wolf from the door.
3. At the age of eighteen Zola was sent to Paris to pursue his studies there, this being indeed the beginning of the second period of his life.

That Zola still suffers from homesickness and desire to return to earth is shown by the following touching remarks upon the subject of nostalgia. " Nostalgia ! Yes, it is true that we ether-people sometimes suffer frightfully therefrom. Myself for example, for my beautiful but accursed Paris, my lovely France, the Riviera, or simply for my earthly abode. Naturally, Paradise is far more superb, more exquisite, yet, you know, be it ever so humble there is no place like home." (*Note.*—The characteristic French expression " chez-nous " is employed for " home.")

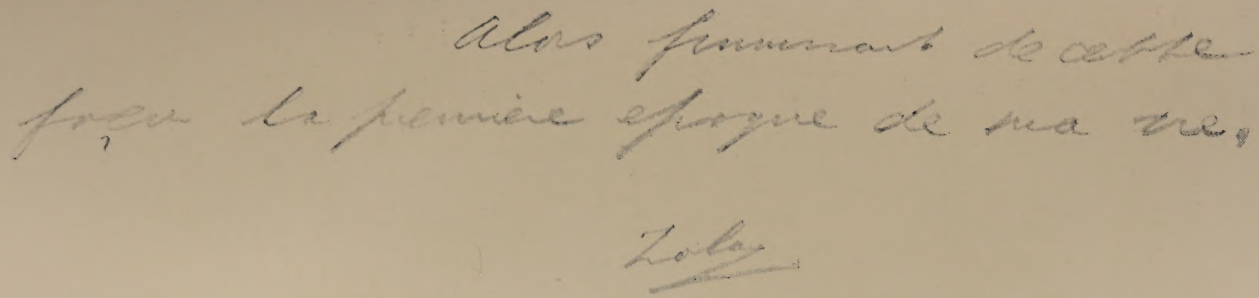
" 'Chez-nous,' what a comfortable word! The modest room; the ancient armchair, well worn and ugly; the dim light; the scanty, frugal meal, sometimes only a piece of bread with a bit of cheese; a book in one's hand; one's beloved mother at one's side. What a superb tableau, this 'chez-nous'! Yes, there are days when one misses the well-known streets. It is because of this that Paradise is constructed out of faithful thoughts, the familiar suburbs (*le faubourg*) from our memories, blossoming with thoughts full of affection for the house of one's youth. It is on account of this that Paradise is perfect. 'Chez-nous,' after the tempest of our earthly life is over. At home!"

I ask the reader, can one require greater testimony of love and fidelity existing beyond the grave than is exemplified by these touchingly beautiful sentiments, which show us the real character of the man Zola? Certain unenlightened persons, upon perusing the numerous epigrams "Zola" has given us, profess to find them unconvincing, on the puerile grounds that they are not absolutely in accordance with the personality conjured up by the character and style of his earthly works. Apart from the probability that the real Zola was disguised by the mask of cynicism and the mercilessly scourging rhetoric which flowed from his pen, there can be, in my opinion, no greater proof of the ethical development a great genius may soon attain in the spirit-world than that afforded by the uplifting ideal sentiments expressed in the extensive collection of epigrams and aphorisms he has vouchsafed us, which, while revealing the same shrewd knowledge of human weaknesses characteristic of the great

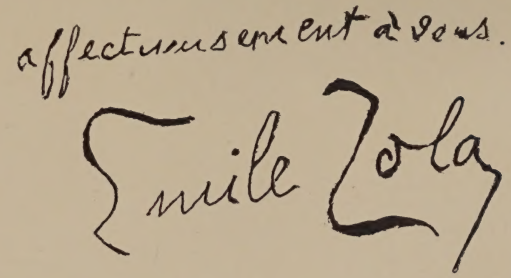
French novelist in life, nevertheless betray a love of humanity of which the living earthly Zola, judging from his novels, would hardly have been capable.

This is the lesson to be found in the Zola messages this chronicle contains.

[See opposite page for facsimiles of handwriting.]



Facsimile of automatic script purporting to come from Zola :



Compared with Zola's handwriting, which F. von Reuter had never seen at the time the script was received :

Comment by F. v. Reuter.—While it would be too much to assert that the handwritings are identical, attention may be drawn to certain unmistakable similarities in the signature—for instance, the Z (which is quite different from my own writing) and the flourish at the end.

A great English Novelist follows Zola's Example and gives us his Opinion upon modern English Literature.

On the 25th of August we had another very distinguished visitor, with whom I admit my mother and I had much more in common than with Zola.

The writing began by transmitting four aphorisms in English.

1. Zest is the chief attribute which carries its devotee to the laurel-branch.

2. Lust is the dragon that tears the flesh of the rover who penetrates near its lair.

3. Depravity is the given name of him who seeks to christen his evil deeds, Temperament.

4. Gross materialism is the corner-stone of the building called " Have your own way."

Our question as to who was writing elicited the response : " You know me since many years."

I asked : " Have we had the pleasure of reading some of your books ? "

Ans. : " I won't state it was a pleasure, but I believe it was."

Ques. : " Won't you kindly tell us who you are ? "

Ans. : " Conjecture enlivens the dormant faculties of the mind."

Ques. : " Did you publish your books ? "

Ans. : " My publisher did."

Ques. : " Who was your publisher ? "

Ans.: "It is so long ago that I've forgotten. He can't be blamed after thirty years."

Ques.: "Was your father English?"

Ans.: "Only my mother knows that."

Ques.: "What kind of books did you write?"

Ans.: "Old-fogy ones."

Ques.: "Will you excuse us for drinking tea? I wish we might have the pleasure of offering you a cup."

Ans.: "Tea, a cup of innocent pleasure. One of the best that life offers."

I remarked: "I think I shall write an article entitled 'Tea-table talks with famous authors.'"

Ans.: "Much profitable harvest could be garnered."

I said: "Zola was here the other day."

Ans.: "Zola probably called me 'that old duffer.' Shall we continue the guessing game?"

Ques. (my mother): "Did you write historical novels?"

Ans.: "Never but once."

I asked: "You are not Sir Walter Scott, then?"

Ans.: "Dear old Walter!—how I loved him!"

My mother asked: "Are you the author I am thinking of?"

Ans.: "Don't get personal or I'll get bashful. At all events, I managed to get my stupid novels printed, but as my lady-characters did not wear their dresses above their knees, I am delegated to the attic bookshelves."

My mother remarked: "Is it possible that you really can be Charles Dickens? How wonderful!"

Ans.: "Why wonderful? You still love my books."

My mother: "But it seems too great an honour."

Ans.: "Your modesty is refreshing in these days of bombastic conceit."

I remarked: "Are you aware of the fact that we have perpetrated a novel in which the hero and heroine are actually moral?"

Ans.: "Horrible! Absolutely impossible!"

I: "The only thing interesting about the heroine is that she was a nude-model."

Ans.: "You should have put her into a revue, made her live with the hero, and he ought, between times, to have had several illicit affairs with married women. Such a foolish artist! People will say, who ever heard of an artist with so little temperament?"

I: "Then I will remind them of the case of Turner, who, upon being told that sunsets of his sort never existed, replied: 'But wouldn't you like to see one like them?'"

Ans.: "That would be a good reply. The banal public wants everything as unoriginal as possible."

I: "I see you've been keeping track of modern literature."

Ans.: "Without much result."

I: "Pett Ridge is considered by some persons to be your successor."

Ans.: "I can't say I feel flattered."

Ques.: "Whom do you consider the most promising English writer at present?"

Ans.: "Maxwell has done some fine work. Locke began well, but collapsed."

Ques.: "What about Galsworthy?"

Ans.: "I never cared much about that style of society novel."

Ques.: "Maurice Hewlett?"

Ans.: "A bit too fanciful for my taste."

Ques.: "Rider Haggard?"

Ans.: "I enjoy his books because they portray cleaner, less worldly personages. Also the fantasy is superb. Caine has written some typically good things."

Ques.: "H. G. Wells?"

Ans.: "Am not familiar with his last work. *Kipps* is lovely."

Ques.: "Conan Doyle?"

Ans.: "A fine man. Cultivate his acquaintance. He is doing very good work for Spiritualism."

Ques.: "Have you ever been here before?"

Ans.: "Don't you feel my influence sometimes? I have always kept in touch with you since your mother, as a girl, was such an enthusiast for my books."

Ques.: "What do you think of W. W. Jacobs?"

Ans.: "Good, also Barrie. *He* is great."

Ques.: "Wodehouse?"

Ans.: "Not bad."

Ques.: "American authors?"

Ans.: "In the past, there were some first-class ones."

At this point we were unfortunately obliged to break off.

"Dickens" said he understood and would come again when we were fresher.

Dr. Prince, in commenting upon the aphorisms with which this interview was opened, has remarked that they are not distinctive of the Dickens we know. I quite agree with him. At the same time this does not prove that there is a law in the spirit-world against spirits altering their style of writing if they choose or that such changes may not be the result of the enlarged horizon the spirit-world offers to authors.

That the living Dickens was not especially epigrammatically inclined does not eliminate the possibility that the spirit-Dickens should occasionally be prompted to give vent to an epigram or two.

And while the opinions vouchsafed by the so-called "Dickens" on the subject of modern English literature may not be considered in the least evidential, yet they seem, in a way, to express the opinions one can imagine Dickens would have had in life.

In which my Progress in Automatic Writing is chronicled. "Nicolò" and "Wowo" upon the subject of Automatic Writing.

DURING the sequence of events described in preceding chapters I had made regular attempts to learn to write automatically without the Additor. I soon found that apparently I was not fitted for the purely mechanical form of writing, as exemplified by that of my mother. Words would persist in flashing into my head and my hand would write these words, unless I resisted forcibly.

At first the Intelligence controlling the writing seemed always to be "Nicolò."

The first attempts brought such comparatively simple phrases in Italian as (15th August): "It will be easier later. It is not easy at present, because the hand is not schooled. We are on the right road. I am content. We are not losing time any more."

Ques.: "How long will it take to develop the power?"

Ans.: "Perhaps six weeks before it will be possible to write clearly."

16*th August.*

A number of marks and lines are made for a time. I asked: "Why are you doing that?"

Ans.: "Per *allegere* la mano" (To lighten the hand). Upon looking up the word "allegere," it was found

that the spelling was not correct, " allegiare " being the right spelling. My hand then wrote : " A natural mistake. Florizel got the word telepathically without ever have seen it written."

Ques. : " Do you always give the thought ? "

Ans. : " The thought is mine, but the hand which writes is not mine, consequently it sometimes makes mistakes. With time you will learn. Your aunt is also here, but she cannot write yet, as your hand is not sufficiently schooled. My colleague and friend, who writes French, is not here to-day. He is in Rome."

Ques. : " What is he doing in Rome ? "

Ans. : " Hearing music, but not publicly."

Ques. : " What is he hearing ? "

Ans. : " A young student. A good scholar, but not an artist. It is his duty to hear youthful talent."

On the 18th my mother inquired if " Nicolò " had always been with me since my birth. He answered : " Yes, madam, I have always been the official guide."

My mother : " Do you know that I originally intended to call my son ' Nicolò ' ? "

Ans. : " Many thanks, Signora, but it is better as it is. I like the name ' Florizello ' better."

My mother : " I liked the name ' Nicolò.' "

Ans. : " It is a name in Art, but without poetry."

I pass over " Nicolò's " opinions about various mediums we had experimented with, such opinions not being particularly evidential, as they may easily have been evolved or influenced by our own subconsciousness.

At this point I shall, however, allude briefly to a case in which I was influenced *against* my will. A week or two previously the Additor had transmitted

a message from the deceased husband of a day of our acquaintance. The husband had expressed the earnest wish to get into connection with his wife, explaining that he wished to give her some advice which would be beneficial to her health. As I was in duty bound to do, I communicated with the lady, giving her the message, which contained several very evidential points. Unfortunately for her, she was one of those many unenlightened people who have a horror of anything connected with Spiritualism, and she refused most positively to have anything to do with the matter. A few days later the husband came again to us, and I was obliged to tell him that his wife did not desire to investigate. He made a few remarks concerning the regrettableness of such prejudices and preconceived false impressions of the spirit-world, and suggested that we communicate with his sister, whose address he gave. Not liking to refuse the poor man, as he seemed so desirous of reaching some relative of his (if people only knew how spirits sometimes suffer through the negative attitude of their relatives !), I promised to send a copy of the two interviews to the person in question.

As might have been expected, my purely disinterested act of kindness fell upon barren soil. The sister did not even favour me with a reply, but wrote a scathing condemnatory letter to the wife, in which I was made to play the rôle of a lunatic and the wife was advised to have nothing to do with such idiotic twaddle (or words to that effect).

The lady did not make matters better by tactfully(?) sending me the sister's letter for perusal, possibly hoping thereby to convince me that I really was a lunatic. Upon reading the effusion, in which Spiritualism was stigmatised as the belief of idiots,

founded upon auto-suggestion, I felt impelled to write the perpetrator a letter covering the ground pretty thoroughly. I have since realised that such persons are better left in the darkness with which they purposely surround themselves. They are not worth the trouble it would take to bring light into the blackness of their understanding. At any rate, I wrote the letter. Shortly afterwards I sat down to write automatically. The first words I wrote were the Italian ones: "I advise you not to send the letter; you will accomplish nothing and only make an enemy for yourself. I had plenty of experience of that kind on earth. I prefer that you do not send the letter. There are many asses upon the earth, but they will remain asses no matter what you do."

I mention this episode as it offers considerable proof of the existence of an Intelligence other than my own. I had definitely made up my mind to send that letter, having experienced no compunctions. The tone of my letter would certainly have greatly angered the excellent lady. (I notice that those who call other persons "idiots" do not care to have the tables turned.) Yet upon writing automatically I instantly received advice, which I was at first loath to follow. Now I know that it was good advice, but I nevertheless still sometines regret that it prompted me to refrain from sending the letter, and that thereby the person in question was denied the benefit of learning my honest opinion of her intelligence.

On the same evening "Nicolò" was philosophically inclined. He wrote several epigrammatical remarks, such as: "The poor artist has no right to be a man," and, "If there were no temptations, there would be no heroes."

A day or so later two new Intelligences made use of my hand, the handwriting being in each case materially different from "Nicolò's." The first one professed to be the composer Edouard Lalo, whose concerto I had just been practising. He wrote in French and expressed his appreciation of my performance. I should add that I had felt impelled to write upon terminating the concerto. Of course it may have been auto-suggestion.

Immediately after, the name Heinrich Wilhelm *Ernst* (a great violinist who once wrote Hungarian on the Additor—see Book I) was written, followed by the words in German: "I am often here, and am very glad, at last, to be able to write."

My mother here remarked: "But he didn't play anything of yours to-day," whereupon the answer came: "That is not necessary. Do you think I only come for that? I am not an egoist."

My mother then asked: "Do you occasionally play with Paganini?"

Ans.: "Certainly. We play duets."

Ques.: "What music do you play?"

Ans.: "New music which you do not know on earth."

Ques.: "Beautiful music?"

Ans.: "According to one's musical taste."

Ernst then took his departure.[1]

On the 18th of August I received the first communication through my hand from my dear aunt—a very great pleasure. In answer to my question "Who is there?" came the reply: "Wowo" (my childish pet-name for my aunt).

Then: "I will be able to write soon, now that the

[1] He recently paid us a visit through the medium of the Additor.

hand is practising. You are progressing, but it will be some time before you will be able to write words that are unknown to you. You must try to concentrate upon your writing. It makes it easier for the Intelligence to control the pencil when you make use of your brain."

I: "I should have thought just the opposite. Am I not likely to influence the writing?"

Ans.: "Not when the thoughts have to be communicated by telepathy. There are some kinds of mediumism where the writer is always cognisant of the thoughts transmitted. Under these circumstances it is useless to indulge in suspicions, but it is better to let things take their course and see what may be gained by this form, before trying to cultivate the more complicated, but more convincing, kind of mediumship."

Ques.: "Do you mean that the case in which the writer is aware of what he is writing is also well known?"

Ans.: "That is a common form of automatic writing. The other forms are less prevalent, but naturally more convincing. The one often leads to the other with time."

Ques.: "Do you move the hand in this case?"

Ans.: "The hand is controlled by the brain, the brain by us, a common form of automatic writing, as I said before."

Ques.: "Should the whole sentence be in my mind before I write?"

Ans.: "Not necessarily. It is better that the meaning should be communicated little by little to the writer to avoid any influencing of the writing."

Ques.: "You think I am really getting these messages by telepathy?"

Ans.: "Undoubtedly."

Ques.: "Do you find it easy to write?"

Ans.: "The hand has already been prepared by 'Nicolò.'"

Ques.: "Why is it almost impossible for me to get words I do not know?"

Ans.: "Because we work through the conscious brain as yet. Occasionally the brain conveys the phonetic meaning, but of course in such cases mistakes in spelling are unavoidable."

My mother asked: "Will you tell us something about your state of life?"

Ans.: "As yet I should prefer to deal with generalities until Flori is more equipped for the task of taking dictation. You must curb your curiosity until better results can be obtained. That is the secret of telepathical communication. It is dictation through the brain of the writer."

There followed some conversation upon private matters which I omit, as not particularly evidential or interesting to the average reader.

On the 19th of August "Wowo" came again. I tried once more the experiment of writing a question and holding it up, my mother placing her fingers upon the Hesperus. The question was: "Were you giving me the words I wrote yesterday by telepathy?"

Immediately came the clear and applicable answer: "When you write automatically, I give you the words you write through your brain." (*Note.*—My mother, who was reading the letters, was unaware of the nature of the question I had written.)

I now wrote a second question: "Could you give me an answer if *I* were ignorant of the question?"

Ans.: "Later. I think not, as yet. You might try."

Ques. (also written): "Would you prefer to write automatically without the board?"

Ans.: "Yes."

I accordingly took the pencil and began by asking the question: "Who is Rana Quoth?" (This was before Rana had himself written.)

Ans.: "An Egyptian guide. A very learned spirit of many centuries gone by."

My mother remarked to me: "A pretty good invention of yours."

My hand then wrote: "Flori does not make up the sentences. I give them to him. You should be less suspicious and have more faith."

My mother replied: "I do not mean to be suspicious. I only want to be sure of the truth."

Ans.: "Of course, I understand. You must not take amiss what I say. I hope to be able to give you proof one of these days. Until then you must have patience, and always remember that one must have faith to accomplish. It goes easier *to-day*."

My mother remarked: "The handwriting, though not typically Flori's, is also not yours. When will you be able to write in your own handwriting?" ("Wowo" was her sister.)

Ans.: "I hardly think it will be possible for some time. Perhaps never. Flori is going to develop into an excellent medium, if he doesn't do too much."

My mother asked: "How long may he work daily?"

Ans.: "About an hour a day will not hurt him. About half an hour with each of us" (meaning "Nicolò").

My mother: "How might the writing hurt Flori?"

Ans. : " It might have a disadvantageous effect upon his nervous system. At least, that is all one might have to fear, but he is not nervously constituted."

Ques. : " Is not the time almost up ? "

Ans. : " Five minutes yet. You might try to get a question through by telepathy, but I doubt if it will be possible as yet."

My mother accordingly wrote a question and held it up in my vicinity.

My hand then wrote : " Hold it up higher, nearer to Flori," then : " I see, and will endeavour to give him the answer."

A pause, then my hand wrote : " His mind is not trained for such work. The very effort he is making makes it more difficult."

Another pause, then : " The answer is 'yes.' That is the only way I can get it through as yet."

My mother said : " Well, at least the answer is applicable to the question." (*Note.*—The question was : " Do you see Mother often ? ")

Wowo : " That is what I thought. You see I *can* get an answer through which does not involve the necessity of Flori knowing the question."

My mother : " But why cannot you transmit the answer without him knowing the question ? "

Ans. : " That is quite a different thing. We have to work at present not through the subconsciousness, but through the conscious mind."

Mother : " But why ? I do not understand."

Ans. : " It is difficult to explain, but when you work with the board, we always give you everything through the subconscious mind. Flori is not clever enough as a medium to master the subtilties of telepathy. I think it too exhausting to try many of

these experiments at present until he has made progress in his developments. The chief thing is to keep right along and develop gradually without trying to force the progress. Good-bye."

The reader must not suppose that I am naïve enough to accept the conversations just recorded as *proof positive* that they were dictated by my aunt. At the same time there was one remarkably evidential feature about them, namely, the remarks upon automatic writing. In order to appreciate fully the significance of these remarks, it must be borne in mind that neither my mother nor I had, up to that time, made any study whatever of the various theories connected with the science of automatic writing. Nevertheless Dr. Prince states that the description of the processes involved is correct and would seem to indicate that someone present was intimately acquainted with the various forms of automatism. Now, as neither my mother nor I was, it is surely a reasonable assumption that the controlling Intelligence was spiritual, in which case there is no reason to reject the probability that the spirit of my aunt was indeed dictating by telepathy the information vouchsafed.

It is difficult for anyone not acquainted with the science of telepathy, especially telepathy between the so-called dead and the living, to understand why, in certain cases, it would seem necessary for the medium to know the question in order to be able to transmit the spirit-answer. This point, I must confess, has caused me much thought, and I am even now not able wholly to account for it. It would seem, however, that the effort involved is considerably greater, in cases where the medium does not

work purely mechanically, that is to say, subconsciously, and the spirit has to employ the medium's brain to transmit the answer. Presumably the effort is lessened if the question be known to the medium. To be sure, the danger of subconscious influencing or alteration of the answer through the medium's own brain is proportionately greater, and that is one reason why the purely mechanical medium is more reliable than the one who receives the impressions by telepathy.

I must add that when I am working the Additor, the answer to written questions has repeatedly been transmitted successfully. As "Wowo" stated, this seems to involve another process, the answer being then given through the subconsciousness.

Upon another occasion "Wowo" wrote, in explanation of the process, for the benefit of a friend of ours: "Flori does not cheat. There is no reason to doubt him. He only writes that which we put into his brain. He is merely the instrument we make use of to communicate our thoughts. If we did not know that Flori is quite reliable, we could not make use of him, as there is an unwritten law amongst us not to try to communicate our thoughts through cheat-mediums. Only lower Intelligences who have no understanding of the ethics of the spirit-world make use of fraudulent mediums. Flori is inspired by many great spirits, who are making use of his psychic force. It is a great privilege of which he must be fully conscious. Were he to attempt to introduce his own thoughts into the writing, the pencil would soon lose its spontaneity and the writing would become distorted and unintelligible."

Thus "Wowo." I leave the reader to draw his own conclusions upon the matter.

On one occasion we asked my aunt to tell us something about how and where she lives now. She described her spirit-house as being approached by a spacious and lovely drive, the house itself being surrounded by a veranda with great flowering wistaria covering it. To our question as to how the house was kept clean, she gave the somewhat enigmatical answer: "Night tidies everything. Holy is the night." (*Query.*—Is there night in the spirit-world?) She furthermore stated that we would not be capable of understanding if she were to try to describe how beautiful her abode was. We asked her if she heard much music. She answered: "Very much lovely music. Paganini recently gave a great concert."

Wondering how she would get around the next question, I asked: "What does he play on?" The answer came: "An old violin."

I then asked: "Where does he get such a violin from in the spirit-world?"

I am afraid I spoke a trifle sarcastically. The answer was a great surprise to us both. "From his thoughts. God wills that each person should have that which he most needs."

(*Note.*—At the time this message came, my mother and I had read practically none of the extensive literature of automatic writings published during the past years, so the idea of the possibility of thought-materialisation constantly referred to in other spirit-messages which we have since read was, at that time, a new one for us.)

Ques.: "Where does Paganini live?"

Ans.: "He lives with some friends. Colleagues. There is no more rivalry here."

Ques.: "What do you do?"

Ans.: "Work at writing, historical writing."

Ques.: "Do you have visits? Does Manny" (my grandmother) "see some of her old friends?"

Ans.: "Old is a word which does not exist here."

I: "I did not mean physically old, but friends of long standing."

Ans.: "Yes."

My mother asked: "Why is Paganini always interested in Florizel?"

Ans.: "Because he is your control guide. Where you are, Paganini will nearly always guard."

My mother: "Is he satisfied with his work?"

Ans.: "Very."

Ques.: "Can you give us some advice?"

Ans.: "Put faith in the Almighty."

About this time I received my first lecture or essay from "the other side." It was signed with the initial "B," and was upon the subject of Confidence. A few days later I was given another essay, this time in a perfectly different handwriting, upon "Subconsciousness," to which was appended the letter "D." These mysterious entities, "B" and "D," were destined to become regular correspondents. They would seem to be ethical teachers, and both have command over a brilliant vocabulary. "B" has written upon the following subjects: Confidence, Affection and Loyalty, Desire, Physical Death, Kindness, Good Deeds, Faith, Life, Racial Prejudice, Christmas, the Divinity of Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Word of God, as well as many others. "D" has contributed essays upon the Subconscious Mind, Psychic Law in Religion, Idealism, Intuition, the Holy Ghost, Fore-ordainment, Criticism, etc. It is worthy of note that, whereas the handwriting of the supposed

"B" is always flowing, slanting, and comparatively quick, the chirography of "D" is invariably tiny, cramped, and exceedingly precise, being, in fact, the handwriting of a man of letters. The writing is also more laborious. Later, other automatic writers appeared upon the scene. One who always signs "W. L." is distinguished by the scientific nature of his treatises. He has written upon such subjects as Telepathy, Automatic Writing, Ether-Force, Thought-Power, his vocabulary being distinguished by the remarkably accurate employment of technical scientific terms.

I have also a German correspondent whose writings are characterised by the slightly pessimistic train of philosophy they express, in no wise identical with the philosophy of my other correspondents. A welcome visitor was my old friend, the French author, Pierre Loti, whose essays upon Youth, Beauty, and the Children of Paradise are among my most valuable automatic communications, the French diction being of unusual beauty. I was also delighted to greet my dear old friend Carmen Sylva, the Queen-poetess of Rumania, a veritable queen among women, who is associated with some of my most happy childhood memories, among them one summer when my mother and I spent ten weeks at her castle as her guest. An interesting point about her messages was the similarity of the handwriting with her writing in life. Although I am the possessor of a number of autograph letters from her, I had, at the time we received the first messages, not looked at them for years, and would have been incapable of consciously imitating her signature. Yet the automatic signature was almost the duplicate of the real one. Add to this list the names of Zola and Paganini (who has given

a number of diverting little anecdotes about his life), and the number of my regular spirit-communicators is complete, if I except " Wowo " and my grandparents.

These writings will be published at some future date in a separate volume, and are alluded to here merely for the sake of completion.

Anything in the way of direct proof of survival they do not afford, consequently they are less evidential than messages received in languages with which we, ourselves, are unfamiliar. On the other hand, it should not be overlooked that a number of the scripts have dealt with problems I, myself, had either not previously considered, or upon which I had preconceived opinions which were in direct contradiction to the sentiments expressed. Certainly the literary value of the writings is of sufficiently high an order to support the assumption that they may well emanate from a higher source, they being expressive of the very highest standard of metaphysical philosophy.

Some Remarks upon Physical Phenomena and upon Mediums I have known and experimented with.

I PRESUME there are few persons with psychic tendencies who have not, at times, experienced a secret desire to be able to produce telekinetic or other kinds of so-called physical phenomena. There is something theatrical about the triumph of spirit-force over inanimate material which appeals to the childish element to be found in every human.

Added to this is the indisputable fact that a single simple case of telekinesis is worth a dozen mental phenomena when it comes to the task of convincing a sceptic. That is why no phenomenon, however primitive, which furnishes proof of some supernormal force can be dismissed as totally valueless, from a scientific point of view.

My mother and I, in the course of the past two years, have experimented for limited periods, from time to time, with the trumpet, but were never able to sit regularly enough to develop the " direct voice," even were we endowed with the ability to cultivate that exceedingly rare form of mediumship.

We had, however, some interesting examples of magnetic power of a kind. We found that upon placing the trumpet on a table between us and laying our finger-tips upon it, it would, after a short interval, begin to revolve, seemingly of itself, then would shoot up into the air with a force which carried

our hands up with it. The force was not strong enough, however, to cause it to float independent of one or two fingers. Nevertheless I can state positively that these movements and levitations were not the result of auto-suggestion, but were clearly caused by the magnetic current from our fingers. When the trumpet would be levitated, the impression was always as if an external force were lifting it. The power gradually increased, especially upon those occasions when we were reinforced by other sitters, so that we began to get independent taps in the trumpet.

A new phenomenon developed later in the form of independent raps on the table. These raps varied in strength from tiny taps to loud metallic percussive sounds, as though the table were struck smartly with a gold finger-ring. I need scarcely emphasise the fact that we have had these raps under strict control-conditions, all hands and feet being under surveillance and all rings removed from the hands of the sitters. We have been able to get the raps also in dim light, that is to say, with a shaded reading-lamp. The intelligent replies to questions, answers being communicated by means of an agreed code, for example, two raps for "yes," three raps for "no," impart to this phenomenon a spiritualistic character. The controlling personality always seems to be "Nicolò," who usually signifies his presence by rapping a theme from one of his compositions, generally the "Carnival of Venice." However, upon various occasions he has rapped other themes by request—for instance, the opening rhythm of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, the Overture of *The Mastersingers* (Richard Wagner), as well as different themes of his own compositions. "Nicolò" does not encourage us to sit regularly for table-tapping, as

he considers it a waste of time, consequently we only have recourse to this phenomenon upon occasions when a test is required. Whether the force be, in this case, animistical or spiritual it is naturally impossible to ascertain. According to the animistical theory, these rappings would be produced solely by our own magnetic force, controlled by the will-power of those present. This solution would seem scarcely plausible in cases when the rhythms of themes we had not been thinking about (and were consequently not able to identify at first) have been rapped.

Still, while preferring to accept the more logical theory of discarnate intelligence, I am aware that the animistical hypothesis is entitled to earnest consideration.

During the time when we sat for physical phenomena we made several experiments with the Berlin medium, Maria Vollhart, known to all German connoisseurs through Dr. Schwab's book *Telekinesis and Teleplasma*, a detailed account of two years' experiments with her. Maria Vollhart is one of the few powerful German mediums for physical phenomena overlooked entirely by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his magnificent *History of Spiritualism*. I have seen her levitated, while both hands were controlled. During the levitation my mother and I passed our hands under the soles of her feet. I have also experienced excellent apportes and telekinesis at her sittings. She is the wife of a respectable railroad official, and never takes money for sittings. The trumpet experiment at her house was, so far as I know, the first case experienced in Germany of telekinetic floating of a trumpet. Frau Vollhart's hands were under strict control, as were those of every person present.

During this period the trumpet repeatedly rose in the air. Herr Erdmann, the Secretary of the Berlin Society for Psychic Research, requested to be touched by it. This wish was fulfilled, and immediately afterwards his wife was touched by request. Afterwards the trumpet was placed quietly upon the table again. Frau Erdmann claimed to have seen a misty hand appear in the air and grasp the trumpet, but this I cannot vouch for. Upon the same evening a flower, from a vase two rooms removed, appeared upon the table and touched the various sitters upon the hands, while all hands were under control. Also a sofa to the left of the medium, but out of her reach, moved up to the table, and an ashtray flew across the room. No voice issued from the trumpet, however, during its levitation, as this medium had never sat for voice-development.

Speaking of direct-voice mediumship recalls to memory a sitting with the former Chicago medium, Mrs. Florence Hulle, where a friend of mine, in broad daylight, received a message through the trumpet from a deceased school-chum of hers, not only my friend's name but also the full name of the said chum being distinctly spoken through the trumpet. My friend had never seen the medium. The sitting took place in a town forty miles distant from my friend's home and she had been introduced under an assumed name. Upon the same occasion another acquaintance of mine was greeted by her "Uncle Oscar," who took the opportunity to try to clear up a misunderstanding which occurred shortly before his death many years previously.

Such evidential messages are of the greatest importance, as the ventriloquist theory advanced by sceptics cannot be made to fit the case. The medium

would have not only to be a ventriloquist, but also a phenomenal mind-reader, capable of digging information out of the subconsciousness of all present.

Not at every sitting does one get test-messages of this sort. I have had several sittings with George Valientine, one in daylight, but was not fortunate enough to get anything evidential, beyond the phenomenon of the direct voice itself, which seemed to be irreproachable. I do not mean to cast any imputation upon the mediumship of Mr. Valientine, the genuineness of which has been definitely established, but merely state facts. I was much luckier with Mr. William Catheuser, insomuch that in a trumpet-sitting with him a message concerning events unknown to all present was transmitted. (See the incident of the bones, related in Chapter IV, Book I.)

I must not omit to refer to a sitting with Mr. Victor Miller, of New York, famous for his materialisation séances. Upon the occasion I refer to, Mr. Miller sat in plain view before the cabinet, which consisted merely of a pair of curtains drawn across a bay-window. The cabinet was searched rigorously before the beginning of the séance, and no entrance into it was possible, save from the room itself. A dim light in the back of the room showed that none of the spectators moved, yet I solemnly swear that, at one time, no fewer than five shadowy forms simultaneously emerged from the cabinet. In the course of the sitting, which lasted over two hours, about thirty forms appeared. Some of these were very shadowy, others were well enough built up to show faces. Several of them appeared to dissolve in plain view. It was an amazing experience and one which would have been scientifically quite convincing had the

medium himself been searched, a precaution which Mr. Miller himself should insist upon as a matter of form. I am much indebted to him for his kindness in permitting me to be present.

I have also had the privilege of assisting at a sitting with " Margery " (Mrs. Crandon) in Boston, and have heard the voice of " Walter " under the test conditions afforded by the Richardson voice-controlling apparatus. It is naturally impossible to form a definite opinion upon such mediumship as this on the strength of one sitting alone. The sincerity of the Crandons in the brave work they are doing seems, however, beyond question.

This chapter would be incomplete did I not devote a few words to my experiences with the much-discussed Rumanian girl, Eleonore Zugun, with whom I had about a dozen sittings. So much has been written about the scratches and bites which were inflicted upon her in broad daylight, during a certain period of her mediumship, that I would pass over this not very uplifting kind of phenomena were it not for the accusations to which she and her brave protectress, Countess Zoë Wassilko, were subjected by those indefatigable and unscrupulous anti-occultists, Dr. Rosenbusch and Count Klinkowstroem, famous in Germany for their total negation of all psychic phenomena. Dr. Rosenbusch recently stated publicly in an article in one of the leading German newspapers that these phenomena were invariably produced fraudulently by the girl herself or by the Countess. In view of the vast evidence collected by the Countess in Vienna, London, and Berlin, which includes testimonials and statements from a number of prominent savants and scientists, such wholesale accusations savour of the absurd, and should be

treated with the contempt they deserve, the more so as they were the result of three sittings experienced by the accusers, in which *fraud-proof* conditions were *deliberately omitted*, presumably in order to concoct a so-called exposure. It is easy to avoid fraud-proof conditions and then subsequently to state that the medium, or an accomplice, had ample opportunity to cheat. That is a common method often employed by those who are bent upon securing an *exposé à tout prix*, and is an important reason why genuine mediums, in defence of themselves, should always insist upon strict control.

The Countess asked me to take charge of several experimental sittings in Berlin. The Countess sat at a table, at least two and a half yards distant from the medium, and made no attempt to approach her. Eleonore herself was under strict surveillance, her hands being held part of the time by several of the doctors present. During the three hours which each sitting lasted, while under the scrutiny of ten or twelve pairs of eyes, on an average thirty to forty of these dermatologian phenomena took place. On one occasion Eleonore sat for half an hour upon a sofa between two ladies who held her hands, at least a dozen scratches and bites appearing on arms, neck, and cheeks during this period.

I freely confess that my experiments in my hotel room with Eleonore in dark-sittings were infinitely more interesting than these stigmatisation phenomena. We were able to ascertain that the Polter phenomena were exceedingly strong in experiments made in a darkened room. I have heard raps like fist- or hammer-blows—as many as two hundred in one evening—when all hands were removed from the table, while the table itself performed astonishing

telekinetic feats of levitation, all hands and feet being under control.

During the summer of 1927 all phenomena ceased entirely with Eleonore, the cessation corresponding with the attainment of sexual maturity, a frequent occurrence with girl-psychics. Whether the power will return again is another question. If it does, it is to be hoped that it will manifest in a higher form.

The Countess Wassilko's own theory to explain the phenomena is that Eleonore unwittingly projected a sort of astral force, thus accomplishing through her own power the strange scratches and bites, as well as the various apportes for which she was, at one time, famous. There are, of course, many cases of astral projection in psychic literature to support this hypothesis.

Having reserved my experiences with British mediums for the final chapter of this book, I will conclude this chapter with a few remarks upon my experiences in the Munich Psychic Laboratory of Dr. Baron von Schrenck-Notzing, the great German authority upon psychic phenomena. I am greatly indebted to the Baron for the magnificent opportunities he so kindly accorded me to study physical phenomena under laboratory test-conditions. I had the privilege of being present at about twenty experimental sittings, which took place under control-conditions which absolutely precluded fraud or trickery of any kind.

There may be a reason for sceptics to doubt the genuineness of phenomena which take place in a dark-room with an uncontrolled medium, but when the medium is held hand and foot, is wearing illuminated arm-bands, and is furthermore controlled electrically, so that the slightest suspicious movement

is instantly registered, when the medium sits over a yard away from the scene of action, being separated from it by a wooden fence which also separates the sitters from the table where the phenomena occur, when each member of the investigation committee is a professor or a doctor, consequently above suspicion even were their hands uncontrolled, which is *not* the case, as a chain of hands is always insisted upon, and, last but not least, when many of the phenomena take place in good red light, then, I say, your most grouchy sceptic has not a leg to stand upon. Those are the conditions always strictly observed at the Schrenck experiments, which have proved conclusively that *no genuine medium need fear* that test-conditions, when carried out under otherwise harmonious circumstances, are necessarily injurious to the development of genuine phenomena.

The strong objection to any control displayed by many presumably genuine mediums must either be the result of their own nervous system or an auto-suggestion to which they succumb. I freely confess that the amazing physical phenomena I witnessed under the afore-mentioned control-conditions have completely spoiled me for physical phenomena, or so-called phenomena, which take place in promiscuous sittings where no control of any kind is insisted upon or permitted. It is the *duty* of every *genuine* medium not only to permit but to insist upon illuminated arm-bands being sewn on the sleeves, a precaution and a guarantee of good faith which certainly would not have the slightest effect upon the phenomena. Until all genuine mediums are willing to submit to some such elementary form of control, which would distinguish them from the cheap kind of charlatan for whom too credulous spiritualists are a welcome

prey, Psychic Research Societies are justified in considering the genuineness of the mediumship as unproven.

I would recommend to every serious investigator of physical phenomena the electric control apparatus in use at the Schrenck laboratory, an invention of that well-known occultist and experimenter in telepathy between animals and humans, Karl Krall. The apparatus is exceedingly simple. It consists of an indicator upon which appear in red light the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4. The indicator is placed just above the curtains of the materialisation cabinet and connects electrically with a contact board upon which the medium places his feet. The medium puts on slippers and gloves which connect, through electric wires, with the indicator. The gloves are furthermore fastened to the medium's sleeves, a seal being placed upon the fastenings. The slightest attempt to free hand or foot from glove or slipper results in the extinguishing of the number attached to the member in question, numbers 1 and 2 being right and left hand, 3 and 4 right and left foot.

When we take into consideration that the medium is not only under electric control, but also wears illuminated bands and has his hands held by a controlling person, his knees being pressed together by the legs of the said person, and that brilliant phenomena occur under these conditions, the assumption that a pair of luminous arm-bands could hinder phenomena, raised by certain timorous mediums, may be regarded as perfect twaddle.

Equally absurd are the suspicions and allegations which have been raised against the Schneider brothers by persons who have not experienced these thoroughly reliable physical mediums under laboratory con-

ditions. It is all very well to be doubtful about phenomena which occur in the medium's own house, and if the Schneider brothers had nothing with which to back up those promiscuous sittings which, from time to time, have taken place in the humble dwelling of their father, suspicions might be justified. But considering they have sat over 200 times in the Schrenck laboratory under *test* conditions, without ever being detected in the slightest deception, their phenomena having convinced over a hundred scientists and men of learning, there seems every reason to suppose that they are capable of producing genuine phenomena, even in their own home, in the presence of their aged father. However, that is neither here nor there in the present case, as I can only vouch for that which I have experienced myself. I have sat a number of times with both Willy (the elder brother) and Rudy. The phenomena of Willy are weak at present, but remarkably exact and reliable.

Rudy, on the other hand, is, at present, on a level which, as regards telekinesis and simple forms of materialisation, may be compared with the best exploits of Eusepia Palladino.

His speciality consists of moving objects with a materialised hand. I have seen this hand, by good red light, come out of a slit in the curtain, pick up a stick on the table, rap smartly upon the table, then wave the stick to and fro in the air. It is a pretty, delicate little hand, with long tapering white fingers—in fact, the hand of a refined lady.

I have seen it raise a 20-lb. weight from the table, place it on the floor, and later pick it up and put it back upon the table, an astonishing feat of strength.

I have seen an illuminated bell rise up from the table, float around in the air for a minute and a

half (timed), during which period the bell was rung energetically.

The length of the phenomenon enabled all present to examine the control-conditions, to observe clearly the inanimate arms of the entranced medium, with their illuminated bands, and the intactness of the red numbers on the indicator. Those are physical phenomena which are *worth while*, and Psychic Science owes a vote of thanks to Baron Schrenck for having proved the existence of telekinesis under scientific conditions which permit no doubt to spring up in the breast of any fair-minded person who has experienced the phenomena.

I have not raised the question of the ethical value of physical phenomena, up to the present.

When people ask me why spirits occupy themselves with such trifling things as picking up sticks and moving objects, I always answer: "But do you consider such scientific experiments in laboratories trifling matters? Do you consider the task of proving scientifically the existence of supernormal forces a trifling undertaking? Are not those spirits (if they be spirits) who are charged with the directing or performing of physical phenomena under test-conditions fulfilling a most valuable service in the cause of psychic science? Not every spirit can be a poet, a philosopher, or a public speaker, any more than he could have been one in life; and even as in earthly life we need the humble craftsman for certain tasks, so must we look to less intellectual souls in spirit-life to give us those physical demonstrations which alone can make an impression upon the confirmed materialist or the wooden-headed sceptic.

It is all part of the great scheme of that divine Power which directs the world's destiny.

Contains Reports of Sittings in which Languages unknown to the Operator have been written.

I HAVE thought it advisable, in order to permit of a systematic classification of our experiments, to chronicle them not in the order in which they occurred, but according to the nature and character of the messages, thus devoting a chapter to "Nicolò," one to Zola, another to my automatic writing, etc. In pursuance of this plan, I have reserved for one chapter those messages which—from a purely scientific point of view—contain the most interesting and convincing details.

I refer to various cases when foreign languages unknown to my mother and myself have been written upon the Additor.

I. NORWEGIAN

The first case which occurred after our return to Europe took place on the 15th of June, in the presence of three witnesses, Princess ——, Count ——, and Fräulein Victoria von Medem. (Out of deference to the wishes of the lady and gentleman, who do not care to be connected with Spiritualism, I omit the names.) A written statement of the third witness concerning her impressions is appended.

The situation was as described in the following statement of Fräulein von Medem. She writes :

STATEMENT MADE BY VICTORIA VON MEDEM CONCERNING THE HAPPENINGS ON THE 15TH OF JUNE, 1926, WITH THE ADDITOR.

I hereby testify that I was present upon this occasion. We sat according to the following plan :

Princess R. Count v. F.
* *
Frau v. R.*
* *
Mr. v. R. Miss V. v. M.

It was about 10 o'clock in the evening. At the special request of another lady (Princess R.), Mrs. v. Reuter's eyes were not blindfolded. I observed continually her eyes. They were closed during the entire proceedings. Soon the box began to slide up and down, and to indicate various letters. As far as I could see, the writing seemed to be very accurate. It was the first time that I saw the box move with such a regular quickness. The writing took about half an hour.

I know that neither of the other persons assisting know Norwegian, nor do I. Mr. and Mrs. v. R. do also state that they never had occasion to learn Norwegian, though this of course I cannot vouch for. This is an accurate statement of what took place. After the writing had ceased, Mr. v. Reuter said : " This seems to be Norwegian or Danish, on account of the resemblance to Swedish. Probably it is Norwegian, as the name ' Grieg ' is mentioned, and Grieg was a Norwegian."

I am convinced that there was no fraud, although I cannot explain the origin of the phenomenon.

(*Signed*) VICTORIA V. MEDEM.

The text of the message was as follows :

Jeg er Norsk. Jeg borde i Norge taet ved Kristiania poa landet. Mitt navn er Grieg. Jeg vil

skrive lidet, men godt, ikke meget. Jeg er glaedt at se Dem. Det er haardt[1] foer mig at skrive. Jeg er ikke vant til det. Paganini er stor mand. Han er forer her. Han er her foer mig. De spilla meget vakkert. Paganini er min ven her. Ikke moera. Farvel, levvel. Jeg maa gaa nu. God nat. Tak, tak.

Ques.: "Won't you give your name?"

Ans.: "Jeg her gifet."

English Translation

I am Norwegian. I lived in Norway, close by Christiania, in the country. My name is Grieg. I will write a little, not much, but good. I am glad to see you. It is hard for me to write. I am not accustomed to it. Paganini is a great man. He is guide here. He is here for (or *before*) me. You play very beautifully. Paganini is my friend here. No more. Good-bye. I must go now. Good night. Many thanks.

I then asked (in Swedish): "Could you give your name?"

Ans.: "I have given it."

Note.—As I had had the pleasure of meeting the distinguished Norwegian composer during his lifetime, it is not illogical that he should have paid me a visit.

Upon another occasion some months later we were spending the evening with a Norwegian lady. An experiment with the Additor was made, my mother and the lady simultaneously directing the Hesperus, while I took down the letters.

A Norwegian-speaking Intelligence announced it-

[1] The word "haardt" is not absolutely correct. The more correct word would be "vanskelig" (difficult). Also in English the use of the word "hard" would not be absolutely legitimate to express "difficult." Probably the Intelligence used the easier word to transmit.

self, stating that the mother of the lady wished to greet, but was not strong enough to write herself. As the lady was without any experience in writing, the force soon gave out and the connection was broken. I did not attach much importance to the case, the lady herself being Norwegian, so that it was quite possible that the Norwegian words came from her subconsciousness.

Several days later, in a different city, we were experimenting with the Additor, when, to my intense astonishment, the following words were written :

" Jeg will min datter. I afton je kan skrive. Jeg er starkt i dag."

English translation : " I want my daughter. This evening I can write. I am strong to-day."

Recognising the language to be Norwegian, I addressed the Intelligence in Swedish, saying that unfortunately her daughter was not present to-night, but that the next time we met the lady we would give her a chance to receive a message.

" Do you understand ? " I asked.

The Additor then wrote : " Jo, meget snilt. Jeg er riklig tilpas. Tak. Maonge tak. Good nat."

The first part of the text I was able to translate, owing to my knowledge of Swedish, but the words " meget snilt " and " riklig tilpas " were beyond me, as they were not similar to Swedish. I sent the text to the lady, who wrote me a few days later as follows :

Many thanks for your very interesting news. Your translation of the first part of the message is quite correct. The rest of the words are : " Yes. Very amiable. I am much obliged. Thanks, many thanks." The remarkable part of it is that the words " meget snilt " (very amiable) are very charac-

teristic of my mother. It was a favourite expression of hers.

(*Signed*) GABRIELLE BLUMENTHAL.

It seems to me that even the most confirmed sceptic could scarcely fail to be impressed by such a remarkably evidential case.

We have here not only an example of a language unknown to the operator having been written, but also of an expression being used in that language which was characteristic of the phraseology of the discarnate Intelligence from which the message purported to come, a deceased lady whom my mother had never met and about whom she knew nothing whatever.

What more can one ask in the way of proof ?

I need scarcely point out to the intelligent reader that, whereas there is a certain similarity between Swedish (which my mother is acquainted with) and Norwegian (of which she had no knowledge), the differences are nevertheless so manifold that it would take careful study to master the Norwegian language, even if one were proficient in Swedish. It is therefore quite beyond the bounds of possibility that a person knowing Swedish should subconsciously be capable of writing correct Norwegian. To be sure, my mother and I have several times spent some days in Christiania and even travelled in Norway. I cannot swear that we have never glanced at a Norwegian newspaper and we have certainly heard Norwegian talked, and have seen my programmes printed in that language. That one could through such fleeting impressions acquire sufficient subconscious knowledge to be able to write correctly logical sentences which hang together, and to answer questions intelligently, seems to me an absurd hypothesis.

II. Russian

I will now give the report of two sittings when phonetical Russian was written. The first case occurred on the 11th of August in the presence of two young Jewish ladies, Miss Minna Eckmann and Miss Dorothy Schapira. Miss Schapira was born in Russia; her family, however, emigrated to America when she was a child of two. Several years ago her father died.

Though I append the translation of the Russian words in conjunction with the words themselves, the reader must bear in mind that no one present (not even Miss Schapira, who had only heard Hebrew and English spoken at home since leaving Russia as a two-year-old child) knew any Russian. After the Hesperus began to move, the question: "Who is there?" was asked.

Ans.: "Ja etah." (*I* am.)

Ques.: "Who are you?"

Ans.: "Ja ahtayts." (I am father.)

(*Note.*—In Russian the article is omitted.)

Ques.: "Whom do you wish to speak to?"

Ans.: "Dahch mne." (Daughter mine.)

(*Note.*—The expression "daughter mine" is unusual. "My daughter" would be more natural. It would also be the expression one would always hear if in Russia, although the other expression is *not* incorrect.)

Ques.: "What language are you writing?—Russian?"

Ans.: "Da." (Yes.) "Etah menyah oshen rohdooyet." (This pleases me very much.) "Kak ya schahsleep." (How happy I am!)

Ques.: "Are you Brother Stanislow?"

Ans.: "Nett." (No.)

I said: "We do not understand Russian."

Ans.: "Neecheevo." (It doesn't matter.)

Miss Schapira here remarked: "I have some recollection of that word."

I asked again: "Who are you?"

Ans.: "Ahtayts." (Father—a word no one at the time understood.)

Miss Schapira asked: "Are you genuine?"

Ans.: "Da. Ya preeshol skasaht vam." (Yes. I came to tell you so.) "Pahnemayen?" (Do you understand?)

Miss Schapira said: "That means 'understand.'"

I asked: "Are you a relation of Miss Schapira's?"

Ans.: "Ahtayts. Dahch mne." (Father. Daughter mine.) "Prashchaite." (Good-bye.)

Then came a number of letters: I g u e s s i v e m i x e d y o u u p e n o u g h, which upon closer examination were discovered to be English: "I guess I've mixed you up enough."

I asked again: "Who are you?"

Ans.: "I wrote it twice. Let Dorothy take it home and translate it. Ma can."

Ques.: "Who?"

Ans.: "Mother."

Ques. (Miss S.): "Who are you, anyhow?"

Ans.: "Don't you remember the word for 'father'?"

Note.—Miss Schapira afterwards stated that her father was of a jocular disposition, and admitted that the personality which appeared to be directing the writing seemed, more or less, typical of him.

On the 21st of August, 1926, we were visited by a young lady, by name Jenia Blumfeld, for whose intelligence I entertain great respect, although she is

a member of a sect for which I have little sympathy. I refer to the Anthroposophical Society of the late Dr. Rudolf Steiner. Miss Blumfeld lived many years in Riga, during its Russian days. It was she who translated the Russian message just recorded.

I was anxious for an interesting demonstration in her presence. A day or so previous to her visit, "Nicolò," writing automatically with my hand, said: "I will ask a Russian friend to write. I cannot promise that he will be willing, but I hope so."

Upon the evening in question "Nicolò" opened the proceedings by writing: "A friend of mine is here. He will write now. Later I."

My mother accordingly took the Additor, and the board wrote in German: "Shall I write German or Russian?" I expressed the wish that Russian should be written, whereupon the words "Dobry vecher" (Good evening) were written.

There followed "Pahnemayeti." Miss Blumfeld explained that this meant "Do you understand?"

The next was: "Y mne zdes nrah veetsa."

Miss B.: "That means, 'I like to be here this evening.'"

Now was written something which I took down as "Ya peetakt."

Miss B.: "I do not know the word 'peetakt.'"

Ans.: "It means 'happy'" (in German).

Miss B.: "As far as I know, the word for 'happy' is 'schastleevy.'"

Ans.: "Ya ooveren ftomshta gahvaryoo." (I am convinced of what I say, or, I know what I am talking about.)

Miss B.: "I never heard the word before."

Ans.: "Neecheevo." (It does not matter.) "Prahsteete." (Excuse me.) "Poznah." (It is late.)

Miss B.: "I cannot place the word 'poznah.'"

Ans.: "Kakoisram!" (What a shame!—evidently meant sarcastically.) "Oostal."

Miss B.: "That means 'I am tired.'" (The Russians always omit the "I am.")

"Spakohini nochee," was then written.

I said: "I know that means 'good night,' because we had it once in America with Brother Stanislow. Then I did not know it."

To the directing Intelligence I said: "We thank you very much for your visit and are very glad that you wrote."

Ans.: "Ochen blagahdahren." (I am very grateful, or, I am much obliged.)

There was a pause now. I picked up the pencil, whereupon "Nicolò" wrote: "It is very tiring to write a language the medium does not know."

The Additor began to write and dictated: "'Poznah' is: 'It is late.'"

Miss B. exclaimed: "Wonderful! I had completely forgotten the word, but now I remember it."

I then asked: "What does 'peetakt' mean?"

Ans.: "As I understand it, *paysakt* means 'happy' or 'joyful.'"

Ques.: "Who are you?"

Ans.: "Translator."

Nevertheless all efforts to locate the word "peetakt" or "paysakt" were unsuccessful. "Paytakt" means "a small coin."

On the 12th of September an unexpected sequel to this conversation occurred. I had been hard at work all day preparing a copy of various messages to be forwarded to Dr. Prince for investigation. Among the records was the one just quoted. In the evening the Additor wrote: "There is a matter upon which I

would like to speak. I am familiar with Russian, but do not know 'peetakt.' 'Happy' is 'schastleevy'; perhaps the word is 'cheetakt.' That means 'read.' 'Takt' alone means 'thus.' I thought you would like to know before you send the letter. Good night."

(Subsequent inquiry verified the statement concerning the meaning of "cheetakt" and "takt.")

We have never been able to ascertain for certain what word the Intelligence meant to write. Probably it was "deelakt," which means "contented" or "satisfied," as I recently was told.

In consideration of the many complicated words and sentences which were transmitted correctly, the fact that one word came through wrong is certainly of minor importance. One might as well doubt the authenticity of a telegraph message, if some word were undistinguishable or misspelled, as not infrequently occurs.

The scientific value of this, as well as of the preceding message, lies not only in the fact that words and sentences were written in a foreign language unknown to the operator, but chiefly in the intelligent and lucid answers given to remarks made on the spur of the moment, which theoretically eliminates the possibility of subconscious or conscious fraud.

For example, the emphatic statement of the Intelligence, "I know what I am talking about," in reply to the controversy about "peetakt," the slightly sarcastic tone of the remark "What a shame!" in answer to Miss Blumfeld's admission that she, in spite of her knowledge of Russian, was unable to place the word "poznah," and the polite "I am very grateful," in answer to my words of appreciation for the trouble the Intelligence had taken, absolutely preclude the subconscious theory, as well as the

theoretical possibility that the text had been prepared in advance.

It must be noticed that the phonetical spelling is, in both cases, according to the English system of phoneticising Russian, again pointing to the theory that my mother hears the voice subconsciously and herself unconsciously clothes the words in English-sounding phoneticism. While adherents of the telepathic hypothesis may be inclined to advance the theory that the presence in the room of a Russian-speaking person might account for the phenomenon, closer examination of the case does not bear out this explanation, quite apart from the fact that there have been cases enough when a language no one present knew has come through. We must consequently search for an explanation to fit all examples.

Once we experienced the following interesting case. A young Russian lady was experimenting with the Additor, but could get no lucid writing. My mother put three fingers of her hand on the Hesperus simultaneously with the Russian girl, and promptly a number of Russian words were written in phonetic spelling, which the young lady had difficulty in deciphering owing to the unaccustomed system of orthography.

The Russian herself could not write her own language, as the apparatus had no Russian letters, but my mother, *who knew no Russian*, was able to get a phonetical message through!

III. Hungarian

In the first days of October, while visiting in a castle in Pomerania (the exact date has escaped my memory), we were asked by a lady, by name Frau Annie von Bonin, who was also a guest, if we would

try to get into touch with her guide. It transpired that the name of the guide was Kunigunde (an old mediæval German name). There followed a conversation of a purely personal nature, which I am not at liberty to chronicle.

After a pause, my mother put her fingers on the Hesperus again, whereupon the following letters were written: "Joestekiwanok" (afterwards translated as being "I wish you good evening," in Hungarian).

I made some remark which the Intelligence does not seem to have grasped, as it wrote: "Mitt mond?" (What did you say?) Then: "Erti on?" (Do you understand?)

"Is that Russian you are writing?" I asked.

Ans.: "Nem uram." (No, sir—equivalent to monsieur.) "Van itt valaki aki magyarul beszel?" (Is someone here who understands Hungarian?)

Ques.: "Who are you?"

Ans.: "Vagyokegy vezeto, egy magyar *vole*" (probably *volt*) "karmester." (I am a guide, a former Hungarian Kapellmeister.)

(*Note.*—"Vole" is incorrect; "volt" would mean "former," probably a slip in taking down.)

"Erti on?" (Do you understand?)

I said: "I am sorry, but I have not the slightest idea what you are writing."

Ans.: "Milyen kar." (What a pity!) "Nogy ertiazt." (How will you interpret this?)

I said: "I wish I knew at least what 'yes' and 'no' are in Hungarian."

Ans.: "Igen, uram, nem." (Yes, sir, no.) "Mennemkell." (I must go.) "Viszontlatasra." (Au revoir.)

Here we have another example of logical answers and questions, the questions being asked in German,

the replies transmitted in a language unknown to the writer.

The question "Who are you?" was answered; the remark "I do not know what you are writing" elicited the polite reply, "What a pity." Upon being asked what "yes" and "no" were in Hungarian, the words "yes" and "no" were instantly given. The Hungarian lady who subsequently translated the text expressed her firm belief that the writer must have been *perfectly* acquainted with the Hungarian language. She stated that the Hungarian orthography is so complicated that only a master of the language could have correctly written the sentences just quoted. Neither my mother nor I have ever spent much time in Hungary, having only stopped a few days in Budapest *en route* for the Balkan States and Turkey. We have never, to our knowledge, even seen a Hungarian phrase-book or grammar, or glanced at a Hungarian newspaper, and even if we had, such sentences as "I am a guide, a Hungarian Kapellmeister," are not the most likely ones to be found in the average grammar, phrase-book, or newspaper.

IV. Polish

I presume there are moments when even the most sincere and earnest investigators of psychical problems are assailed by doubts. The very magnitude of the vista which reveals itself to the conscientious searcher causes a temporary recoil and prompts him to ask himself the question if it can indeed be possible that he, of all the thousands and millions of unenlightened indifferent mortals, stands upon the threshold of knowledge which, if properly used and distributed, should revolutionise the material

world. I must frankly admit that there have been moments when honest doubts have plagued me to such an extent that I have been forced to reason out in detail the pros and cons, in order to recover my confidence. The more one learns, the more insatiable is one's desire for knowledge, and the more proof I receive, the more insatiable becomes my desire for proof.

It was during one of these temporary fits of doubt that I went so far as to say that we had seldom received a message where the theoretical possibility of fraud could be absolutely eliminated, and that it would give me great pleasure to get a test which even the most acute sceptic would find convincing. This was shortly after a letter from Dr. Prince had aroused discussion. I then said that after all we *had had no absolute proof* (?) that all the messages received were not mere subconscious fantasies. A day or so after these remarks of mine to my mother, "Wowo" wrote on the Additor, with my hand alone: "We intend to send you a *Pole* to write."

I asked when the Pole would come, and received the answer: "One evening soon."

Now we, at last, had an opportunity to provide fraud-proof conditions. My mother and I agreed never to separate until the Polish message had been transmitted, thus eliminating the theoretical possibility that one or the other of us prepared the text. I can state, upon oath, that until the Polish was written, my mother and I were not separated for longer than a period of five to six minutes. We even occupied the same sleeping-apartment. Consequently each of us was able to account for each other's actions during the period of the twenty-four hours intervening between the announcement of the visit

of the Pole and the receipt of the Polish message. We never went out of the hotel singly. We happened to be in Berlin at the time of the crisis. On the evening after the notification concerning the Polish message, the first Polish words were written; but as we did not get at the writing until late in the evening, the message was interrupted with the words: "She is too tired to-night." Nevertheless, my aunt afterwards wrote: "Some of the words are correct." I gave the text to Dr. Walther Kröner, of the Berlin Psychic Research Society, and he forwarded it to a Polish member of the society, who translated the words. Unfortunately, Dr. Kröner mislaid the original text after it was returned to him, so that only the translation eventually reached my hands. I append a translation of the statement in the German language made by the translator:

DEAR DOCTOR,

The document sent me contains in the first four lines a number of somewhat falsely spelled Polish words which were rather difficult to decipher.

They read, when translated, as follows: Your suspicions are unfounded. It is a shame. I am disappointed in you.

The rest of the words are English.

(*Signed*)

(An undecipherable Polish name.)

My aunt said the Pole would come again when my mother was fresher, consequently we were obliged to continue the "alibi precautions" for another twenty-four hours. Fortunately we had a witness of the second writing, Fräulein Charlotte v. Polentz, who has kindly given us the following statement of what occurred.

TESTIMONIAL

I hereby testify that on the evening of the 28th of October, 1926, I visited Mr. von Reuter and his mother in their hotel room in Berlin. As I entered the room, I saw Mr. and Mrs. von Reuter seated at a table with the Additor. Mrs. von Reuter had two of her fingers on the Hesperus, her eyes being covered so that she could not possibly see the board. Mr. von Reuter, sitting opposite to her, had three fingers on the box. He was not blindfolded.

He called to me: "Come here and take down this message. There is someone here who says he is going to write Polish."

I was surprised, as although I had known the von Reuters for many years, I was convinced that neither of them knew Polish.

The following message is a copy of the message that I took down, the Intelligence taking the trouble to verify each letter after indicating it by going back to the "yes," as the language was unknown to all three of us.

D s c h i s c h e i j e s c h c z e n i e p u s c h n o m o g e l e p i e p i s e a r j a m u v i e z e p a n s k i i s c h l i f a l s c h i w e s a c s w i c s e c n i e.

Mr. von Reuter then asked in English: "Can you give me a Polish word at random?"

"Tak" was then written.

Mr. von Reuter then asked: "Is the message taken down correctly?"

The answer came in English: "There should be an 'm' before 'ischli.' The rest is correct."

During all this time Mrs. von Reuter's eyes were covered.

(*Undersigned*) CHARLOTTE V. POLENTZ.

BERLIN N.W.6, PHILIPPSTR. No. 1.

The text of the second message was in the original : " Dschichei jeschcze nie puschno moge lepie pisear ja muvie ze panski mischli falschiwe sacs wicsec nie."

Translation : To-day it is not late. I can write better. I say that the thoughts of the gentleman are false. No more now."

I asked if the Intelligence would be willing to give me some Polish word at random. The answer came : " ' Tak ' is yes." (Later verified.)

The reader will perceive the analogy of the two messages, each being intended as a reproof for my doubts.

I could no longer raise the objection that fraud was *not theoretically* out of the question, as our movements had been under mutual surveillance since the moment when " Wowo " had announced to me alone her intention to send a Pole to write. In the present case, I, so to speak, no longer had a leg to stand on, as far as scepticism went.

The assumption that the few days my mother and I spent in Warsaw nearly twenty years ago would have furnished us with sufficient subconscious knowledge of such a complicated language as Polish to write such phrases as " Your suspicions are unfounded " and " The thoughts of the gentleman are false " would be too absurd for serious consideration. After such overwhelming proofs, further doubts would have savoured of idiocy. My demand for a convincing demonstration had been granted in the most brilliant manner possible.

V. Dutch

But equally remarkable proofs were to follow. A week or so later, with my hand alone, " Wowo "

wrote : " I will bring an old friend to-morrow evening to write."

She refused, however, to give the name. The next evening, " Nicolò " opened the proceedings by writing automatically with *my* hand that a Dutch friend wished to greet through *my mother*. Thereupon a message in Dutch, which occupied three pages of largely written words, was transmitted. Part of the text was of so confidential a nature, referring to a private matter upon which the writer wished to give me advice, that I must refrain from printing that portion of the writing. Enough of the text, however, remains to fulfil the present need. The writing began with :

Original	*Translation (afterwards supplied by the Dutch Consulate in Berlin)*
Goeden avond.	Good evening.
Hoe vaart ge ?	How are you ?
Ik ben een vriend.	I am a friend.
Ik ben verhengd u weertezien, myn vriend.	I am glad to see you again, my friend.
Ge ziet goed uit.	You are looking well.

F. v. R. here asks : " Did I know you in life ? "

Ans. : Zeer wel. (Very well.)

F. v. R. : " Will you give your name ? "

Ans. : Pieterse. (The name of an old friend of mine, who was Consul-General in Smyrna.)

F. v. R. : " How are you ? "

Ans. : Ik dank u,	I thank you,
Zeer god.	Very well.
Ik heb voor u een raad, met uw verlof.	I have some advice for you, with your permission.
Sta mij die bede toe ?	Do you permit me ?
Zal ik myn raad geven ?	Shall I give my advice ?

The writing then continues, and upon being trans-

lated by the Consulate is seen to refer to a private matter which I do not care to make public. Suffice it to say that the advice was excellent and contained such expressions as :

Ge waart onvoorzichtig voor een jaar.	You were imprudent a year ago.
Dat zal nietwel gaan.	That will not go well.
Ik spreek ernslig.	I speak earnestly.
Ik vind het beter,	I find it better.
Ja, ik weet het zeker het is beter.	Yes, I am certain it is better.
Neem u een andermal in acht.	Be careful another time.
Ik waarschuw u.	I warn you.
Weest verstandig, in dien u mijn raad wilt volgen.	Be sensible and follow my advice.
Spreken wijer niet meer van, mijn vriend.	We will not speak any more about it, my friend.
Ik moet heen.	I must go.
Tot wederziens, een ander maal zal ik wat langer blijven, als mij vergund.	Au revoir. Another time I will stay longer, if I am allowed to.
Het is laat. Ik heb niet gedacht dat het zoo laat was.	It is late. I did not think it was so late.
Ik moet heen.	I must go.

F. v. R. here remarked : " That must be : ' It is late.' " Whereupon a friend who was present took out his watch to see what time it really was, whereupon was written :

Het is nog vroeg, ik moet gaan.	It is still early, but I must go.
Mijn groeten aan uwe moeder.	My greetings to your mother.
Tot wederziens.	Till we meet again.
Droom zalig.	Pleasant dreams,
Ik dank u.	I thank you.

The personality expressed through the writing was exceedingly indicative of Consul Pieterse, as he was in life, an energetic, slightly authoritative, but exceedingly amiable man, a sincere friend and a warm admirer of art and music.

The translation was kindly furnished by the Dutch Consul-General in Berlin, who wrote as follows :

Copy of Original

In reference to your letter of the 21st of the month, I hereby return you the enclosure, with the remark, that the Dutch therein is correct, with the exception of a few mistakes in orthography, which I have corrected with red ink. Konsul Uije Pieterse was Dutch Consul-General in Smyrna. A translation is also enclosed.

Yours most sincerely,

(*Signature*)

Consul-General.

On Christmas Day Consul Pieterse came again and wrote Christmas greetings, saying he was bringing us good luck for the coming year.

VI. Turkish

I now come to perhaps the most singular experience of any we have had with foreign languages unknown to us.

My aunt had several times made reference to a Turk who wished to write. On the 3rd of December, 1926, the Turk made his official début with the Additor. We asked him if he would be willing to write Turkish, whereupon he replied that he would begin by giving us the numbers. He then proceeded as follows: 1 is " bir," 2 is " iki," 3 " utsch," 4 " dort," 5 " besch," 6 " alty," 7 " jedi," 9 " dokus," 10 " on," 11 " onbir," 12 " oniki."

I then remarked: " You omitted the number 8." The surprising reply came: " I do not like the number between 7 and 9." He also refused to give number 18. Upon being pressed to explain this singular antipathy, he answered: " I will send a friend to-night."

We accordingly made a pause of 15 minutes, then tried again, whereupon was written: "'Ssekis' is the word for 8. That number my friend does not like. All the misfortunes of his earthly existence had to do with the number 8. He has not entirely conquered his earthly dread of it. He lost his mother on the 18th. His only son was crushed in an accident on the 8th. His house was burned on the 8th at the hour of 8. His bank failed on the 8th of the 8th month. He himself passed over the border on the 18th of the 8th month at the 18th hour. He would not write 8 for you lest he bring disaster to you. All the numbers he wrote are lucky. I say 8 is a lucky number for you, but not 19. 1919 was unlucky for you." (*Note.*—Upon thinking over the past, I was unable to place any particular stroke of misfortune which occurred to me in that particular year, though I admit that it was not one of my most successful years.) He then wrote on: "But it is now passed. I see no black spots for you in future nineteens. Kismet. Allah akbar." (*Note.*—A strange case of superstition lasting beyond the physical grave.)

On the 7th the Turkish lessons were resumed. Besides the continuation of the table of numerals with 20, "jirmi"; 30, "otus"; 40, "kirk"; 50, "eli"; 100, "jus"; 101, "jusbir," such expressions as: "thank you" (ewala), "excuse me" (awidinis), "good night" (gedscheler), "it doesn't matter" (sarar jok tschelebi), "I only understand Turkish" (jasynys turkdsche bilirim), "good" (pek eji), "the peace of God be with you" (selam aleikum), were transmitted. Upon this occasion the translation was always given in French, instead of English.

At the third lesson, which took place on the after-

noon of the 8th, in the presence of two acquaintances, Frau Oberförster Busch and Fräulein Margrit Dintl, there occurred an amusing contretemps. The writing began with " I am here " ; then the traditional Turkish greeting, which we ourselves were familiar with since our visits to Constantinople and Smyrna : " Akschamlor nys hair olssun " (literally, " I wish you good evening "). Then the following words were written : " hour " is " ssaht," " day " is " gun," " to-day " " bugun " (this last in answer to a question of mine). I then suggested that the two ladies should ask for words.

Fräulein Dintl accordingly requested the Turkish word for " to-morrow." The answer " dun " was given.

Frau Busch asked for " midday " and received the answer " aoniki." A short pause ensued. Immediately after the interval, the Additor surprised us greatly by writing : " I am a Turk, the other is a Greek. He makes mistakes. ' Jarym ' means ' to-morrow,' ' dun ' means ' yesterday.' " The Turk seemed aggrieved, as he continued : " He must go ; he can come and write Greek " (thereby intimating that he considered himself our official Turkish instructor, and that the " Greek " was an interloper).

After this little contretemps, which would seem to afford an example of officiousness in the spirit-world, the Turk proceeded to give us the following words : month, " ay " ; week, " hafta " ; year, " ssene " ; minute, " tikiti " ; thousand, " bin." He wrote " Sunday " (your Sunday he wrote) is " basar gun." In reply to my suggestion that he give us a verb, he wrote, " eji " is " I am " and " it is," then added that we were not sufficiently advanced to be given verbs. He finished with : " Allah ais marladyk " (God sends greetings).

Now, I do not propose to chronicle in detail each Turkish lesson we have received. Suffice it to say that the Turk continued his visits regularly for two weeks, during which period we picked up a good deal of what purported to be Turkish, though as yet we had had no opportunity to verify the accuracy of the information vouchsafed. We soon found that this information was always given systematically, the conversation usually being opened with some appropriate remark. Once he began with a phrase which he translated as meaning: "The weather is bad to-day. It is raining" (a fact which up to that moment we had not remarked). Upon my asking him to give us "it is snowing," he answered: "But it is not snowing. I cannot say it is snowing when it is not snowing."

A few days later, however, when it really *was* snowing, he wrote: "To-day I will write 'it is snowing,'" and promptly did so in Turkish. Another time, when I was in bed with a cold, he began in Turkish: "You have a cold, you have caught cold," and kindly proceeded to prescribe "ssut ssydschak" (hot milk), also telling me to close the window ("kapa pendchurim"). Among the words which he has added to our vocabulary are to be found those pertaining to the relationships and sexes, such as brother, "birader"; boy, "oglan"; girl, "kys" (which, I assured him, I considered an excellent and highly suitable word for "girl," although I am convinced he failed to perceive the joke!); man, "adam" (also strangely appropriate!); woman, "kary"; child, "schudschuk"; friend, "dost"; then the names of domestic animals, such as horse, "at"; cow, "inek"; dog, "kopek"; cat, "kedi"; calf, "dana"; bird, "kusch"; then

goat, sheep, chicken, donkey, etc. (each animal suggested by myself and promptly given), the words pertaining to the seasons, the elements, the colours, the days of the week, the parts of the body. When he has written all he wants to, he always writes: "Jeter" (enough).

He also gave writing-materials, such as paper, envelope, pen, pencil, stamps, all except the word "ink," which for some reason on the first occasion he was unable to transmit.

He wrote plaintively: "Why won't you let me write it?" and "It won't write. Red ink is called 'kermesi,' black is 'ssiach.'" (*Note.*—Afterwards verified.) A few weeks later he was able to get the word "ink" through, it being what one might call a "jawbreaking" word, i.e. "murrekeb."

The reader will be wondering whether all these supposedly Turkish words were genuine, or merely the concoction of a fantastic subconsciousness, with no reality to fall back upon. For the first time had we received *in conjunction* with the words and sentences written the presumably correct translation. In all other instances of unknown languages we had had to have the text translated. In the present case, however, it was merely a question of verifying the translation given by the Intelligence. Such logical sequences as, for example, the words one ("bir"), two ("icki"), then eleven ("on bir," literally ten and one), "onicki" (ten and two), seemed to point to a logically developed language, unless our subconsciousness were capable of systematically concocting a new Volapük or Esperanto. I say *our* subconsciousness, as the Turkish messages have always been received when my mother and I were simultaneously operating. I will now put an end to any curiosity

the reader may be feeling by stating that I have since been able to ascertain from two different sources that 90 per cent. of the Turkish words transmitted in answer to my questions are quite correct. I think we are consequently justified in regarding this case as one of the most amazing proofs of discarnate intelligence we have experienced.

The reader must bear in mind that the words given were always in reply to questions asked by myself or by outsiders, thus eliminating even theoretically the possibility of conscious fraud, as these questions were always spontaneous, and not the result of premeditation. My mother very sensibly insists that the questions be propounded by others than herself; thus the parts of the human body were given at the suggestion of Miss Margrit Dintl, who herself asked for each word, while the colours, the animals, etc., were given at my instigation.

The supposition that the subconsciousness could unwittingly absorb about two hundred Turkish words and produce them, in logical sequence at request, is too far-fetched for serious consideration. To be sure, there have been cases in which the answer was not correct, as I already remarked, the erroneous replies being 10 per cent. against 90 per cent. correct, which is certainly a very favourable balance for the genuineness of the phenomenon. As to the reasons for occasional mistakes, they may be accounted for either by unconscious interference of the subconsciousness in cases where the word was not instantly grasped, or more probably by errors in notation, caused by the shifting of the pointer. Thus, of the various portions of the human body, nose, ear, mouth, hand, arm, foot, finger, leg, were correctly given, whereas the words for eye, cheek, and tooth were

incorrectly transmitted. I merely mention this as an example. In consideration of the remarkable overweight of correct answers, the few mistakes are of minor importance.

Before proceeding to chronicle the crowning phenomenon I should like to sum up the results obtained, up to the present, through foreign languages unknown to us. If we omit the Latin messages (on the ground that these were mostly Latin quotations, which might conceivably have been the result of subconscious memory), Turkish was the sixth language totally unknown to us, in which messages had been received and questions answered, our questions being in German, English, or French. The number of *words* unknown to us which had been transmitted was approximately: Norwegian, 50; Polish, 30; Russian, 60; Hungarian, 50; Dutch, 150; Turkish, 170; Italian, 60; French, 25. This constituted a total of over 600 unknown words which had been given to us in logical sequence in the course of conversations or detailed messages.

The ardent supporter of the animistical theory will point out that, up to the present, I have not quoted any message received in the language of a country we have never visited. (We have even been a number of times in Turkey, although we have never made any attempt to learn the language.) This argument might be considered a strong one in favour of subconscious memory. Dr. Prince has, with some logic, pointed out that if he, who has never travelled in foreign countries nor made any study of, for example, Italian, should suddenly begin to receive messages in that language, it would be vastly more remarkable. I agree with him, while at the same time pointing out that it would also be vastly less consequential and

natural, as there certainly would seem to be no logical reason for the spirit of the musician, Nicolò Paganini, to endeavour to communicate with Dr. Prince, or for Turkish-, Dutch-, Norwegian-, or Hungarian-speaking Intelligences to get into touch with him, if he has had no friendly relations with these countries. After all, the inhabitants of the spirit-world are not as concerned with the task of giving tests as are many earthly beings intent upon getting them.

In the course of these pages I have quoted so many examples where the character and contents of the writing absolutely eliminate the subconscious hypothesis, that those readers who are still unconvinced might as well throw aside the book and spare themselves the futile task of probing further into the matter.

Before proceeding to deal what I must characterise as a death-blow to the subconscious-impersonation theory in connection with the messages in unknown foreign languages, I will allude briefly to a well-known typical case of real subconscious memory, that of the servant-girl who, in a delirious state, was heard to repeat long sentences in Latin, subsequent inquiry revealing that the girl formerly had been in the employment of a Catholic priest, thus having unconsciously stored up subconsciously extracts from the Catholic breviary, which she had often heard him repeat. This brings us to the crucial point of subconscious memory, that it is unable to alter at will that which it has absorbed. The servant-girl could only repeat mechanically certain Latin phrases of the priest's office which had been unconsciously impregnated upon her subconsciousness. That is because what we are accustomed to call subconsciousness is, in my opinion, merely a dormant portion of our own brain, without an individuality of its own. It is

not, in such cases as just quoted, an independent force. Though our outward intelligence has no apparent control over it, yet it is unconsciously closely allied with the outer-consciousness. That there are cases when messages which are totally independent of the outer-consciousness are imbibed through the subconsciousness is instanced by many examples quoted in these pages. In such cases the origin of the messages would appear to be either telepathical or spiritual.

To credit the subconsciousness with the power to transmit entire conversations in languages unknown to the writer is to ascribe to it powers totally independent of our over-consciousness. We therefore elevate the subconsciousness to the level of a supernormal force, through which supernormal impressions may be conveyed. The inference that this supernormal force is—in most cases—more likely to be spiritual than merely telepathical would seem, in view of the evidence on hand, to be vastly more plausible than anything the animists can produce in the way of contrary proof. I shall now proceed to play my highest trump in favour of the spiritual theory. This case fulfils, as Dr. Prince remarked, when being told of it, all the most exacting scientific demands.

On the 14th of February, 1927, 7 p.m., an Intelligence presented itself with the words in English : " I can write a language you do not know." Upon being pressed to do so, a number of words were transmitted, among which was the word " Sahib," which we recognised as Hindustani. Being anxious to secure a witness for so important an occasion as the writing of Hindustani (a language with which we never had the remotest connection), I besought the Intelligence to return again in the evening, when we would arrange

for several witnesses to be present. It was agreed to continue the sitting at half-past nine. The evening sitting was witnessed by Countess P—— and Baron Friedrich von und zu König-Warthausen. The record of the proceedings was afterwards signed by Baron von König.

Upon the next evening the Intelligence returned again and wrote once more in the unknown language. Before departing, the Intelligence vouchsafed the information in French : " I am French. When you knew me I was called Pierre."

Upon cudgelling our brains to evoke memory of a " Pierre," we were only able to place one acquaintance of that name, no other than the celebrated French novelist known by the pseudonym " Pierre Loti," with whom I had been well acquainted as a child when concertising in Constantinople at the time the French warship of which he was commander was stationed there. I still remember with great pleasure the time he gave a luncheon in my honour on board his ship, the *Vautour*. The fact that Pierre Loti was a remarkable linguist, who had spent the greater portion of his life in Eastern waters (having toured China, India, and Japan), rendered the assumption that he had dictated the Eastern language in question exceedingly logical.

I sent the text to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, with the request to have it submitted to someone acquainted with Hindustani. And now comes the most peculiar part of the case. The reader must bear in mind that I was more or less *convinced* that the language was Hindustani, yet about three weeks later I dreamed that I had met a Persian, who upon examining the script assured me very definitely that the language was not Hindustani but—Persian ! A few days after

this dream,[1] I received an answer from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to the effect that the script contained certain Hindustani words and that it might turn out to be one of the twenty-five languages spoken in India.

The day after Sir Arthur's answer had been received, I seated myself casually at the Additor, whereupon the words " Ask at the Persian Consulate in Berlin " were immediately written in French. The question as to who was writing elicited the answer, " Pierre." Pierre then wrote : " Sahib is also a Persian word. I do not know the language perfectly, as I only picked it up as a tourist." I asked him if he were indeed none other than Pierre Loti. He then admitted his identity, and we had a nice chat about old times. He also wrote : " Zola tells me you like my works. Some time I'll come and write an essay with your hand."

Before having this conversation, I had already sent a duplicate of the text to the official Interpreter and Translator Bureau in Berlin, with the request to ascertain if the script were Hindustani, Arabic, or Persian. A day or so later I received the reply : " The language is Persian, but Persian as it is *spoken* in *India*." A full translation of the contents was enclosed, a translation which has since been confirmed by the Persian Consulate in Berlin, with the exception of certain words which the Consulate was unable to decipher, presumably because of the mixture of Hindustani and Persian which this dialect contains.

" Pierre " afterwards said that the Consulate was not very clever and was kind enough to give us the most correct translation himself,[2] in order that it

[1] Which affords an example of a genuine psychic impression clothed in the raiment of subconscious fantasy.

[2] This improved translation was subsequently verified by the Interpretor Bureau.

might be right in the book. He also added a few new Persian words, which were afterwards verified. I will now append the records of the writing. The reader must remember that the translation of the Persian text was added subsequently, and that up to the receipt of the translation we had no idea whether the questions were correctly answered or not.

14th February, 1927, 7 p.m.

After stating that he could write a language unknown to us, Pierre wrote :

" Assalemaleikum, sahib." (Good day, sir.)

Ques. : " Is that Hindustani ? "

Ans. : " Nachar bi choda." (Literal translation : " No, by God " ; probably idiomatic for No, by the will of God.)

Ques. : " Did we know you in life ? "

Ans. : " Muddati ast." (A long time ago.)

Upon being asked to write more, the Additor wrote : " Salem modar salem pisar." (I greet mother, I greet son.) The word " bas " (enough) was then written twice and the conversation ended for the time being, as the gong sounded for dinner.

Record of Sitting at 9.30 *p.m.* 14*th February*

Present as witnesses, Countess P—— and Baron Friedrich von König. The Additor is worked through Mr. and Mrs. v. R.'s right hands simultaneously. Neither of them looked at the board while writing.

The first question : " Are you there ? " elicits the answer : " Bali."

Ques. : " Is Bali a word ? "

Ans. : " Bali, sahib." Writing continues : " Tschi hidmat baman darid ? " (What do you desire of me ?)

F. v. R. remarks : " ' Bali ' seems to be ' yes.' "

Ans. : " Rast miguid." (You are right.)
Baron von König asks : " Two words ? "
Ans. : " Bali." (Yes.)
Ques. : " Did we know you in life ? "
Ans. : " Muddati ast bist sal." (Twenty years ago.)
Countess P. asks : " What language is this ? "
Ans. : " Istifal kun." (Should be " istifsal kun," meaning " Find out the meaning.")
Countess P. asks : " Won't you tell us what country you are from ? "
Ans. (in English) : " No, because I wish you to find out."
F. v. R. says : " We will do our best to find out."
Ans. : " Chaili chob, sahib." (Very good, sir.)
Countess P. asks : " Is it Turkish ? "
Ans. : " Nachar bi choda." (No, by the will of God. *Note.*—Probably a customary pious expression.)
F. v. R. asks : " Is it Persian ? "
Ans. : " Istifal—s a l." (Should be " istifsal," ; an attempt was made to correct the mistake. = Search.)
F. v. R. : " Please write some more."
Ans. : " Basast." (It is enough.)
F. v. R. : " Will you come again ? "
Ans. : " Namidanam." (I do not know.)
Baron v. K. asks : " Are you often in Wiesenburg ? "
Ans. : " Na, na." (No, no.)
The numbers 15, 2 are written.
F. v. R. asks : " Do you mean the fifteenth day of the second month ? "
Ans. : " Bali."
Ques. : " At 9 o'clock ? "
Hesperus goes to " No."
Ques. : " At 7 o'clock ? "
Ans. : " Namidanam."

The undersigned testify that this record is an accurate account of what took place.

FLORIZEL VON REUTER.

FRIEDRICH KARL, FREIHERR VON UND ZU KÖNIG-WARTHAUSEN.

February 15th, 7 p.m.

Hesperus writes: "Selam batscham." (Good day, my child.) There follows: "Banda tschi bajad bikunam." (What do you wish me to do?) "Bibin tschi hasir kun." (Occupy yourself with what is new" (probably a saying).

I then asked the Intelligence to write some more, as I was much pleased that he wrote, whereupon was written: "Chaili mimnum i schuma hastan." (I am much obliged to you; or I am thankful.)

I said: "Thank you" (not knowing, of course, what had been written).

Ans.: "Tschisi nist." (For nothing.)

Ques.: "Will you give us 'thank you'?"

Ans.: "I have."

The writing then continues: "Sal gunaschta *hat* gunaschta.

(*Note.*—The translator remarks the word should be "guzaschta," also the word "hat" was later corrected by Pierre into "hal.")

I ask: "What is that?"

Ans.: "A saying."

My mother asks: "A proverb?"

Ans.: "Bali, memsahib." (Yes, madam.)

The text of this proverb is idiomatically: "Times change, and with them conditions."

The words "Rast nabajad randshim" are then written. (Never take the truth amiss.)

I said: "Write some more."

Ans. : " Bas ast fursat nadaram." (It is enough. I have no more time.)

Ques. : " Is that also a saying ? "

Ans. : " A remark. Choda hafis schab bicheir." (God protect you. Good night.) " Sahib iltifat schuma." (Idiomatic expression signifying " Remain well disposed towards me, sir," or " May your blessings multiply."

I think that I am justified in maintaining that this is one of the most astounding proofs of discarnate intelligence ever furnished by automatic writing. In fact, I defy the animists to evolve any solution through the many complicated theories they revel in propounding. Neither my mother nor myself has ever been in India or Persia, nor have we ever been personally acquainted with anyone from those countries. The case is rendered all the more remarkable by the fact that the Persian employed is *dialect Persian*, such as is only spoken in India. There is not an atom, not a grain of support for the subconscious theory. The only hypotheses, other than the spiritual one, which can even be considered are telepathy and clairvoyance.

The telepathic possibility can be almost eliminated by the deliberate answering of questions propounded on the spur of the moment, as well as the logical comments appertaining to our remarks. The likelihood of unconscious clairvoyance or clairaudience which enabled the writer unwittingly to transmit words and sentences existing or spoken on some remote portion of the globe is also almost null, in consideration of the peculiar dialect and the answering of spontaneous questions. In fact, I am afraid the animists will have to invent a new theory to fit this case.

Miscellaneous Messages.

A QUESTION we are often asked is: "Why do the spirits want to get into touch with us?" or "Do you consider it right to disturb the rest of the dear departed?" These two questions are either the result of an erroneous dogmatic conception of the spirit-world, or they exemplify the attitude of persons who take pleasure in thinking of the Hereafter as a perpetual summer-vacation with nothing to do but "loaf," if I may be pardoned the common expression.

It is perhaps not altogether ununderstandable that certain hard-working persons, whose tasks have never been of a congenial nature, should be dismayed at the prospect that they will still have duties to attend to on the other side of the door, their idea of work being the result of a purely material conception. The intellectual worker, to whom work is a pleasure, will, however, readily admit that an eternal life of slothfulness would have no attraction for him.

The erroneous and highly illogical conviction of many God-fearing, deeply religious persons, that all feelings of love, loyalty, and affection are eradicated with the death of the physical body, is chiefly founded upon too literal interpretation of biblical symbolical pictures of heavenly joy and celestial happiness.

While personally not a supporter of ritual or dogma of any kind in religious belief, I am bound to

admit that Protestantism has done much to forward this fallacious conception of spirit-life, through its dismissal of the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, the foundation of which is undoubtedly authentic, as anyone who has received spirit messages, or conversed with spirits, knows. The theory that the soul, once freed from its earthly shell, should instantly be at liberty to soar into the highest celestial realms without any preparation is neither logical nor biblical, for the matter of that. A dear old friend of mine (who has very recently become a resident of the spirit-world) shortly before his passing requested me to propound the questions: "What actuates spirits to get into touch with us? Is it because they desire to give proof of Life Eternal?" My friend, an earnest thinker and a deep student of psychic problems, entertained the belief that, the burden of proof lying with the spirits, it was—as he put it—"up to them" to give us as much proof as lay in their power to do.

The following answers to these questions may be said to put the attitude of the spirit-world in a nutshell. The guide "Quintus" gave the following answer to the question: "Do spirits desire to give proof?" He wrote: "Hardly such an object. When my duties lead me here, it is, of course, a pleasure to get into touch with my charge. Even we spirits can feel *ennui*, if we happen to be here alone and unable to make our presence felt. If more guides are assembled, then we can converse together, but I am generally alone when here. I believe some ether-beings do desire to win belief from sceptics, but I confess it is of little moment to me if I am trusted or not."

I remarked: "My friend Mr. G. is not entirely

convinced of the genuineness of spirit-communication, although he is an earnest student of psychic problems."

Ans.: "He must have had poor tests given him in his experiments or he would not still be doubtful. Such scepticism is not altogether unusual, and also not to be discredited as unworthy."

I said: "I also feel that it is as well not to be too easily convinced."

Ans.: "Always probe to the roots of every communication, and you ought to arrive at a satisfactory solution."

A few days later, I put the same questions to "Wowo," my aunt. Her answers are a confirmation of Quintus's standpoint: "We are not much concerned whether people believe in us or not. I don't think anyone worries much about that. Naturally, one wants to talk with those one loves. We like to get into communication with our friends on earth. 'Nicolò' has his artistic reasons for bringing his colleagues."

The attitude of spirit-communication to humanity is the greatest proof of the survival of personality beyond the veil. If we, upon earth, are obliged to take a voyage which involves the necessity of many weeks', or even months', separation from our dear ones, do we not—during that separation—experience a keen desire and necessity to communicate with our absent loved ones, at least by letter? Would it not be exceedingly unnatural if we did not have that longing? Would it not be equally unnatural if, the moment we pass into the spirit-world, all chains of love and loyalty for family, home, and friends should be rudely severed?

I am acquainted with a lady who has repeatedly said to me : " On no account should I desire to speak with my mother. It would give me no satisfaction to feel that my mother still desired to communicate with me. I hope, and am convinced, that she is far too advanced in the spirit-world to desire to communicate with the earth." This is, of course, a matter of personal opinion.

I freely confess that this standpoint presents no allurements for me. I am far happier in the conviction that distances in the spirit-world are easier bridged than upon earth, and that an ether-being may attain very high spiritual development and yet not be forced to sever the ties of love which still connect him with the earth-plane. It is a pleasure to me to be visited at least twice weekly by my dear aunt and my grandparents in the spirit-world, to feel that they are still interested in my welfare, and that they attentively follow all important events which take place in my earthly existence, yet, at the same time, to know that they have attained a high grade of spiritual development. My mother and I are the last of our family, and, I freely admit, often lonely for near ties of blood. If love and affection ceased with physical death, the meeting of friends and dear ones in the Summerland of spirits would lose much of its joy and the doctrines of Christianity much of their beauty.

In the course of this chronicle I have occasionally referred to the telepathic possibility in connection with certain of the messages which we have received. I will now relate several instances which absolutely preclude all possibilities save the telepathical or the spiritual one.

Example One

We were making a sitting in the presence of five persons. A copy of the full protocol of the proceedings, signed by all present, is in my possession, the original record having been forwarded to Dr. Prince for examination. Upon this occasion the words " Emmy and Adolph are here " were written upon the Additor, in German, by one of my mother's controls. Neither my mother nor I had the slightest idea who " Emmy " and " Adolph " were, until one of the ladies present, a Mrs. Waechter, of New York, with whom we were only very superficially acquainted, having only met her three or four times, stated that these were the names of her two deceased children.

I said: " You can testify to the fact that there has been no way of our having received this information through normal means ? "

Mrs. W. answered: " I certainly can."

There followed the words: " The mother of Liesel is here, and greets."

I asked: " Who is Liesel ? "

Again Mrs. W. spoke, saying: " That is my mother. She always nicknamed me ' Liesel.' No one else has ever called me so. My name is Elisabeth."

It was beautiful to see the delight and contentment of the lady, who is an avowed spiritualist, upon receiving these proofs supernormally of Survival.

Example Two

In the presence of Dr. Kröner (of the Berlin Psychic Research Society) and his wife, the words came through: " Someone called ' Johannes ' is here." Unfortunately Frau Dr. Kröner exclaimed at this moment, " That is my brother," otherwise the

identification would probably have been vouchsafed by the Intelligence itself. This does not, in itself, lessen the value of the evidence, as there were at least twenty names which would have been as likely to have been written as " Johannes," if one were to try to account for the name by mere coincidence.

Example Three

In the presence of a young gentleman whom my mother and I had met for the first time, an Intelligence gave some interesting examples of thought-reading. The following information concerning the young man was vouchsafed as a test. The year of his birth was first given. It was then stated that the conditions attending his birth were not absolutely normal, that he had come into the world two weeks earlier than expected. (*Note.*—This information was not absolutely correct. As a matter of fact the birth occurred *two weeks later.*)

Upon being asked if it could tell where the gentleman lived, the Intelligence replied : " He has moved so often in the last months, that the vibrations are a little mixed. I see the number 7 many times in connection with him." The gentleman thereupon testified to the fact that he had indeed changed his abode four times in the last months and that he was in the habit of reaching his present address by taking tram-car number 77 or 177, also that he had lived twice recently in houses the numbers of which contained a 7 ; furthermore, that he was born on the 17th of the month.

Example Four

At an experiment made for the benefit of Dr. Walter Prince, upon the occasion of our meeting at

the Paris International Congress for Psychic Research, September, 1927, a message was transmitted, purporting to come from a friend of his.

An accurate description of the person in question was vouchsafed, it being stated, furthermore, that the friend had looked younger than he was, had been in the habit of speaking very rapidly, had been a clergyman, and had passed away rather unexpectedly.

In answer to a request for the name, the name James, then the letter H, were given. Dr. Prince afterwards stated that he had had a friend, by name James H. James, who had been a clergyman, and to whom the description was applicable.

Example Five

We were guests in the house of a lady and gentleman, of whose family and antecedents we knew absolutely nothing, I having become acquainted with them in the course of my professional work. During our stay there several sittings with the Additor were held, my mother being, as always, the medium. During these sittings no fewer than twenty names, appertaining to the family of our host and hostess, were correctly given by my mother, the said names reaching back through a period of two hundred years, the first ones being those of a mother and daughter (the relationship also being accurately given) whose existence could only be verified by a search through the family genealogical table. It was, indeed, an amazing exhibition to see my mother juggling with Christian and family names of a family about which she could not possibly have had the remotest idea, the crowning moment being reached when our hostess's brother appeared upon the scene, gave his name, addressed his sister lovingly by the pet-name

he was wont to employ in life, and began to chat about family matters, alluding to the lady's deceased son (who had passed over at the age of eight months) and describing the boy's personal appearance. He wrote that the son was now a lad of twelve (the age he would have been, had he lived), that he had beautiful dark eyes and curly hair, a description which exactly tallied with the eight-months-old babe. All in all, it was one of the most interesting and convincing demonstrations we had ever received outside of our own little family circle.

Example Six

My mother was invited to spend the evening in a gathering of persons totally unknown to her.

In the course of the evening an " Additor " was produced and my mother asked to write. Not caring to exhibit her power promiscuously, she demurred at first, but finally gave way. A message came through for a certain Maria (said to be present), purporting to be from her deceased fiancé, by name Willy. Willy wrote that he was often with Maria and that he still loved her. He furthermore brought greetings from her mother. Afterwards a young lady came to my mother with a radiant smile on her face, saying : " I am Maria. Willy was my fiancé. Nothing has made me so happy since years."

Example Seven

A well-known expert in psychic research called upon us in Munich. He was anxious for a demonstration with the Additor. The first Intelligence who wrote professed to be a former teacher of Dr. T. (the expert in question).

He gave his Christian name. However, Dr. T.

was not unnaturally unable to recall the Christian names of his boyhood teachers. The Intelligence then wrote: "You were not good at Latin, don't you remember? You used to come with badly prepared lessons." Dr. T. admitted the accuracy of this statement, and asked for further details. The Intelligence then reminded him that his family had changed their abode when he was ten years old, and that it was after this, when he was about twelve, that the lessons referred to had taken place. Dr. T. corroborated all this, but was nevertheless unable to identify the personality of the teacher. (A proof that the information accorded did not emanate from his subconsciousness.) Several names of fellow schoolboys were also vouchsafed and identified. Then the personality was changed and the name "Elisabeth" was written.

Upon Dr. T. inquiring for further details, the Intelligence wrote: "May I tell you more?" Permission being given, the writing continued: "I used to admire you greatly, but I did not dare admit it, as I was only a maid-servant in the house of your parents. My admiration has remained in eternity. I still have my beautiful hair."

These remarks enabled Dr. T. to identify the writing personality as being that of a pretty maid-servant, by name Elisabeth, who had, in truth, been employed in the house of his parents. The doctor was quite touched by this proof of fidelity and tenderness beyond the grave.

Example Eight

For a lady and her daughter, of whose antecedents we were ignorant, an Intelligence giving the name "Otto" presented itself. The daughter said: "That

will be my grandfather," whereupon the Intelligence addressed her as "my niece." The daughter then stated that she had also had an uncle named "Otto." Whereupon the Intelligence wrote: "Both Uncle Ottos greet"—a statement which was also verified as exact. Later the Intelligence wrote: "Väterchen also sends greetings." Mother and daughter both testified that they had always made use of this diminutive of "father" in addressing the grandfather.

I have alluded to the various cases in detail, because there is simply no way of explaining the information conveyed save through subconscious telepathy or spiritual influence, consequently they afford definite proof of one or the other thing. It is characteristic of the spirit-world that such proofs are invariably offered when unsolicited. If you try to catechise a spirit, or put him through the third degree, he will usually become like a "balky" mule and either refuse to reply or give a sharp answer. We had two amusing instances of this tendency with the spirit named Euphrosyne. In each case a Catholic priest was the cause.

Upon the first occasion I made the remark, "His Reverence is inclined to be sceptical. Would you not give him some proof?"

Immediately came the answer, in inverted German: "How is that possible with a priest, who believes in God? He evidently does not believe in God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. What a pity! I will not remain if one does not believe in me. Good night, everybody."

I shall always remember the ludicrously bewildered expression on the face of the good priest when he

realised what he had been accused of. He said quite seriously: "But I do believe. I did not mean to be sceptical in that way."

The other time was when another priest asked to be present at an experiment. The worthy man insisted upon the most strenuous precautions. Perfect silence had to be observed. I was not permitted, in cases when the needle was not absolutely accurate in its pointing, to verify a letter by repeating it aloud (presumably lest my mother, through some secret code, would be able to follow the writing, in spite of being made to sit with her face turned completely away). In his efforts to control the board and at the same time my mother's face, the excellent priest almost made himself cross-eyed. Euphrosyne was equal to the occasion, however. She wrote inverted: "You desire to test me. I wish to examine you. Tell me how often the word 'Hochwürden'" (your Reverence) "is to be found in the Bible?"

At this point I thought it advisable to break off, for fear our guest should be inclined to hold us responsible for the "heretical utterances" of Euphrosyne. He left the room in rather a puzzled state, saying: "But the word 'Hochwürden' does not come at all in the Bible, unless 'domine' is meant."

I suppose spirits may reasonably be excused for not caring to demonstrate before a certain class of sceptics. It is something like asking an artist to do his best for some person who has neither knowledge nor appreciation for music. It is no good expecting it of him; he will not be able to.

In the course of Book I of this chronicle I have referred several times to the theory of directing the Additor by muscular memory, stating at the time

that I had known several instances of accurate writing when the operator was manipulating the board for the first time.

The most remarkable case of this kind I experienced with a ten-year-old child, a simple little Swiss boy, who, upon seeing us working the Additor in his home (where we were paying guests), asked to be allowed to try himself. Half laughingly we consented, never expecting anything to come of it when he placed his grimy little fingers on the Hesperus. But lo and behold! the box immediately began to move and wrote correctly in German: "I love Hellmut"; the *boy not looking at the board at all* and not knowing what was being written.

"Who are you?" I asked.

Ans.: "I protect Hellmut."

Ques.: "What is your name?"

Ans.: "Glamloch."

Ques.: "Are you satisfied with your child?"

Ans.: "More or less, but he is too timid. He should have more courage, as I always watch over him."

Here the writing ceased, but sufficiently lucid material had been transmitted already to furnish remarkably evidential proof. To be sure the remark "He is too timid" might have proceeded from the boy's own thoughts, as he subsequently admitted that he was afraid of the dark. But, on the other hand, how is a ten-year-old boy, who naturally has not the slightest inkling of anything pertaining to Spiritualism, to evolve out of his sub-consciousness a guardian-spirit with the fantastic name of Glamloch? At least this example knocks out the theory of muscular memory.

My aunt afterwards wrote that the child was very

psychic and that he could easily get automatic writing, a statement which certainly seems credible in consideration of the remarkably clear writing he received with the Additor the first time.

A more dramatic and tragical example of correct writing upon the occasion of a first experiment is the following.

A gentleman of my acquaintance asked for an opportunity to try the Additor. The experiment took place at 10.30 p.m. in his residence. Mr. B. sat back in his chair with closed eyes, his wife and I taking down the letters. My mother was not present. To my surprise, the writing was accurate from the first, a peculiar trembling motion, instead of the quiet gliding movement, being especially noticeable. The startling message which we took down read as follows: "My name is Dagobert. I mean well by you. I am a friend of M. B." (the initials of the gentleman. "I honour him greatly. He will soon come over to us. I reveal it to you to-day. We need people with spirit and understanding."

At this moment the wife interrupted in great agitation, saying: "What nonsense! It is not true!"

The writing then continued: "It is true. You will miss him. He is too good for earthly Veritas. He must come into our midst as expiator for the sins of others who——"

Here the wife broke into tears, and begged us to discontinue.

Realising that, on account of the nervous state of the wife, it would be impossible completely to conceal the character of the message from the writer, I thought it best to tell him myself as frankly and gently as possible the distressing contents of the writing,

endeavouring at the same time to make light of the matter.

My friend was, however, firmly convinced of the genuineness of the warning. He remarked with great composure that he had always expected to have a long life—being only forty-two years old—but that he was ready to go if he were convinced that his abilities could be used to greater advantage on the other side of the veil. I made a copy of the message, dated it the 13th of December, and my friend placed his signature beneath the date.

This document lies before me as I write, barely two and a half months later. A week ago I received the notice of Mr. B.'s sudden death. It would seem that family differences which brought about the recurrence of heart-spells, from which the gentleman occasionally suffered, hastened his demise, though I, for one, am convinced that his passing was in fulfilment of the inexorable law of destiny, which had been revealed to him upon that memorable night. There are people who will maintain that his death was the result of auto-suggestion inspired by the character of the message. This theory, which is not without a certain psychological plausibility, cannot, however, account for the *message itself*, which is certainly not the sort of message a normally healthy man, in the prime of life, would be likely to evoke from his subconsciousness. At any rate, it is a highly interesting and dramatic case of the drastic fulfilment of a warning.

Speaking of fantastic names for guides reminds me to say a few words upon this subject.

In the course of our experiments we have succeeded in putting a considerable number of persons into

touch with their "guides." In addition to the already mentioned Euphrosyne, Quintus, and Rana Quoth, guides with such names as the following have presented their credentials: Bonifacius, Eusebius, Procratius, Lothario, Dagobert, Kunigunde, Willibald, Nicholas, Jutta, Tua, Dariana, Helios, Lauritius, Roxane, Felicia, Seraphina, Gregoire, Cyriax, Glamloch, Leonidas, Zacharia, Paulina, Tatiana, Zador, Clotilde, Stefan, Victor, Cristofo, Eulalie, Prospero, Philoberta, Charmion, Violante, Tarquisatius, Benno Otto, Cyril, etc. In many cases the guide has indicated that his present cognomen is not identical with his earthly name.

On one occasion a guide presented himself who gave his name as Pierre, Comte de Condé. He explained that he had died of typhoid in the Conciergerie, during the French Revolution. Unfortunately, the gentleman for whom he was there spoiled matters completely by insisting upon putting him immediately to the test by asking him such questions as: "If you can tell me when I was in the greatest danger during the war, I will believe you are genuine." The communication was promptly severed. As I have remarked before, such tests cannot be forced, but must be left to be given at will.

Very interesting was a case we experienced with a dear friend of ours, a well-known German novelist, celebrated for her fervent nationalism and patriotism. Picture the dismay of the excellent lady upon discovering that her two intellectual guides were Jane Austen and—François René Chateaubriand!! The great French novelist was announced by Jane Austen, who gave the correct birth-date as well as the names "François René," all of which information was unknown to all present and was subsequently verified.

The exceeding beauty of the words written by the great Frenchman made a lasting impression on the lady. He wrote in French: "I hope you are not too disappointed at being associated with a Frenchman. But you know, my very dear lady, the race is only a hazard. When a child requires a soul, the wise Father supplies it; so it is merely *chance* that makes one French or German, Japanese or Egyptian. I hope you understand, and that you will now be content to work in conjunction with me and our good friend Jeanne" (referring to Jane Austen).

Once we had several amusing experiences with a house-spirit, who gave his name as "Benno Otto," and also vouchsafed us the year and month of his birth. Afterwards, upon examining the records in an old Bible, inherited many years previously by the family with whom we were staying, we were able to locate the said "Benno Otto" in the person of an infant who passed over in the house of the former owner of the Bible, after eight months' earthly existence.

Benno Otto turned out to be an original character, exceedingly proud of his position as house-spirit of this Pomeranian castle. He would turn up at the most unexpected moments and unceremoniously try to push away other Intelligences, who would be trying to write, on the ground that he, as "home-spirit," had prior claims. Once he seemed to be having a tussle with another spirit, as the two names came through in a thoroughly jumbled manner.

"He is an odd chap," another spirit wrote about him. "He prowls around the house like a biting dog. Fels" (the watch-dog) "sees him sometimes, and barks"—a remark which bears out the theory,

often propounded, that animals are conscious of the presence of Intelligences invisible to human eyes.

This information was afterwards verified in an amusing manner. The mistress of the house told us the following story. She was lying in bed one morning, still half-asleep, when she heard her maid pass through the bedroom and go into the connecting bathroom, softly closing the communicating door between. There ensued a period of five minutes, during which the lady heard the bath water running. Then, to her surprise, the maid began to knock on the door and to call: "Please let me out, madam." Greatly mystified, the lady arose and, going over to the bathroom door, discovered, to her amazement, that the bolt had been pushed, thus rendering it impossible for the servant to leave the bathroom.

Subsequent investigation revealed the impossibility of the bolt having shot itself automatically. An invisible Intelligence must have deliberately pushed it. The same evening the lady sat down to work the Additor. Immediately the name "Benno Otto" was written.

"Who pushed the bolt this morning?" she asked.

"Ich" (I), came the answer.

At this moment Fels, the dog, who had hitherto been lying quietly beside his mistress, suddenly arose and began, with every appearance of excitement, to bark at apparently nothing, his eyes being concentrated upon a certain place behind the lady.

The lady who related me these incidents is a friend of mine whose word is *completely* to be relied upon.

I must not forget to mention my charming little spirit-friend Gisèle, a fifteen-year-old girl, who occasionally visits us. She says she is the sister of the

ancient French composer Louis Couperin. The first time she wrote she explained that she was always called " Gisèle Lafleur " in life. " Parce que j'avais les yeux bleus comme des petites fleurs du blé " (Because I had blue eyes like the little flowers that grow in the wheat). She continued : " I had the temerity to write, because my brother Louis has told me that all artists are brothers. Consequently I am your sister."

I said : " I am delighted to have such a charming sister " ; whereupon Gisèle replied sweetly : " And it gives me great pleasure to be your little sister." She asked me then, with charming childish coquetry, if I was fond of blue eyes, and then told me that she had blonde hair like mine, adding : " You see, I am really your sister."

I asked her to give me a kiss.

She answered : " With pleasure. I kiss you on the lips."

I remarked : " Unfortunately I did not feel the kiss, my dear."

Gisèle also says that she has remained a little girl " in order better to help the little girls who come over without friends." She is anxious for an opportunity to speak through a trumpet.

She has also told us that she sings in the great choirs of the spirit-world, and that she likes to dance " in the gardens where superb flowers grow."

Altogether she is a delightful child, modest, affectionate, and joyful.

Before closing this chapter I wish to reproduce a German poem which was transmitted through my mother upon the Additor.

We had made several experiments for the benefit

of a friend, a lady for whom we have great regard, but who unfortunately has no belief in the life after death.

We had, upon one occasion, succeeded in getting her into touch with her father, who in the course of the subsequent conversation had mentioned names and facts which we could not possibly have known.

The lady had been intimately acquainted with the Swiss poetess Isabelle Kaiser. She remarked one morning: "If I could only get a message from my deceased friend, it would do much to convince me."

Her wish was fulfilled in an unexpected manner that same afternoon. I had been playing the violin. Afterwards someone suggested trying the Additor. Accordingly my mother was blindfolded and took her place at the apparatus.

Immediately the movement began and the words "A message to my Marie" were written in German. (*Note.*—The lady stated that her friend always called her "My Marie.")

There followed a poem in the German language.

I must here append that the final strophe was not transmitted until evening, the Intelligence purporting to be Isabelle Kaiser returning a few hours later to make a few corrections in lines which she said had not been correctly written, and to give the last verse.

The poem reads in the original as follows:

Original	*Free Translation*
Ein Leben ist kurz,	One life is short,
Ein Leben ist lang.	One life is long.
Ein Leben ist Leiden,	One life is suffering,
Das Andere Gesang.	The other a song.
Ein Leben ist Schwäche,	One life is weakness,
Ein Leben ist Kraft.	One life is strength.
Ein Leben ist feindlich,	One life is enmity,
Das Andere Liebschaft.	The other love.

Ein Leben ist toericht,	One life is folly,
Ein Leben ist Weisheit.	One life is wisdom.
Ein Leben ist tierisch,	One life is carnal,
Das Andere Keuschheit.	The other chaste.
Ein Leben ist Trubel,	One life is turmoil,
Hass, Neid, Arbeit.	Hate, envy, labour.
Das Andere ist Friede,	The other is repose,
Lieb, Ruhe, Schönheit.	Love, peace, and beauty.
Ein Leben ist Suchen,	One life is searching,
Ein Leben ist Finden.	One life is finding.
Ein Leben Versuchen,	One life is striving,
Ein Ueberwinden.	The other surmounting.
Ein Leben ist Trennung,	One life is parting,
Ewige Traurigkeit.	Eternal sorrow.
Das Andere ist Grüssen,	The other is greeting,
Wonnige Ewigkeit.	Joyful eternity !

Now, I am not going to assert positively that this poem may be considered as a masterpiece of German diction. I have shown it to a number of experts, and opinions differ.

Some say the rhyme and metre are good, others pronounce them to be weak.

This is not the point at issue. The interesting and convincing thing about the poem is that my mother would, under no circumstances, have been consciously capable of writing any kind of a poem in the German language. I need scarcely point out that to speak a foreign language fluently does not simultaneously endow one with the power to rhyme in the said language, let alone to concoct a poem, without even a time for preparation, which—putting aside the question of its literary worth—may, at least, be said to be typical of the philosophy and outlook upon earthly life of the person from whom it purported to come.

Isabelle Kaiser was in life an avowed pessimist.

Her earthly existence was a series of catastrophes, which broke her spirit and caused her to long for dissolution.

This would account for the exaggeratedly pessimistical representation of the earthly life in comparison with the life everlasting.

At the end of the poem my hand wrote in French: "Tell Marie that I dedicate the poem to her." (*Note.*—Isabelle Kaiser, being part French, spoke both French and German equally well.)

Mention should furthermore be made of two spirit-visitors, who in the manner of their conversation afford an interesting contrast, representing, as it were, two poles.

These two spirits have only visited us upon one occasion.[1] Number One gave his name as "Helios," and introduced himself in the following picturesque language:

"By the gods of thy forefathers cometh thy servant Helios, at the dying hour of the passing day." (It was the hour of sunset.) "Jehovah, by the name of the great Zeus, greets thee."

I said: "I suppose you mean by this that the names Jehovah and Zeus are merely two expressions for the one and only Almighty Father."

I was rewarded by the flattering answer: "Thou hast perceptions of a high order."

The Intelligence then vouchsafed the information that he, Helios, had been "a servant of the gods of his country on that mount where stands the great temple Acropolis. Helios has bowed at the feet of thy revered Paulus and had the privilege of kissing

[1] Since penning the above lines, "Helios" has visited us again several times.

his feet. He taught Helios to call the great Zeus, Jehovah."

He then wrote : " Helios has the power of materialising upon the earth-plane."

I asked him if he would materialise for us.

He replied : " Hadst thou the force required, Helios would gladly reveal his form as it was when he carried for his gods." (*Note.*—He seems to have been a servant of the priests.)

He parted from us with the promise that he would come again some time, and give us some lessons in Greek. This, I must add, he has not yet done.

And now for the startling contrast. The other visitor referred to gave his name as " Nat Overton " and wrote that he had gone over ten years ago in France. He then proceeded : " I want to stamp out that silly idea that all spirits are devils. That's why I come. 'Cause devils don't behave like we do. They give bad ideas and talk awful sometimes. I ain't got much book-learnin', but I'm getting on just as fast as some of them Profs. I got a band of pit-boys under me and they's gettin' clean thinkin'. I preaches to 'em, and we've got one of the best singin' choirs in our sphere. I used to try to get 'em on the rite road when I was in Wales."

Ques. : " You did some sort of missionary work amongst the miners, I suppose."

Ans. : " Yes, you got it straight. I ain't thinkin' of meself. It's them other boys that I'm glad to get on. Sometimes I go to sittin's in the pit regions and I give lectures. Talk both ways, trance and direct voice, and I've been told that lots of 'em begins to see light. Convert a lot that way. They goes home singin' sams." (Psalms.) " Some comes

over without no warning, so they can't repent there, and I helps 'em here."

Ques. : " Are their sins forgiven them ? "

Ans. : " Sure go. God ain't nowhere like so revengeful as we was told on earth."

Ques. : " What brought you to us ? "

Ans. : " A feller I know told me to come and have a chat with you. Good night."

The personality of this honest, God-fearing " diamond in the rough " is singularly convincing, and affords a delightful example of personality retained after physical death. It also reveals the illogicism of the opinion of those people who believe that there is a King James Bible-language in the spirit-world, which every new-comer, however lowly, instantly acquires the facility to speak. The reader with a logical mind will instantly realise that a spirit able to address the miners in their own vernacular—a sort of Billy Sunday, in fact—has far greater chances of accomplishing his self-imposed mission of salvation than your average ordained clergyman with his high-flown eloquence.

In concluding this chapter I would again lay stress upon the fact that I have endeavoured to eliminate from the records selected for publication all messages of an essentially intimate and private character, which would have neither scientific importance nor be of interest to the average reader.

Thus the frequent heart-to-heart talks with my dear aunt, which often contain many evidential points, the visits of my grandparents, the occasional " turning-up " of some old friends or almost-forgotten acquaintance, are matters which concern no one but ourselves, and consequently have been

suppressed. To be sure, it is such intimate chats with our dear ones that bring the beauties of Spiritualism home to us and cause us to feel that if it be indeed only our own subconsciousness which is creating the so lifelike personalities of our beloved relatives, we should prefer not to be undeceived, but to continue in the peaceful and happy channels of thought which the spiritualistic belief has opened to us. The Animists may scoff at what they call the childish superstitions of the Spiritualists. They may fabricate and evolve theories to account for every form of spiritual revelation, from simple physical phenomena to the direct voice, as indeed they are now busily occupied in doing in certain scientific circles; they may move heaven and earth to build an insurmountable barrier between Occultism and Spiritualism. But the fact remains that they cannot deprive those persons who are convinced that they have spoken with their loved ones on the other side of the beautiful consolation and hope with which this feeling has inspired them.

And as the number of people who glory in this conviction is steadily increasing at a truly amazing rate of rapidity, and the number of scientists who have been compelled through facts to lay down their weapons against Spiritualism is also little by little growing, if not so quickly, yet nevertheless appreciably, the cause of the Animists is doomed to collapse one of these days on the sand upon which it was built, while the rock of Spiritualism, upon which the Lighthouse of Truth is erected, will stand firm to eternity as God's Message to Humanity.

Notes from our English Experiences. Sittings with Mrs. Barkell, Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. Brittain, Mrs. Travers-Smith, Mrs. Baylis, Mr. Vout Peters, Mr. Sharplin, and Mr. Hope.

THE results of our psychical investigations in England have been, in my opinion, sufficiently remarkable to justify a chapter for themselves. The main object of this trip, judged from the psychic side, was to receive, if possible, through legitimate professional psychics some further corroboration of our personal experiments. In this endeavour we were conspicuously successful, and it is for this reason that I feel bound to include in this book a brief summary of the results attained.

For the sake of brevity, I shall confine myself to the most evidential points, eliminating the majority of minor details.

To give the events in the order of their occurrence, I shall first refer to an interesting verification of an Additor-message we were able to get upon arriving in London. In the winter of 1926 I had received, when directing the apparatus myself, my mother transcribing, a communication from an Intelligence giving the name Antonio de Arredonde. Arredonde stated, in Spanish, that he had been, in life, a Spanish engineer, who had gone to America in 1750 odd years (I do not remember the exact date), having carried out surveying work in Florida and Georgia. My question as to whether his name could be looked

up in an encyclopædia was negatived; however, the information was vouchsafed that details about him could be found in a book by a certain "Bolton."

Afterwards my "aunt" explained that "Nicolò" had brought him as a test, and also wrote: "He thought Georgia ought to belong to Spain."

I asked: "What was Nicolò's opinion?"

Ans.: "He was not interested."

With my usual scepticism I considered the information to be highly doubtful, but was urged by my "aunt" upon another occasion to look up Arredonde. "He is genuine, and must go into the book," "Wowo" wrote.

Upon arriving in England, I inquired in various bookshops about a book on engineering by someone named Bolton, but no information could be gleaned. There were several Boltons mentioned in the catalogue, but none of them had anything to do with engineering. My mother then suggested sending an inquiry to the British Museum. This was done, and a few days later I received the following reply:

DEAR SIR,

The University of California published in 1925 a book entitled *Arredondo's Historical Proof of Spain's Title to Georgia*, a contribution to the history of one of the Spanish borderlands, edited by Herbert E. Bolton. The Museum does not possess this book, but I have little doubt if you purchase it you will find particulars of Arredondo in the introduction.

Yours faithfully,

F. W. SLADEN, *Supt.*

P.S.—I should perhaps have mentioned that Arredondo's Christian name is given in the American

Catalogue as " Antonio de," so there can be no doubt as to his identity with the man about whom you are seeking information.

So far so good. Arredonde and Bolton were real personages. The next question was: " Could we by any means have acquired this remarkably accurate information subconsciously ? " The only conceivable way would have been through having happened to see the book lying on a table and having transmitted a mental picture of the title to the subconsciousness without any memory remaining in the conscious brain, a highly improbable thesis, the more so as the title does not appear to contain the name " Antonio de," which could only have been absorbed by perusing certain parts of its contents. Still, in order to have a scientifically evidential case, it was necessary to eliminate as far as possible this hypothetical possibility. Fortunately this was comparatively easy to do, as there was only one extensive English library to which my mother and I had had access during the period following the publication of the book. This was the library of my late friend Lyman J. Gage, whom we had visited in the summer of 1925. I accordingly wrote to Mrs. Gage, asking the question if a book of that name were to be found in the library. I quote from her reply :

POINT LOMA,
July 29th, 1927.

MY DEAR FLORIZEL,

I have made a search of our library and I can find no such book as *Arredonde's Historical Proof of Spain's Title to Georgia*, by Bolton.

(*Signed, after referring to private matters*),
GLORIA GAGE.

I have alluded to this case in detail because it constitutes a really remarkable example of occult power of some sort, whether spiritual or animistic. Prof. Richet has invented a word for what he calls the supernormal faculty to acquire subconsciously facts unknown to our outer consciousness. He calls it "cryptesthesia." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in reference to the same question, says in a letter to me: "An extension of our own unknown powers *may* account for all book-tests and the acquisition of various sorts of knowledge which are not necessarily in our subconsciousness, but which may be obtained by an unconscious sallying forth of our own etheric. This animistic explanation is, at the best, a very forced and improbable one."

I, myself, admit that the spiritualist theory seems far more logical. At any rate, it was, in his case, one of those rare examples when difficult and uncommon names have been transmitted correctly, the one exception being the final letter in the Spanish name, which was given as *e* instead of *o*, certainly a minor detail.

Several days later my "aunt" wrote: "We are all pleased about 'Arredondo,'" and the Spaniard himself was kind enough to thank me, upon one occasion, for having verified his statement. Thus do we receive, when we least expect them, remarkable tests, whereas in cases where a test is solicited ten to one none will be forthcoming. There would seem to be some law behind the mystery which prevents the spirit-world from delivering tests to order, whether the failure to comply be due to too great tension on the part of the sitters or to some irritation on the part of the Spirit-Intelligences when addressed too dictatorially is not clear. Probably a little of both, I should say.

The first professional medium with whom we got into touch was Mr. Vout Peters. In arranging for a sitting with him in our rooms, I purposely altered the spelling of my name into " van Royter," thus conveying the impression that I was of Dutch ancestry. Mr. Peters is a bright, genial little man, who has seen a good deal of the world in his time. He first told us that he would not go into trance, as he always confined himself to clairvoyance with new sitters. However, after I had opened the sitting with a short violin solo he was unable to resist the psychic atmosphere, and his Indian control, Moonstone, soon took possession. I will refer here only to the most evidential points of the sitting.

1. " Moonstone " described a spirit, the description, tall, thin, long, black hair, piercing black eyes, exactly corresponding to Paganini. He gave the name *Panagini*, and then proceeded to deliver a singularly evidential message.

Mr. Peters (alias Moonstone): " He keeps on saying the word 'Sonata,' and then the word 'Teufel'" (German for devil). " He wishes to tell you that he *did* play it."

I had completely forgotten the incident, but now recalled that some days previously, when performing Tartini's " Devil's Trill Sonata " for some friends, I had been asked whether Paganini had played the sonata and had replied that I thought not, although there was no reason why he should not have done so, as it had been composed about half a century before his birth.

" Nicolò " then proceeded to give me some advice, saying that he preferred to do so through a strange medium, in order to dispel the suspicion of subconscious influence. The whole message was very

evidential, as it pertained to my professional work, Mr. Peters being, of course, ignorant of the fact that I was a professional artist, though he might possibly have guessed it from the short solo I had previously played. Mr. Peters then proceeded to get *en rapport* with our friends Monsieur and Madame Bertran, giving them logical and accurate descriptions and messages from certain deceased relatives and friends of theirs.

Later on he accurately described my friend Lyman J. Gage, and delivered an extremely evidential message of a private nature from that gentleman which touched me greatly, as it showed his regard for me had clearly survived physical dissolution.

All in all, a remarkable sitting which definitely established the genuineness of Mr. Peters's mediumship.

Several weeks later we had another sitting with him, upon which occasion he was temporarily controlled by a cockney-lad who referred to "Nicolò" as "that skinny bloke," thus putting a delightfully humorous touch to the proceedings.

If upon the second occasion there was less evidential matter, this was through no fault of Mr. Peters. It is perfectly clear that a name or description given at the first sitting has evidential value which it is impossible to ascribe to it the second time.

Mr. Peters gave, however, a more or less accurate description of my aunt and my grandmother, and also delivered an applicable message from each of them.

Through the kindness of those delightful people and earnest workers in the cause of Psychic Science, Mr. and Mrs. Hewat Mackenzie, Directors of the British College of Psychic Science, we were able to

have sittings with two other excellent trance-mediums, Mrs. Kathleen Barkel and Mrs. Eileen Garrett. Mrs. Barkel's control purports to be a North-American Indian. He, at first, experienced some difficulty in penetrating into our vibrations, but finally was able to get into communication with an Italian-speaking spirit who played the violin. Mrs. B. then went through the pantomime of playing, repeatedly calling attention to a long stretch of the fingers on the left hand, a very evidential detail, as it clearly referred to Paganini's remarkable left-hand elasticity, which enabled him to play double notes impossible to the average left hand. "White Hawk" then went on to say that the spirit wished me to take pencil and paper and write, under his direction, not words, but —here the hand of the medium began to make lines and movements equivalent to the drawing of a stave. This message was also in a sense convincing, as it tallied exactly with the wish "Nicolò" has repeatedly expressed on the Additor to compose through my brain and hand.

I am genuinely sorry that, as yet, I have lacked the necessary leisure time to concentrate regularly upon this sort of inspirational work, but I hope some time in the near future to do so.

Mrs. Garrett was, at first, unable to get *en rapport* with our vibrations, but was marvellously successful with our friends Monsieur and Madame Bertran. She mentioned names and details concerning private matters of theirs, accurately described various relations, giving names, and diagnosed Madame Bertran's state of health as correctly as if she had been her family doctor—more correctly, in fact, as, at a medical consultation, it is the patient who describes

his symptoms, not the diagnoser. Towards the end of the sitting she turned to me and said: "Your guide is here. He seems to be an Egyptian, as he is a tall, thin, dark man. He passed over owing to a throat-trouble, which took away his voice altogether." (At this moment the medium began to cough.) "He says the only fault he has to find with you is that you are too prone to dissect matters. You pull everything to pieces and argue and argue, thus causing yourself much inner disquiet and incertitude. To be self-critical is all very well, but you are inclined to overdo it." (An absolutely accurate analysation of my attitude to all occult phenomena.)

The medium then continued: "He says that the poet Heine wrote about him on p. 26 of Heine's works." (This last statement is difficult to verify, as there are various editions of Heine's works and many volumes. Of course, it was Heine's essay on Nicolò Paganini which was meant. I was aware of the existence of this writing, but the significance of the remark did not occur to me at once.) Shortly after this the Arabian control announced that the power was going and closed the sitting with an impressive and beautiful prayer.

Mrs. Annie Brittain, another well-known and highly accredited trance-medium, gave us, among a mass of only feebly evidential and appropriate material, two remarkable details which proved the genuineness of her mediumistic powers.

She said a large black dog with a white breast and a white ruff around his neck was lying at my mother's feet. The description exactly corresponded to her Newfoundland dog who died in my childhood. The medium then said: "There is a tiny black dog

—whose name is Peter—who has just come in with a lady. He runs about on three legs only. I cannot see his second front leg, it is either off or drawn up. He is so tiny in comparison to the big dog, that he looks very funny." The little dog thus described and named belonged to a friend of ours whose daughter had passed into the spirit-world since Peter's decease.

It would thus seem that the little dog had now been taken possession of by the daughter.

I asked if the name of the lady could be given. The answer was : " It sounds to me something like Stella." (*Note.*—The name was Rafaella.) The message she gave, though accurate in its way, being to the effect that she desired her mother to be told that she was now reconciled to being a spirit, was not especially evidential. To be sure, the lady had fought against death most desperately ; still, any medium might reasonably assume, consciously or subconsciously, that death was unwelcome to the person, and frame a message accordingly. However, " Peter " in himself was convincing enough as evidence. Certainly I should never have expected to meet the little chap in spirit. It was also significant that the control, Belle, a young girl, seemed to be greatly confused by the number of the Spirit-Intelligences clustering around. She spoke of them as being mostly men and speaking in a number of foreign languages. She also referred to one tall, dark, oriental-looking spirit, who seemed, she said, to be " the opener of the door."

All in all, it was a satisfactory sitting.

While I am on the subject of trance-mediumship, I must not omit to say a few words of commendation

regarding the ability of Mr. Sharplin, a trance-healer and diagnoser, who, under the alleged control of a Chinaman, Chang, does excellent work.

As there is nothing radically wrong with my health, "Chang" was obliged to content himself with the statement that I was prone to dissect matters to such an extent that I often worried unnecessarily, thus unconsciously endorsing "Nicolò's" statement through Mrs. Garrett.

He then accurately described a certain trouble of my mother's caused by a misplaced organ, for which he could find no cure. After that he passed on to my friend M. Bertran. Taking his hand between his palms for a few moments, he said: "You suffer at times with a pain in your chest. This is caused by an accident which you had at the age of fourteen, when you had a bad fall, and, in consequence, there has been a slight dislodgment of one of your ribs, which presses too strongly on the sensitive part." Chang then proceeded to advise a system of massage which he said would decrease the pressure. My friend afterwards testified that he had indeed had a severe fall when a lad of fourteen. He subsequently told me that the massage exercises, which he began to carry out, actually led to the location of the offending rib. When one takes into consideration the fact that my friend had consulted many doctors, even having been X-rayed, always being assured that the trouble was purely a nervous one, I do not think anyone could doubt the psychic powers of a man who, after merely touching the patient's hand, is able to get to the root of the trouble.

Mrs. Travers-Smith, author of that highly interesting book *Psychic Messages from Oscar Wilde*, gave

us a remarkable sitting with automatic writing, which, if it did not prove spiritualism, at least established, beyond doubt, the existence of what I should call a far greater phenomenon, telepathy into the subconsciousness of the medium, whether from us or from spiritual source, I do not know. Her control, "Johannes," first described the inevitable "Nicolò" correctly, saying, at first, that he had lost his eyesight before passing over. This statement was corrected, however, and the throat-ailment which caused Paganini's demise correctly indicated. Upon being asked to give the name of the spirit manifesting, Mrs. Travers-Smith wrote with closed eyes first on the Ouija-board, then with her hand, "Nicolò Paganini," expressing intense surprise upon discovering what she had written.

My mother then asked: "Please give the name you always call my son."

Mrs. Travers-Smith wrote on board and with hand: "Florizello, my dear child, for whom I draw the bow." (Mrs. Travers-Smith did not know anything about me, and my given name is not a common one.)

My mother: "Were you ever in London?"

Ans.: "Often."

Ques.: "Also with my son?"

Ans.: "When he played, yes."

Ques.: "How many times did he play that year in London?"

Ans.: "Twenty." (Mrs. Travers-Smith here expresses surprise and seems inclined to doubt this statement until assured it is correct.)

Ques.: "Has 'Nicolò' brought any friends with him to-day?"

Ans.: "Yes. Two of the band."

Ques.: "Can he give their names?"

Ans.: "Yes." (Mrs. Travers-Smith then writes on board and with hand the name "Tschaikowsky." Afterwards the name "Pablo Sarasate" is correctly written in the same manner.)

Ques.: "Are there other friends or relatives here?"

Ans.: "Wait a little. He will see." (Presently.) "Yes, a lady is here."

Ques.: "Does she give her name?"

Ans.: "Yes. Flora Haddix." (Whole name written without hesitation.)

I asked: "Can she give my pet-name for her?"

Ans.: "Wowo."

Ques.: "What relation is she to us?"

Ans.: "Aunt and sister. Aunt and sister."

Ques.: "Is there anyone with her?"

Ans.: "Yes, two persons."

Ques.: "Can she give my nickname for them?"

Ans.: "Paddy and Manny."

Ques.: "Relationship?"

Ans.: "Grandfather and grandmother."

(At this point the sitting was obliged to be terminated.)

Certainly it was a remarkable exhibition of Mrs. Travers-Smith's occult powers, whatever they may be. To transmit correctly a series of such unusual names as those, which she either volunteered or was asked to give, is, at least, a telepathic feat of no mean order, even if it were merely a case of thought-transference, which in the cases of "Tschaikowsky" and "Sarasate" it was not, these names not having been in our thoughts at the time, although we know, of course, that these two musicians are said to be among our spirit-visitors.

I am convinced that Mrs. Travers-Smith had no

idea what she was writing, and I know that she had no way of deriving any information concerning us, as in making the appointment I had disguised my name.

The reader cannot fail to observe that upon every one of the occasions here quoted (with one exception) a description of Paganini and an appropriate message from him were given by the medium, who was, in no case, aware of my identity.

A few nights later we were spending the evening with Mrs. Travers-Smith when our attention was suddenly called to a series of emphatic raps seeming to come from the window-pane behind a drawn curtain. As the raps continued from time to time, I went over to the window and subjected the corner to a careful examination, without in any way being able to account for the tapping. We were on the second floor of the house, the balcony outside the window was proved to be empty, nor was there any other door or window by which the balcony could be reached, save through the room in which we were seated. I also examined the window-blinds.

Scarcely had I reseated myself when the raps again sounded. I then asked Mrs. Travers-Smith to take her Ouija-board and ask without looking who was endeavouring to make his presence noticed. Immediately the name "Nicolò" was written. As a test, I asked him, if it were indeed he, to give three raps.

There followed three distinct rather loud raps on the window-pane. I then asked him to give his tap-signal (which is the *Carnival of Venice*.) An attempt to do this was clearly made, only the two quick beats at the end of the phrase were indistinct.

Then the raps ceased and the party broke up.

Mrs. Travers-Smith said that she had never had physical phenomena of any kind; but another lady who was present stated that she herself had occasionally had raps in her vicinity. The Intelligence may have been using her force. I give this account with all reserve. Certainly there was no *fraud* of any kind, and self-deception was, of course, out of the question, as the raps were heard by everyone. Although I am always extremely critical where physical phenomena are concerned, I do not see how the raps could be accounted for by normal means.

On the way to Ireland, on a pleasure-trip, we had two sittings with Mr. Hope, the well-known psychic photographer, and his assistant, Mrs. Buxton. So much has been written about the interesting results obtained with his photographic experiments, that I shall be as brief as possible in detailing our results. We had brought our own plates, having previously taken the precaution of scratching a private mark upon each plate.

At Mr. Hope's request, my mother and I entered the dark-room with him, and upon each occasion the plates were placed by one of us in the slides, our name being then written across one corner. The plates were then put in my pocket and conveyed, in this manner, to the camera, in which, after a careful examination of the same, they were placed by either my mother or me. In this way, we are both able to testify that the plates were *not* touched by Mr. Hope. After the exposures were made, we returned to the dark-room, and, still observing the same precautions, ourselves poured the developing fluid over the negatives. Six pictures were taken on the first day, four on the second. On four of the negatives

extra faces were immediately discernible. Upon subsequent examination, the private marks made by ourselves on the plates were distinctly traceable, thus precluding the possibility of fraudulent substitution. I have purposely laid stress upon the rigorous precautions we took, it being in the interests of Mr. Hope to give him the full benefit his complete willingness to be carefully controlled entitles him to.

De Vegas, the conjurer, in the report delivered to his colleague, the anti-spiritualist Houdini, has raised some puerile objections which would be absolutely untenable in the present case. He suggests that while he was signing his name upon one of the plates, one of the other three which had been removed from the box was ingeniously changed. Why did not De Vegas guard against this possibility by only taking two out of the box at first and carefully keeping these two under surveillance, as we did? Surely that is the duty of any conscientious investigator. Then again, he complains because he did not himself place the plates in the slides, put them in his pocket, and carry them to the camera, as *we* did. Why did he not insist upon doing so? Why did he not previously mark them? I must admit that I have little patience with that class of investigator who always seems desirous of leaving himself a loophole through which he can crawl, rather than admit to fraud-proof conditions. If De Vegas did not take the trouble to establish satisfactory control-conditions, the blame lies exclusively with him. It is no good making such remarks as: "I did not actually see him do it, but I am convinced he substituted a plate." If he had taken proper precautions, there could have been no question of substitution, which was clearly *not* what Houdini's envoy desired,

as he was commissioned to pass as unfavourable a verdict as possible. But this is a digression. I do not pretend to be an expert in photography, but I have since consulted several professional photographers and they have assured me that it is technically impossible to fake a negative when you have not been permitted to touch the marked plate.

I reproduce here the best examples. No. 1—taken the first day—is remarkable on account of the mask-like face which appears no less than five times on the negative, twice clearly, being placed directly over my mother's face, which, as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has remarked, it would be impossible to do by fraudulent means. This seems, by the way, to have been a humorous prank incited by a remark of my mother's to the effect that she disliked being photographed, as she was never good in a camera picture. So she was simply blotted out two or three seconds after the remark was made, having previously seated herself sideways to avoid taking the pose indicated by Mr. Hope.

No. 2 is a beautiful face, which bears some slight resemblance to my aunt. Perhaps it was an attempt to reproduce her features, but the exposure may have been too short to give the ectoplasm time to be moulded accurately. This same theory might apply to No. 3, the upper part of the face bearing a striking resemblance to Lyman J. Gage. Eliminate the mouth and chin and you have Mr. Gage as he was in life, even the expression being genuine. Of course, it might have been an attempt to mould a younger face, Mr. Gage having died at the age of ninety.

No. 4 represents the carrying out of a direct request of my mother's to have her face covered again.

SPIRIT PICTURE No. 1.

(See page 302.)

SPIRIT PICTURE No. 2.

(See page 302.)

SPIRIT PICTURE No. 3.

(See Page 302.)

SPIRIT PICTURE No. 4.

(See page 302.)

As this wish was not expressed until the plate was in the camera, the fact that the request was fulfilled must be regarded as highly evidential. Taking all points into consideration, I think the results obtained by us leave no shadow of doubt as to the genuineness of the psychic power of Mr. Hope and his assistant, Mrs. Buxton.

The two last pictures were taken at a third sitting on our return from Ireland.

During our stay in Ireland we had a unique experience with the Additor which was so remarkably evidential that it must be given in detail. I quote from my account of the incident published in *Light*. My mother and I arrived at a place on the Irish coast (the name of which I refrain from mentioning) at 7 o'clock p.m. on the 8th of August. We took rooms at the —— Hotel, having naturally no knowledge of the proprietor's name, his family, or present domicile. We partook of dinner, went for a brief stroll, then ascended to our rooms. As it was still early, I suggested that we try the Additor. We accordingly sat down, placed the fingers of a hand of each of us on the Hesperus and soon the writing began. Yet the first words seemed so trivial and absolutely unlike anything we had ever received that we could scarcely refrain from laughter. The words written had been: "Give me my chair."

The conversation then developed along the following lines:

Ques.: "Who are you?"
Ans.: "I want my chair."
Ques.: "Are we using your chair?"
Ans.: "Get me my chair."
Ques.: "Did you ever live in this room?"

Ans.: "No. In number ten. I want my comfortable chair."

Ques.: "Could you not sit in the drawing-room? There are comfortable chairs there, I suppose."

Ans.: "I couldn't think of doing so in my dressing-gown."

Ques.: "Why do you want to be in number ten? If you are in the spirit-world, why don't you try to progress?"

Ans.: "You don't know what you are talking about. I have to meet a dear one."

Ques.: "Can't you meet your friend in some other place?"

Ans.: "I don't know where to find him."

Ques.: "Will you tell us your name?"

Ans.: "Prefer not to."

Ques.: "Unless you are willing to establish your identity, we can do nothing in the matter. Please give your name."

Ans.: "K——." (A name with four letters was here written.)

Ques.: "If we promise to do our best to get your chair put back, will that satisfy you?"

Ans.: "Yes. Thank you. You are nice. I like you. Good-bye."

The next day in the course of a conversation with another hotel-guest, I mentioned the queer experience of the preceding night. Mr. Hadden then told me that the proprietor, whose name *was* K—— as given, lived in the hotel, and he kindly offered to find out if the information given the night before could be founded upon fact. He was kind enough to give me a written statement of what he discovered, and is willing to have it published.

R—— Hotel, G—— C——,
10*th August*, 1927.

I hereby state that, in an interview with Mrs. K——, wife of the proprietor of the R—— Hotel, I found that Room No. 10, referred to by the Spirit-Intelligence, had been occupied by her deceased mother-in-law as a bedroom and often used by her brother-in-law (also deceased) as a sitting-room. A favourite chair of the brother-in-law had been removed to the adjoining C—— Hotel and the invalid-chair used by the old lady had recently been sold.

At my suggestion, the chair from the C—— Hotel was replaced in Room 10.

James Hadden.

Ballyclare, Co. Antrim.

The only points Mr. Hadden omitted to state were that Mrs. K—— also passed away in Room 10, and that the chair in question was sold *only two weeks* previously. I should add that when the proprietor, Mr. K——, heard the strange story, he very sensibly decided to repurchase his mother's chair, in order to fulfil her wish.

In summing up, it seems to me that it would be difficult to meet with a case where a more complete endorsement of the spiritualistic theory could be obtained. No hypothesis of subliminal memory can be made to fit the remarkably accurate evidence concerning name, number of room, and missing object. If it be possible for some persons by merely entering a house to absorb unconsciously information which would enable them unconsciously to impersonate accurately a lady who spent the last years of her earthly life in the said house, then we may dismiss the spiritualistic solution.

Until science has furnished more convincing proof of such a phenomenon than it has yet done (or, in my opinion, ever will be able to do), we cannot reject, in the present case, the overwhelming evidence this example affords. The conclusion to be drawn would seem to be that spirits when revisiting the scenes of their earthly existence, which they *do* as long as family ties still link them to the earth, like to find things unchanged. Was the mother, who passed over twenty years ago, accustomed to return to Room 10, because she had no other place where she could get into touch with her son, only seven years deceased, or did she still feel happier in the scene of her earthly existence than in the spirit-spheres? This problem affords an interesting field for speculation.

That it was the mother, not the son, who was communicating is indicated by the use of the masculine pronoun in one of the answers. Besides, the slightly authoritative tone of the remarks is said to have been indicative of the old lady's personality.

After returning to London we were lucky enough to secure a sitting with that much-sought-after and, at that time, excellently accredited materialisation-medium, Mrs. Baylis. Since then, various imputations against the genuineness of her phenomena have been published, and Mr. Dennis Bradley's remarks concerning the lack of adequate control are fully justified. It may here be remarked, however, that the conditions prevailing at the Baylis séances are on a par with those of the Valientine sittings, which also take place in complete darkness, with no control of the medium, Mr. Valientine relying upon the evidential matter transmitted

through the trumpet for proof of its genuineness. In a preceding chapter I have already expressed my views concerning the necessity of all genuine mediums agreeing to control of some sort, if they wish definitely to remove all doubts and forestall the inevitable objections of sceptics and conscientious researchers. There is, therefore, no occasion for me to repeat myself. In spite of the complete darkness and the presence of the medium's husband on her left, the character of certain of the phenomena seemed to indicate their genuineness, whereas other parts of the performance left me unconvinced. The sitting was held in a small room almost devoid of furniture. To the medium's right sat a friend of mine, who afterwards assured me that by stretching out his leg he had effectually controlled her feet, thus precluding any movement on her part from her place in the circle. (*Note.*—Had Mrs. Baylis also worn illuminated bands the odds in favour of the genuineness of the phenomena would have been greatly increased.) The medium's husband, seated at her left, to my right, was controlled by me, both his hands lying passive under my hand during the entire proceedings.

Shortly after the extinguishing of the light all the sitters (there were seven of us, besides the medium and her husband) reported simultaneous touchings. As it was difficult to see how Mrs. Baylis could touch several persons simultaneously without standing up and advancing into the circle, which my friend's extended foot prevented, this phenomenon seemed, on the whole, genuine.

I do not believe that one of the other sitters was an accomplice, and Mr. Baylis was perfectly quiet. My mother then reported that "Nicolò's" private

code was being tapped upon her hand. In order to make sure, I asked "Nicolò" to give his signal upon my hand.

This was immediately done, the hand or structure which touched me feeling at first icy cold. In the course of the sitting the "ectoplasmic formations" grew warmer. There followed a number of interesting telekinetic feats. I felt a hand trying to put something on a finger of my left hand (the hand farthest from the medium, the distance being about four feet). I yielded to the pressure and was soon able to report that a ring with a large stone had appeared upon my finger. My friend next to the medium, opposite me, then stated that the ring belonged to him and had been removed from his hand and placed upon mine in fulfilment of a mental request made by him. A moment later a second ring was placed on the same hand, number two having been removed from the hand of another gentleman, a Mr. Fast of New York. After this, both rings again disappeared. Ring Number One travelled back to my friend, and Number Two also eventually arrived upon his hand, after paying a brief visit to my mother's hand, these feats having been carried out in answer to Mr. Fast's *mental* request that his ring be transferred to my friend's hand. The directing "Intelligence" seemed to have thrown in several extra "stunts" on its own account. A necklace was heard rattling in the air as it floated around. It had been removed from the throat of one lady and placed on the neck of her sister, also by mental request. It must be admitted that the fulfilment of these various mental requests made a strong case in favour of the genuineness of these phenomena. I was far less impressed with the

materialised faces which, from time to time, appeared floating in the air for an exceedingly brief period. They seemed to build up gradually between two illuminated plates which were lying betweenwhiles on a small table at the medium's right elbow. These plates were presumably set in motion by psychic rods, and would float out into the air whenever a materialisation was expected. The first face formed in front of me, and I dimly caught a fleeting glimpse of a large aquiline nose and a long pointed chin. Afterwards, the lady next me said: "You must have an Indian guide, as the nose is so large and the chin so prominent." Candour compels me to admit that these faces bore a striking resemblance to wax masks, which in itself would not necessarily point to fraud, but was calculated to lessen their impressiveness. One face, which claimed to be that of my mother's sister, bore not the slightest resemblance to the person in question, whereas the face in front of me might conceivably have been an attempt on "Nicolò's" part to reproduce his face. I must not omit to mention one strange occurrence. Suddenly the short, sharp bark of a dog was heard, something began scuffling around in the circle, and then the gentleman sitting next to my mother, on her right, was pushed back out of the circle by a weight which sprang upon him.

He called out: "Roddy, dear old fellow, is that you?" While the supposed dog was caressing his master, my mother clearly felt a heavy mass thumping against her knees, as though the dog were beating on them with his tail. Roddy was the gentleman's St. Bernard dog who had died some years previously.

A word should be said concerning the voice of

"George," the "control," who is supposed to have been a cockney Englishman. There was nothing convincing about this supposedly "independent voice." It gave no evidential details upon this occasion, although I do not wish to imply that there was anything to prove that it was produced by either the medium or her husband. My mother occasionally transgressed the strict orders issued by Mr. Baylis before the sitting began and gently touched the "materialised hands" with her finger-tips. She said, afterwards, that the effect was not that of human skin, though it was assuredly not rubber. All in all, though there were no proofs of genuineness, it would be equally incorrect to build up an accusation of fraud upon the grounds that conditions made fraud possible. The conscientious, impartial researcher must form his impressions solely upon personal experiences, not allowing himself to be biassed by the experiences of others. There was one detail about the room in which the séance took place which, in my opinion, called for more careful examination than we were permitted. About a foot above the medium's head behind her was a square opening about eighteen inches in diameter, over which was fastened a thin cretonne curtain. It would be interesting to know if this aperture has ever been examined by any of the sitters.

About this time I received automatically a communication which was destined to prove exceedingly evidential. The Additor wrote one evening, with my hand directing, the name "Jerome," the name being written twice in answer to a demand of my mother's for verification.

My mother asked: "Is that your name?"

Ans.: "The Alpha and Omega of me."

My mother guessed that this cryptic answer was intended to indicate that the Intelligence writing was the author Jerome K. Jerome.

"I want to speak to Sir Arthur," was then written.

My mother asked: "Did you know him in life?"

Ans.: "Yes, yes, yes" (very excited).

Ques.: "Would you like to write with my son's hand?"

Ans.: "Would yell with joy."

I accordingly took pencil in hand, and a message was delivered in which the communicator stated that Sir Arthur and he had been great friends, but had disagreed upon the subject of Occultism. The message concluded: "Tell him from me that I know now that he was right and I was wrong. We never know our greatest mistakes at the time we make them. Make it clear to him that I am not dead."

This message was afterwards stated by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to be absolutely accurate. Jerome and he were formerly great friends. They disagreed upon the subject of Spiritualism and finally drifted apart. I should like to impress upon the reader that neither my mother nor I had the slightest idea whether Doyle and Jerome had been even superficially acquainted, let alone knowing anything about Jerome's views upon occult matters. I am bound to admit that this communication greatly strengthened my ever-wavering belief in the genuineness of my own automatic writing. Here was at last a really evidential message, partly communicated through the medium of my hand alone.

While spending a few days with Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle at their delightfully sylvan home in the

New Forest, we had several séances with the Additor which may be considered worthy of note. In recounting briefly the chief points of interest, I have received permission from Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to quote from his remarks upon the sittings in a lecture delivered on the 4th of September at the Grotrian Hall, London. Sir Arthur writes :

The method is as follows : Mrs. von Reuter sits in front of an Additor-board, which is simply a line of letters. She lays her hand upon a pointer. This pointer indicates the letter. Mrs. von Reuter does not look at the board, she keeps her eyes tight shut, and the pointer acts with the same accuracy if she is blindfolded. This fact alone is one which it would tax all the resources of material science to explain. Mr. von Reuter simply sits near his mother and writes down the letters as they are indicated.

I now turn to our own experience, which I must give very shortly, though it deserves, and possibly will receive, fuller treatment. The messages were received, as I state, without Mrs. von Reuter looking at the board. On the first evening the main control professed to be Nicolò Paganini, the famous virtuoso of last century, who might naturally be attracted by a follower who is probably the only man in the world who could play the twenty-four Caprices of Paganini right off without the music. There must be a close connection, for many mediums, independently, have got the name " Nicolò." He sent many messages, alternating Italian and English. They were all of a friendly, complimentary character, but there was nothing which could be called evidential, nor was there in the succeeding entity, who gave the name of Zola and wrote excellent French. The von

Reuters are good linguists, so that the three languages were not evidential, and the Zola remarks, though wise and witty, were not above the level of our possible thoughts. I will admit that on that first evening I was more impressed by the fact of the lady seeing the letters with her etheric vision, and so writing without physical sight, than by the actual messages.

It was very different upon the second evening. Our first astral visitor gave the name of Conrad. Then came Joseph. Now, Conrad, the novelist, sent a spirit-photograph of himself on one of Mrs. Deane's plates a year or so ago, and I said at the time that it probably meant that he desired to communicate. My guests knew nothing of this, but here was Conrad. You will understand that we, my wife and I, were simply spectators and could, so far as I could judge, influence the matter in no way. Conrad then got through a long connected message. He said that he had left a book unfinished. That he believed that it was called *Suspense*. That it was of the Napoleonic era. That he knew I had worked on that era and that he would be glad if I would finish the book. When he had ceased, we compared notes and verified the fact that neither I nor the von Reuters had the least idea of the existence of such a book. And yet on inquiry we found that the statement was all true and that the unfinished book had actually been published a year or so ago in its incomplete form. Of one thing I am very sure, and that is that no one at that table had the least idea that such a book existed, and yet the fact that it had appeared lessens the value of the evidence from a strict psychic research point of view.

But the next experience was even more surprising.

There came through a short sentence rapidly spelled out which seemed to be some strange language. On analysing it we found that, if it was read backwards, it was: "Boz is buzzing about." Imagine the impossibility of anyone spelling out a sentence backwards with rapidity upon such a board without using one's eyes.

Boz is, of course, the nickname of Dickens, and the sentence was a playful pun to show that he claimed to be there. Then the dialogue ran in this fashion after some friendly greetings.

"Will you answer my questions?"

"I hope I know enough."

"Was that American medium who finished *Edwin Drood* inspired?"

"Not by me."

(This was against my own opinion, and the matter was quite unknown to the von Reuters. Therefore, it reflected none of our own thoughts.)

After a pause: "Wilkie C. did (or would have done) better."

(There was talk after Dickens's death of Collins finishing *Edwin Drood*. So far as I know, he did nothing in the matter. The von Reuters knew nothing of this.)

"Was Edwin Drood dead?"

"No, he was not."

(That, of course, if correct, is most important. The von Reuters knew nothing of this matter. Mrs. von Reuter had read the fragment thirty years before, but could not remember the name of a single character except Drood himself. They had no reason to be aware that I was well up in the matter.)

The message then went on: "I was sorry to go across before I got him out of his trouble. The

poor chap has had a hard time. I don't know which is better: to solve the mystery in your note-book, or let it remain a mystery for ever. If you make good with Conrad, I will put you on to Edwin."

I said: "I shall be honoured, Mr. Dickens."

"Charles, if you please. We like friends to be friends."

"Have you any recollection of the plot?"

"I have."

"Who was Mr. Datchery?"

"What about the fourth dimension? I prefer to write it all out through you." (What the fourth dimension has to do with it I don't know. It is a bit of chaff, I think, since the fourth dimension is what no one can understand.)

Now comes the important sentence. That sentence is: "Edwin is alive and Cris is hiding him."

This seems to me exceedingly important both from a psychic and from a literary point of view.

Some of the best brains in the world have occupied themselves over the problem as to whether Drood was dead, and if he were not dead where he could be. Numerous solutions have been suggested, but though I am well posted in the matter, this is an entirely new one. Cris stands clearly for the Reverend Crisparkle, who in the novel is a kindly and energetic character. I have read the fragment again, and so has Mr. von Reuter since this séance, and certainly if Crisparkle played this part, it is very well concealed. But, of course, we might expect it to be very well concealed. There are several subtle touches which might point to the truth of it, and there is nothing to make it impossible. It is a new solution —one which had certainly never occurred to me. One thing I did discover in my researches. It was

that among the alternative titles which Dickens set down, before he hit upon *The Mystery of E. D.*, was one which was *The Hiding of E. D.*

Now let us consider this case. Is it not a clear evidence of intelligence outside ourselves? I don't insist upon the Charles Dickens. If anyone says to me, "How can you absolutely prove that it was he and not an impersonator?" I would admit frankly that we cannot prove it. I put it on the broader ground, "Was it not an Intelligence apart from ourselves?" Whence came an ingenious solution of a mystery with the name attached of a character when neither of the von Reuters knew anything of the matter, and the solution was entirely new to me? I claim that it was a most evidential case of intelligence outside our physical bodies.

I will only add as to the von Reuter sittings that we had long messages in Arabic the same evening, a language of which none of us knew anything. I sent them on to our fellow-Spiritualist, Major Mariott, who is an accomplished Arabic scholar, and again they were perfectly correct. This reinforces the argument that the "Dickens" message was quite apart from ourselves.

Comment by F. von Reuter

There is another point which would seem to render the authenticity of the Dickens message extremely probable: this is that Sir Arthur in a previous lecture had once referred to the so-called spirit-script of Edwin Drood, in connection with other evidential examples of spirit-return, such as Jack London and Oscar Wilde. This lecture had taken place during our trip to Ireland and there was

absolutely *no way* of our having acquired information concerning its topic either consciously or subconsciously. Now, who would have an interest in clearing up the Edwin Drood point? Who save the author himself? Who save one who had been present at the lecture could have known that Sir Arthur was interested in the Drood mystery, and that if the name Dickens were mentioned, the Drood question would be sure to come up?

I maintain that the apparent sequence between Sir Arthur's lecture and the subsequent appearance of an Intelligence purporting to be Dickens was the most evidential part of the entire proceedings.

For the sake of completeness, and because Arabic was the fifteenth language which had been written on the Additor, I append the text as it came through, with translation as furnished by Major Mariott.

Nahar kum said ya sittat.	May your day be happy, O Lady.
Nahar kum said ya ha jabat.	May your day be happy, O Door-keeper.[1]
Masi kum bilcher kef halkum.	May your evening be prosperous.
Fehimt?	Have you understood?

At my suggestion Sir Arthur asked a question: "Could you give us your name?"

Answer: Aiwa. Is mi Pierre. Ana hadir.	Yes. My name is Pierre. At your service.

Sir Arthur now asked: "Could you tell me the meaning of the word 'bint'?" (*Note.*—A test question, as Sir Arthur knew this one word, which means "daughter.")

[1] The use of this essentially spiritualistic expression is extraordinarily significant.

Answer: Bint na bigibni ketir yaksara.	Our daughter is bringing us a lot of happiness.

The Intelligence now wrote in English, " The force is going," then :

Lalet kum said. El hamdu billah.	May your evening be happy, Praise be to God.

Note.—The most remarkable point about the Arabic text (if we except the fact that my mother has never, to her knowledge, heard a word of Arabic) is the deliberate employment of a sentence containing the word " bint " (girl or daughter) in answer to Sir Arthur's question. The Intelligence could easily have translated, but it chose the more complicated manner of forming a sentence with correct grammatical use of the word. The slightly ambiguous character of the remark would seem to apply to my mother, being of a complimentary nature to her mediumistic work.

The name " Pierre " (also given in answer to a spontaneous question) would point to the same entity who several times has written dialect Persian for us.

It was a real pleasure to meet in London Mr. Arthur Ford, the excellent New York trance-medium to whom I owed several highly evidential messages referred to in detail in Part I of this book. I was present at two sittings of his, the first taking place at Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's flat, the second at our hotel. Upon both occasions remarkably evidential matter was transmitted by Mr. Ford's control, " Fletcher," names, descriptions, and details being vouchsafed, which the medium could not possibly have known consciously or subconsciously. In the evening, at our hotel, " Fletcher " was in especially

fine form and managed to get accurate messages through for everyone present, five of whom were *total* strangers to the medium and almost strangers to us. The number of names and minute details which were given correctly was truly amazing and places Mr. Ford's mediumship on an exceedingly high level. There was hardly an error during the entire proceedings, which lasted over an hour, as many as twenty names coming through.

Upon this occasion we had what might be termed an orgy of mediumship, Mr. Ford having brought with him an American lady who had developed trance-mediumship in his New York circle, while we had another lady-guest who is an embryo medium of great promise. Consequently we were treated to what Mr. Ford jokingly called a "three-ringed circus," each of the three psychics falling into trance and giving remarkable exhibitions of their powers. As I observed the joy of several of those present upon receiving absolutely evidential and convincing messages from their deceased loved ones, I could not help thinking that one experience of this kind is worth a year of regular church-going. Certainly it brings peace and comfort with which no other form of belief can possibly compare, or ever hope to compete. Altogether it was a fitting close to our experiences in the British Isles. We had come to England still in our rôle of humble seekers after truth. Our desire for verification of our own experiments had been fulfilled in so singularly a convincing manner that we were able to leave English shores with hearts full of peace and gratitude, feeling that we might now be practically certain that we had not been victims of our own fantastic imaginations, but that those spirit-friends who have, in the course

of the past year and a half, grown so dear and life-like to us are real personages sent to us by the Divine Power to strengthen our belief in the Life Eternal and to bring us peace, joy, and contentment.

Concluding Words

Having reached the end of the task I set myself, the unfolding of a plain unvarnished tale, I am almost tempted to place the manuscript under lock and key, and refrain from subjecting it, through publication, to ruthless dissection by sceptics and scoffers against spiritual psychic science. And yet to do so, to withhold from the world a document of this sort, would, I am convinced, be the act of a coward; and while I in no way desire to lay claim to the title of hero, yet I am equally loath to be numbered amongst the "'fraid-cats" who lack the courage of their convictions. Though I am not vain or ambitious enough to suppose that a book of this kind, no matter how earnest and sincere the spirit in which it was conceived and born, may be destined to bring light into the darkness surrounding the Atheist or the Agnostic, I nevertheless venture to hope that its contents, if they do not *prove* the case of Spiritualism, at least bear witness to the existence of mysterious forces over which frail humanity has no control.

The probing into and the analysation of the said forces shall be the duty of others who are intellectually more fitted than myself for the task.

With a heart full of hope and confidence in the spiritual development of humanity, I send this volume forth upon its humble mission in the cause of Truth and Eternity.

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